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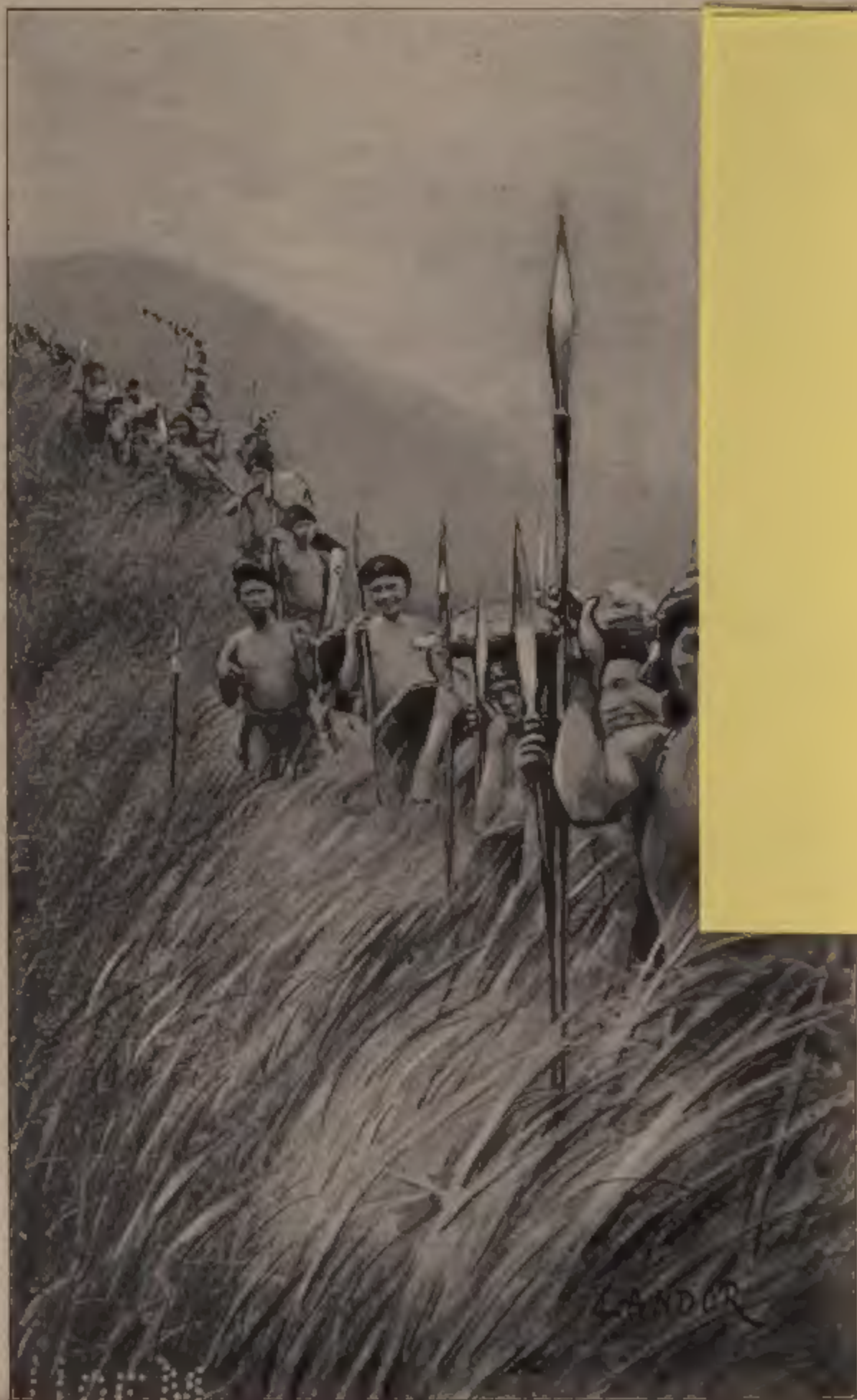
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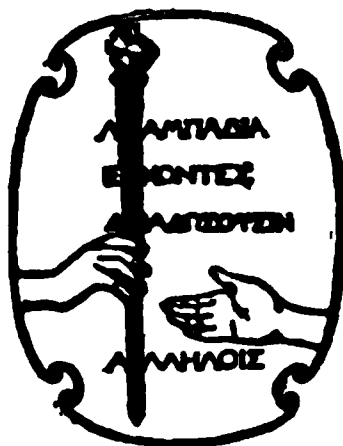
AD-HUNTERS FOUND HIDING IN THE GRASS IN ORDER TO ATTACK US

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

SIXTEEN THOUSAND MILES OF RESEARCH
TRAVEL AMONG WILD AND TAME TRIBES
OF ENCHANTING ISLANDS

BY
Amadeo
A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR
AUTHOR OF "IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND"

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
DIAGRAMS, PLANS, AND MAP BY AUTHOR



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

1904

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Published May, 1904.

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PREFACE

I BEG to express my sincere gratitude to the government of the United States and to the insular government for privileges and facilities of every kind bestowed upon me, both in the United States and the Philippine and Sulu archipelagoes. I also wish to convey particular and most heartfelt thanks to the following officers and officials for much assistance in travelling rapidly through the country, as well as for the unbounded hospitality received on all sides:

Secretary of War Elihu Root; Colonel C. R. Edwardes; Colonel J. Hay, Secretary of State; General Weston; the Hon. W. H. Taft, Governor-General of the Philippine Islands; the Hon. A. W. Fergusson, Executive Secretary; General S. W. Davis, Division Commander; General S. S. Sumner; General Humphrey; Brigadier-General T. J. Wint; Colonel H. G. Sharpe; Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Chamberlain; Colonel C. H. MacCauley; Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Russell; Captain Kenneth Morton, Ordnance Department; Major F. von Schrader; Captain E. A. Shuttleworth; General H. T. Allen, Chief of Constabulary; Colonel Scott; Dr. David Barrows, Chief of Education of Non-Christian Tribes Bureaus, to whom very special thanks are due for much help; Captain G. Ahern, Chief of Forestry Bureau; Mr. Lamson Scribner, Chief of Agriculture Bureau; Commander Marix, Chief of Insular Coast-guards; and to Captain T. Franklin at West Point.

I am also much indebted to the Pacific Mail Line for the special arrangements made for my comfort on their magnificent new steamer *Siberia*, one of the steadiest and most comfortable ships afloat.

PREFACE

By a curious coincidence the journey from England, described in this work, occupied exactly 365 days, I having sailed from Liverpool on November 12, 1902, at 3.30 P.M., and arrived in that city again at 3.30 P.M. on November 12, 1903.

A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.

LONDON, 1904.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

CHAPTER I

FROM LONDON TO MANILA—MODERN MANILA

FOLLOW me and you will travel quickly. Fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-six miles thus: From London to New York by the White Star steamship *Majestic*; from New York to San Francisco across the United States by the Sunset Route (Southern Pacific). Two hours' halt in San Francisco. Then yet an ocean journey of twenty-seven days on the good old steamship *China* (Pacific Mail)—crowded with missionaries, and therefore, according to legend, with a stormy sea beneath—landed me in Hong-Kong just in time to transfer to the Japanese mail-boat, the *Kumano Maru*, on which my last 628 miles of preliminary travelling were comfortably gone through as far as Manila.

But why are we rushing so? Because I will take you—figuratively, for I always go alone in actual travelling—to a most enchanting country, a land full of weird surprises, of magnificent scenery and ideal vegetation, with an assortment of delightful people, Christian and non-Christian, mischievous if you like, but, for all that, pathetically nice if you know how to treat them.

I do not propose to waste your time and mine in showing you places and people you already know, but we will go direct to spots and people little or not at all known. I will take you to romantic volcanic islands, and to the stronghold of the Celebes Sea pirates; we will visit the fanatical Mohammedan tribes of both the Sulu Archipelago and

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Mindanao; we will accompany the Americans on a war against the Moros; we will call on the insurgents (or "ladrones," just as you please, according to your political views), and I will introduce you to the extraordinary white tribes of tree-dwellers, and the negritos; also to a multitude of other tribes whose sins extend no further than cannibalism. Then we will go among the formidable head-hunting tribes of the north, whom—out of business hours—you will, I think, find quite agreeable.

You must not mind cholera and leprosy and the plague and small-pox, and a great variety of ugly skin diseases and tropical fevers. If you are sensible enough, you will catch nothing. Nor must you object to the various modes of transportation, either in up-to-date government cruisers, or in rickety launches, or by canoe, out-riggers, rafts, swimming, horse, mule, or pony back, on foot, or often on both hands and feet. Of course you will have to sleep out in the open—whether wet or dry. It will only do you good. You see, we have to get on as best we can. Come along, and do not fear for one moment that you will ever catch a cold—not, at least, until you return to your scientifically perfect but unsanitary native home in New York or San Francisco or London.

One day in Manila is ample, for although it is the largest city, and the capital of the Philippine Archipelago, there is absolutely nothing to interest the traveller. In fact, one might almost state that the less one knows about Manila the better. Besides, of late years, there is hardly in that city a stone upon which, or an individual upon whom, volumes have not been written. Indeed, much of, if not all, the abusive literature which purports to give a full description of the Philippines has been mainly concocted from the "backwash" of inaccurate information which floods every drinking-saloon of Manila. So wholesale slander is rampant about everything and everybody in the archipelago, although most undeserved, as we shall see by a thorough personal examination of the various districts.

But to return to Manila. There are churches galore, it is true. Some with mediocre architectural or artistic merits;

TWO LANDMARKS

others without attraction of any kind, and all the typical Spanish style; while the cathedral, in Roman Byzantine style, is all crammed with stucco images and wax-candles, and stifling with fumes of incense. But we want something natural and novel, and we have no use for churches, nor convents (quite as plentiful as the churches), nor for the most excellent observatory and museums. We have enough of all those nearer home. The extensive and well-filled prison of Bilibid might prove interesting as a study of criminal types, if we were not certain of meeting as many and greater scamps outside as inside its walls.

Then there is, of course, the historical and formerly picturesque "Intramuros," the walled city or fortress, with bastions and bulwarks and a moat, situated on the south of the estuary of the Pasig River in Manila Bay. Its wall, of an irregular shape, is somewhat less than two and a half miles long, the west side, the longest, measuring some 5000 feet.

The mouth of the Pasig is defended by Fort Santiago, now somewhat altered, but not improved in its picturesqueness by some very American-looking offices erected upon its walls. But the American mind will never allow sentiment to interfere with business and necessity. Some of the historic gates of the walled city have already been pulled down; others will gradually follow, and I understand that the entire wall of the city, or the greater part of it, is to be demolished at an early date. Thus, the streets now occupied mostly by civil, military, and clerical buildings are expected to be rendered absolutely sanitary—sanitation being the one dominating idea in the American's brain, for the sake of which he sacrifices everything, including his health!

At the time of my visit there remained two great landmarks in Manila—the Luneta and the Oriente Hotel. The Oriente Hotel—where everybody is supposed to stay—is an extensive drinking-saloon with a rambling lot of living—*pour façon de parler*—rooms built around and above it, each room being mainly notable for the number of beds it contains and the suspicious appearance of the linen. But

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the management try their best to make one comfortable, so one forgives them a lot.

Yes, people try hard to enjoy themselves. Occasionally there is a dance, in the spacious dining-room of the Oriente—a most pathetic struggle of sweating couples of non-uniform social grade, or some more *recherché* entertainment at the most delightful military and naval club in the walled city. But though the ladies look terribly washed-out and pale, and the men absolutely *enervé* by the climate, the charming good-nature of the men, and the delightful *naïveté* of the bright American women, make these entertainments very enjoyable.

Beyond this form of entertainment there is occasionally a theatre or two in full swing, where the eager, almost avid, interest of the audience is infinitely more interesting to watch than the production on the stage.

The daily form of recreation, however, is a drive on the Luneta, where everybody who can afford it circles round and round in a victoria or a more modest conveyance, admiring, or *vice versâ*, everybody else's back. This because all carriages must drive in the same direction. The Governor can drive in the opposite direction if he chooses, but he never avails himself of the privilege.

There are clubs. A splendid Army and Navy Club, a capital English Club, a fine University Club, and others where you can drink and smoke and talk with your friends and your friends with you; but if you do not drink nor smoke nor are over-fond of talking, the excitement of these otherwise most attractive places is hardly thrilling. Of course, if you are interested in reading what is *not* happening, you can peruse the local papers, all edited entirely by wireless telegraphy—as cleverly advertised by one witty paper—but not Marconi's system, mind you! Both transmitting and receiving apparatus are combined in the facile and highly imaginative pens of really bright and clever editors. These papers—whether reliable or not—are really a boon to the residents.

What about shopping? There is no place where shopping is easier than in Manila, for it is almost absolutely

AMERICAN CORDIALITY

impossible to buy anything you require. You can, nevertheless, purchase—if you are so inclined—everything you do not want (and soiled at that) at four times or so its normal value.

I was fortunate enough to be favored with the highest possible credentials and recommendations from Washington, and on paying my respects to the Civil Governor-General and the Division-General, found both extremely courteous and desirous of giving me every assistance in the way of transportation by sea on government ships to whichever point I chose, and of providing me with horses, military escorts, steam-launches, etc., whenever I required them—that is, of course, wherever obtainable, which is only in comparatively few spots in the extensive archipelago.

“Tell us where you want to go and we will send you there,” said the jovial Governor Taft, after reading my credentials. “We have a fine fleet of new coast-guard cruisers.”

“Well, I want to go everywhere.”

“But, you know,” demurred the astonished Governor, “we have cannibals, and head-hunters, and fanatical Mohammedan tribes in some of the islands. Surely you will be killed.”

“I have not been ‘quite killed’ in my travels yet, sir, and I want particularly to meet all your interesting wild tribes. The Christians I care little about.”

“How long will you remain in the archipelago?”

“Until I have seen all I want.”

“That is good. I am glad at last to have somebody who comes here to cover these islands thoroughly, instead of the usual writers who stop a few hours in Manila and write volumes on the entire archipelago. When did you arrive?”

“This morning.”

“When do you want to leave for the wilds?”

“To-morrow morning.”

“Well,” said the Governor, “I will plan an interesting trip for you to the Calamianes, the Cuyo, the Cagayanes, and Linapakan groups of islands, and to that weird, elongated island of Palawan that we are now trying to open up.

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You will find some strange tribes of aborigines there, I am told. How does that suit you?"

"Thank you, sir, that will make a good beginning."

And here Governor Taft summoned up by telephone Commander Marix, a very able officer in command of the insular fleet of coast-guards, and then the captain of the cruiser *Balabac* (a lovely white cruiser of 256 tons), with orders that I should be made to see all I wished in the islands we were about to visit.

I had hardly sufficient words to express my gratitude. The Governor grasped my hand and "Good-bye!" said he; "do not let them kill you. Come back, and we will do all we can for you."

Apart from his kindness to me, I was much impressed by the ability and alertness of the Civil Governor. He seemed to take much to heart the future of the islands, and the natives should indeed be grateful to him for defending their interests as he has done. Naturally, in a country where corruption and demoralization have been rampant for so long, the work has been of extreme difficulty, but no man, I am sure, could have succeeded in disentangling the imbroglio quicker and better than Governor Taft with his efficient staff.

An official call on the Division-Commander, General Davis, produced equal results of hospitality and assistance, as far as the military were concerned, in the way of transportation all over the archipelago by their own boats; privileges of all kinds were most kindly pressed upon me, such as, I understand, are very rarely allowed to a civilian, and these helped me to no mean extent in travelling quickly and in comparative comfort across some of the islands.

It was indeed a great honor to meet General Davis, a man of great ability, tact, and sound knowledge—indeed, the best-informed man I ever met in the Philippines, besides being a valiant soldier. Under him, work has been accomplished by the military in the Philippines which does infinite credit to the American people—work too well known for further recapitulation.

"We will sail at 9 A.M. to-morrow," were the last words

PHILOSOPHY AND PERSONAL ATTIRE

of Captain Schoon, of the cruiser *Balabac*, to me as he left the Governor's palace.

The damp heat was intense—almost suffocating; and as I had been wearing tropical clothing all through the winter in England, there was really nothing I could take off to feel more comfortable. Besides, no healthy man should take more than a day or two to get accustomed to any climate. Philosophy is, on such occasions, a greater help than personal attire.

CHAPTER II

THE LUBANG ISLANDS AND THE KINILUBAN GROUP—DEEP SOUNDINGS AND DANGEROUS SHOALS

WHEN you take up a map of the entire Philippine and Sulu archipelagoes you will observe in the northern part of the Sulu Sea a lot of little dots called the Cuyo Islands. Well, it is for this fascinating group that we will steer straight—as straight as circumstances will allow.

We were rather late in starting, and not until 3.5 P.M. did we pass the Corregidor Island light, a cylindrical, gray tower forty-two feet high, but standing 631 feet above the sea-level. At the base is the keeper's house. This light occupies the converging point of two lines of approach for vessels from the China Sea which steer for the entrance of the Manila Bay, either southeast when coming from the north, or in a northeast direction when proceeding from the south. Corregidor is probably one of the most important light-houses in the archipelago, and displays at night, alternately, one white and one red flash every ten seconds, with intervening total eclipses. The flashes are visible twenty-one nautical miles at sea.

And now that we are coming out into the open sea, let me warn you. If you think that you will ever have a smooth sea when you are cruising in the Philippine Archipelago, except when directly under the lee of land or in a land-locked harbor, you are very much mistaken. Owing to the innumerable shoals and reefs and uncharted rocks, you have to go about in very small steamers of not over eight or ten feet draught, so you may as well make up your mind that you will be tossed about for all you are worth. As you know, you are here in the region of the trade-winds, or monsoons, and either from the northeast or the southwest

DUCKLIKE ACCOMPLISHMENTS

there is ever wind blowing. My experience, and also that of others, is that it generally blows hardest when one has to cross a stretch of open sea.

Well, anyhow, we are off—in more ways indeed than one—and we will continue our journey. The cruiser *Balabac* is a gallant little vessel, and she rides over the waves like a duck. Every now and then she plunges her nose into the water, but that, I believe, is another ducklike accomplishment; the duck, however, unlike us, is spared the additional sensation with its disintegrating effects upon the human skeleton which we get when propellers revolve high up in space.

Perhaps an appetizing lunch may help you on. Gaze upon the saloon-table: fat pork and beans, sausage and canned or tinned tomatoes, grilled bacon (or ham, if you prefer), sauerkraut, stewed cherries—yes, thank God! stewed cherries; for I loathe the very sight of pork in any shape or form, and never touch it—surely the deadliest of all meats in a tropical climate. But Americans in the Philippines live on little else. They seem to revel in it, and that may account in some measure for all possible complaints from which they suffer. The captain, a jolly German-American, naturally considered this meal the height of luxury in the way of eatables, and was, indeed, most kind in providing other food when he had overcome his first shock at my partaking of none of the delicacies displayed, with the exception of the cherries, the stones of which made quite a good-sized mount upon my plate.

After clearing Corregidor and Limbones Point on the Luzon coast, which we now leave due east, we alter our course, which had been so far, roughly, southwest by south, and veer round to a direction slightly east of south, following an almost parallel line to the general coast of Luzon.

To the west we pass a curious rock, very precipitous to the south and in rather a gentle slope in its northern part, with vegetation upon it—picturesque, yes, covering an area of about one mile, but inhabitable, no. Fortune Island is the presumably sarcastic name it received from some humorous navigator.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Near or far, there are islands all along as we speed our nine knots an hour through the Verde Island Passage; some flat and of absolutely no interest; others with a high and precipitous wall-like shore line. Everywhere, however, where it is possible for anything to grow, there grows something—in each crevasse, in each indentation. Almost invariably, alike on most desolate-looking rocks and on the largest islands, you will find a cap of green vegetation at the summit.

The seven islands forming the Lubang group, to our westward, although of no great natural beauty, occupy an important position and form a barrier against the southwest monsoon on the great inner steamer-track direct from the United States to Manila *via* the San Bernardino Strait.

Cabra Island, the most northwesterly, separated from Lubang Island by a deep channel about two miles wide, has upon it a light-house flashing twice a minute. As the light is 217 feet above the sea-level it is visible twenty-two miles out, and is on a line of navigation with Corregidor, at the entrance of Manila Bay, for steamers coming from the south.

Lubang Island, the largest, is inhabited by Tagalo and Visayan people, some 3000 of them all told, who live principally in the town of the same name on the northeast coast; but the other islands are deserted, except, perhaps, for a stray fisherman here and there.

Ambil Island, the nearest to our course and only one-fifth of the size of Lubang, rises to a height of 2500 feet, and is by far the most striking of the group from a pictorial point of view. It covers an area of some ten square miles, or about the same area as Golo, the most southeasterly of the group—a long narrow strip which we have to clear before we can take a sharp turn slightly south of west. Talinas, Malavatuan, and Mandaui vary in size from half to one square mile.

We are now along the coast of mysterious Mindoro, to which island and its weird inhabitants a separate description is dedicated in a subsequent chapter.

Having gone round beautiful Cape Kalavite, the most westerly point of Mindoro, we have now to steer south

REEFS

thirty-two degrees east by the East Apo Passage, in order to avoid the extensive and dangerous Apo coral reef in the very centre of the Mindoro Strait. The Discovery Bank, submerged in nine fathoms of water, is in its turn in the centre of the Apo East Pass.

Barring these reefs, the depth of the sea on the west coast of Mindoro is considerable. Forty-three miles west of Kalavite Point 2870 fathoms with a mud bottom are registered, while nearer the coast, in 1560 fathoms, a bottom of volcanic sand, globigerina and green mud is found. In the Apo East Pass, naturally, there is less water, varying from 920 to 489 fathoms.

Having given the Discovery Bank a wide berth, we again alter our course to south twenty-two degrees east. The Sarraceno Coral Bank and the Leonidas—the latter with only eight fathoms of water upon it, the former with fourteen—stand on a direct track to the Cuyo Islands.

For ninety miles or so under the lee of Mindoro—for the northeast monsoon was in full swing when I was on that journey—we had some ten hours of comparative quiet. From Leonidas Bank, however, we began rolling very heavily—our course being now again altered to south three degrees east. Four hours' run brought us to the quaint Kiniluban group of islets and rocks rising upon a large reef. In the northern part of this group, picturesque but nasty-looking pointed rocks stick out of the sea, and the coast-line of the larger islands is extremely broken and abrupt. On the largest island upon the reef rises a weird, barren hill of 981 feet. The principal island is sparsely inhabited, but boasts of a church and a school.

Upon two separate and almost circular reefs stand the other two isles of Manamok and Pamalican, the former with a precipitous coast to the east, whereas on the western side are signs of vegetation. The latter is low and sandy, with some untidy vegetation upon it.

As one enters well among these islands and reefs and shoals, one feels rather glad that some one else is looking after the navigation of the ship, and not one's self. Here we pass a white rock, thirty feet or so above water, with nasty-

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looking, discolored water to the southwest, suggesting a long, extending shoal, and to the southeast of it a little reef all by itself. We pass it close to the west, and we have on the other side (to the east) its twin brothers, the "Chinaman coral shoals," of about one mile each in diameter, with four and five fathoms respectively above their surface, but with deep soundings (forty-four fathoms) quite close to them, except to the east, where the sand-bank seems to descend at a more gradual slope (eleven to thirty-one fathoms).

Bennington Bank, Sultan Bank, Carmen Bank, and Seco Bank, are scattered northeastward between Chinaman Shoal and the coast of Panay, and Luzon Bank sixteen miles southeast of it. All these shoals are, for the present, dangerous only to large steamers, as there is plenty of water upon them for small craft to go over, but in time, of course, they will rise to be little islands.

The formation of this barrier of shoals is, I think, due mainly to the action of tidal currents, one of which, for instance, from the Pacific Ocean, enters the Sulu Sea, through the straits of San Bernardino, Surigao, and Basilan; while another, travelling north to south from the China Sea, finds its way into the central sea of the archipelago by way of the Verde Island Passage, the Mindoro Strait, the various passages between the Calamianes group and Palawan and the Balabac Strait.

The flood-stream down the Mindoro Strait travels southeast along the Mindoro coast, dividing to northeast, east, and south at the northwest point of Panay, directly south of which our shoals are located. And here the stream travelling south is joined by a stream setting eastward from the Calamianes Strait, and these two have evidently caused the formation of these shoals.

Besides this, the flood-stream through the Balabac Strait spreads from northeast to east and forms a powerful current between the Cuyo group and Panay, and even as far south as the Cagayanes group, where it meets the Pacific Ocean current proceeding through the Surigao Strait.

According to navigators, the time of the wave between one high tide and the next, from the China Sea, is from ten

A STRANGE ISLAND

to twelve hours; that from the Pacific Ocean from six to seven hours.

We next pass between Dit, a strange, steep, flat-topped island like the section of a cone—almost a cylinder, it is so steep—860 feet high, and Marakanao, a more regular-looking and less noticeable island to the east.

Then comes Agutaya, a semi-barren island with three distinct high peaks—the highest 950 feet—and on this island, which has several peculiarities of its own, we will, when the sea permits, make a landing. In the mean time, we will veer to the southwest between the rocky islets of Ginlabo and Kanipo (517 feet high), and then due south, avoiding the extensive reefs which practically join the latter island to Cuyo, the largest of the group.

We at last drop anchor in front of the pretty little Cuyo town hidden among cocoanut-groves, having gone 319.7 knots by wheel measurement.

CHAPTER III

THE MOST POETIC ISLANDS IN THE ARCHIPELAGO — THE TUBA MAN

FOR a restful, poetic, and peaceful spot; for delightful and cleanly people, for a healthy climate, Cuyo cannot be beaten. Geographically, this volcanic group of islands occupies almost the centre of the Philippine and Sulu archipelagoes. Possibly the difficulty of communication is responsible for the charm of the natives, while the smallness of the islands may account for the marvellous enterprise of these unspoiled people.

Although this particular group spreads over a sea area of 2226 miles, it contains only sixty-three square miles of actual land, and half at least of this is practically waste land. The smaller islets consist mostly of sand over coral reefs. Not so the larger, which are generally of volcanic formation, with one or more conical hills upon them, such as Mount Aguada (608 feet) and Mount Bombon (830 feet), and minor hills on Cuyo Island, as well as upon some of the islets in the immediate neighborhood of it.

Cuyo town was, at the time of my visit, the capital of Paragua province, comprising not only the Cuyo and Kiniluban groups, but also the northern half of the elongated island of Palawan with the adjacent Calamianes and Linapakan groups, Culion, Dumarán, and other large islands along the coast, and also the Cagayanes group in mid-sea between Palawan and Negros. Some recent changes have, however, taken place, the southern portion of Palawan as well as Balabac Island, formerly under military rule, having now been annexed by the civil government to the province. The capital is to be in future at *Puerta Princesa* on Palawan Island.

CUYO

Into the little Cuyo bay projected a stone jetty with an elaborate structure at the farthest end, which might have been mistaken for anything from a pagoda to a bandstand. It was really a light-house, where a red light should have been shown every night, but, partly owing to the carelessness of the natives, who could not be made to keep awake to watch whether the light was burning or not, partly owing to the strong wind which continually put out the light they possessed—and no other could be got—the moment it was lighted, it was safer, in my days, for navigators to endeavor to enter the anchorage by daylight, unless, of course, there was moonlight.

The arrival of a steamer was always an event in this secluded spot. The entire population turned out to witness the landing and crowded the pier. There were picturesque girls—it is such a blessing that women can be picturesque when the word beautiful cannot be applied—mediocrely graceful, but with really pretty necks and well-modelled, round arms which showed to great advantage out of the charming *camisa*. Then, amid an abundance of bright-faced children and cheery-looking men garbed in more or less transparent clothing, one was greeted everywhere with a Spanish "*Buenos dias, señor!*" or "*Buenas tardes!*" or with an English equivalent "Good-day—good-afternoon," by the younger folks. But, beyond these greetings and the usual meteorological remarks, the Spanish and English languages together do not carry one far among the inhabitants, except with a few of the better classes.

A glance around as I walked to the Governor's house at Cuyo was sufficient to demonstrate amply the beneficial effects upon the island of possessing a Governor who knew his business thoroughly, who was a practical and sensible man, and, above all, a most polished gentleman. Few men worked harder than the Governor—he believed in being an example to his people, to whose welfare and prosperity he devoted all his efforts. Nor did he ever make the common and fatal mistake of allowing politics to interfere with his true sense of lasting civilization. Upon his people he impressed, above all things, the necessity of honest work and

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sound education, in order to raise themselves in the human social scale, and did not endeavor, after the more frequent American method, to turn "every little brown brother" into an ill-bred, up-to-date politician of the worst United States type. By his infinite good-nature, his everlasting, patient advice, he has made of the Cuyonos by far the most hard-working, civil, and honest natives in the archipelago. It is true that he had good material to work with, but I have known similarly good material give very inferior results in other provinces through mismanagement and misunderstanding the natives.

Perhaps, if we go for a walk round the town with Governor Phillips (Captain of Tenth Infantry) we may better judge of results, and possibly have some curious experiences. He is a jolly fellow, a remarkable observer, a profound student of human nature, and is endowed with a keen sense of humor. Nothing ever escapes him, and we shall learn from him quite a lot in a short time.

The town consists of two parallel streets stretching from north to south, with others intersecting them at right angles, and a large plaza, on which stands the picturesque quadrangular fort with thick, earthen battlements faced outwardly with cut coral rock, and with corner towers. A church is protected from attack within its walls, and the whole is in good preservation, except the outer wall, which in one or two spots shows signs of crumbling. Next to it stand the bamboo and *nipa* school-buildings and constabulary barracks. The main structures are, in the main street, the Governor's house—a modest abode, yet the best here of Spanish erection—and the public office building. Then there are rows of wooden and bamboo houses perched up on piles and thatched over with *nipa*.

Of course, you are aware that nearly all houses throughout the Philippines are built on more or less high supports, and usually possess floors of split bamboo, or *palma*, or other woods, leaving interstices to let in air. This, I need hardly say, is the outcome of centuries of experience, which has proved to the natives that in tropical countries the rising of the miasma from the damp surface ground, when warmed

SENSIBLE HOUSES

by the sun's rays at sunrise, and the reverse but equally pernicious process at sunset, are frequently the main cause of malarial fever. The Filipinos are not yet foolish enough to hold mosquitoes responsible for the importation of fever, for, although the latter is prevalent, the former are seldom to be seen. Moreover, they have sense enough to know that a well-ventilated house should let in some air from below as well as from the sides and top.

Other obvious advantages of a house raised high up, from six to fourteen feet above the ground, are the comparative inaccessibility of the interior to rats, snakes, scorpions, centipedes, etc., for the arrest of which unwelcome visitors a special provision is made by circular, concave, or quadrangular horizontal smooth slabs placed on the top of each support, which form an impassable barrier. A floor so raised, and with air circulating at great speed underneath, is bound to be proof against damp.

Say what you will—and no matter what imaginative civilized people may import at greater cost—the native style of house is decidedly the only one adapted for the climate, and, as far as I could judge, neither Spanish nor American ingenuity has so far succeeded in constructing dwellings more suitable to the various local conditions. Anybody in the tropics who has lived under a roof of corrugated iron or of ruberoid, or other patent materials, and who has survived to tell the tale, can testify whether I am right or wrong. Naturally, iron roofs last longer, but not so the people who have to live under them.

There are no chimneys through the roofs in Philippine houses, the kitchen being generally in a small adjoining wing of the house, the fireplace consisting of a rectangular wooden frame filled with a thick layer of earth and ashes, upon which a fire can with impunity be lighted without setting the house ablaze. Occasionally—during the fine weather—the kitchen is bodily removed outside, often directly under the house, and as there is always wind blowing the smoke does not interfere with the inmates of the rooms above.

The houses look inexpensive, but neatly constructed. Here are some men busy building a house. Come here and

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watch them, for the process is quaint. First of all, you see, they have built a solid and heavy frame for the gabled roof all ready to be thatched. Not a single nail has been used in its construction, which, mind you, is of great strength, nothing but *bejuco*—a kind of strong, fibrous vine—is employed to fasten together the various sections of the frame. When the roof is finished and duly deposited upon the ground, you will see the carpenters begin to build the house itself—of a suitable size and solidity to fit its cover.

With due leisure—for Filipinos cannot be hurried—and with undue cigarette-smoking and betel-nut chewing; with a sing-song now and then to alleviate the day's labor, and a chat with every passer-by—eventually the time comes for the roof to be hoisted bodily and placed in its position upon the house. As any other appliance, beyond the strength of human arms, is seldom used for this purpose, this operation—when heavy roofs for large houses have to be lifted to some twenty or twenty-five feet or more above the ground—involves a good deal of excitement, not to say anxiety, on the part of the multitude of friends and neighbors, who all willingly concur in lending a helping hand. When in its accurate position and well fitting in appropriate sockets upon the upright pillars—measurements having been previously taken with mathematical accuracy—wedges and more *bejuco* fastenings make the roof secure on the habitation, and the thatching work commences, for which special ability is required.

Nipa palm and *cogon* grass are the materials most commonly used all over the archipelago for thatching roofs and walls. Now, if you have not been in the Philippines you may not know what *nipa*, *cogon*, or rattan (*bejuco*) are, and as we shall constantly hear these words it may be as well to explain to you.

Rattan (also generally called *bejuco*), is one of the most useful plants found in the archipelago, and the natives put it to every sort of use in different degrees of strength—from tying a child's umbilicus at birth to fastening the roof upon the house with firmly interlaced bands. Of it they make the rigging of sail-boats; it is largely used in

RATTAN AND NIPA

making furniture, such as in hammocks, chairs, and beds, or baskets in which to convey fruit to market. There are various species of rattan (genus *Calamus*), a spiny climbing vine, often reaching several hundred feet in length, and of remarkable strength, practically untearable, even under very severe strain.

The *nipa* (*Nipa littoralis* and *Nipa fructificans*) is a palm flourishing in marshy soil, particularly in the damp of tidal waters, at the mouth of rivers in proximity to the sea, or in muddy regions near the coast. As the use of *nipa* is enormous all over the Philippines, one often sees upon suitable islands regular plantations—miles and miles of *nipa* groves. *Nipa* is planted between the months of May and August, when the wet season is at its height and the torrential rains saturate the soil with moisture. Planting is done with the ripe fruit, two or three fruits being duly deposited in holes four feet or so apart. The palm has a short stem, from which shoot out long leaves composed in their turn of numberless tapering—ensiform—leaflets. The palm hardly ever exceeds a height of twelve feet and is of a rich green. When intended for use in thatching or for making outer or partition walls of a house the leaves are doubled up and sewn together so as to keep them in position before they undergo the process of drying.

Cogon grass (*Saccharum koenigii*) is an inferior but quite efficient thatching, which is also most extensively used wherever *nipa* cannot be obtained or is too expensive. It grows in dense masses to a height of six or seven feet, and its blades are so sharp that on having to traverse long patches of this grass in a trackless island one gets one's hands and face badly cut by it. The young shoots of *cogon* make good fodder for cattle, especially the growth after the ground has been cleared by fire, as is customary by the natives during the dry season.

Bamboo, the most useful cane that was ever grown upon this globe, is also to be found in abundance nearly everywhere in the archipelago. Six or seven principal species are found, and some minor ones, but the most used is probably the one commonly called "Cauayang totoo"

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

(*Cauayang pungeas*), which grows to immense heights—thirty to forty feet—and is often as much as eight inches in diameter.

Not only is this cane used, either split or entire, to construct every possible part of the house—floors, ceilings, rafters, walls, doors, steps, fences, balusters, and house-supports—but beds and furniture of all kinds are manufactured of it with the aid of *bejuco* lacings. Long water-jugs, cups, baskets, chicken-coops, all kinds of traps, bridges, rafts, jews-harps, and other musical instruments, both string and wind, aqueducts and water-pipes, blacksmiths' bellows, knives, spears, arrow-heads, fishing snares and hooks, carts, hats, and, in fact, from its entirety, from strips of its polished skin, or from its separated fibre can be made well-nigh everything imaginable.

Indeed, a country which possesses abundance of good bamboo, such useful vines as we have seen, rattan and others, *nipa*, as well as other kinds of palms and serviceable thatching grasses, a great variety of most excellent woods, hard and soft, and a varied climate in which every possible fruit, grain, and vegetable can be grown, has no need to go anywhere else for anything.

Here is an example. You see that girl coming along the street carrying a long cylinder of bamboo upon her shoulder? She is returning from the water-works, and is carrying home a good supply of clean drinking-water. Yes, it is a big bamboo tube—surely eight feet long and twenty-two inches, at least, in circumference. The inside divisions have been forced out by means of a stick, and the internal compartments all combined into one. It holds a lot of liquid.

Well, here is another use to which bamboo is put. Watch this man—naked, except for a meagre loin-string—hopping about on the tips of his toes and with his head in the air examining the summit of every cocoanut-palm. Watch him carefully. He is an interesting fellow, and one of the most typical figures in the archipelago—the *tuba* man, or, rather, the man who gathers *tuba*—*tuba* being a kind of wine extracted from cocoanut-palms. This is how it is done.

AN ATTRACTIVE CHARACTER

Each *tuba* man has a certain number of trees under his care, and to those alone he devotes his fatherly inspection. That he gets to be birdlike in his manner and movements is not astonishing. He trots and hops about and flaps his folded arms, and jerkily turns his head to look from side to side, not unlike a bird of some sort—a manner which I presume is acquired by spending most of his time on tree-tops. Hanging prominent upon his right shoulder is a curved piece of wood lashed firmly to a bamboo joint (*Tongan*) three or four feet long by four inches in diameter, and as we call up the man and examine him and his belongings closely, we find attached to this long churn a small box—the *teremplan*, made, too, of a bamboo joint, or often of cocoanut-shell. It contains powdered bark of *Rizophora longissima*, and a little brush (*Kolaghi*), ingeniously made of the section of a leaf of the cocoanut-tree pounded into pulp at one end, thus dividing the fibre and making it into a serviceable brush. Cleanliness is a most important factor in the *tuba* man's business.

The *tuba* man is attractive as well as instructive. He is always in a hurry—the only man in the island who is. But upon his features is engraved the sad look of the person who ever ponders over the gloomy possibility that every fresh ascent may be his last. Indeed, the news often spreads through the *pueblo* that so-and-so, the "*tuba* man," has been precipitated from a tree and dashed to pieces.

There—as we let him go—is the poor devil again hopping about in the cocoanut-grove, carefully examining each tree. Here he makes ready for an ascent. He rubs his bare feet upon the ground to remove all matter which may interfere with the sensibility of his soles and toes, and in good Catholic fashion crosses himself—to insure any additional security to his climb with which religion may supply him. Now, owing to the prevalent steady, strong winds, trees are generally at a slant and seldom quite vertical. This somewhat simplifies the task of the climber. Besides, by means of his sharp *bolo* he has cut for himself upon each tree notches about an inch deep all the way up to the cluster of leaves at the summit. Up he goes, with the agility of a monkey, as

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one would up a ladder, and while we down below watch him with some concern he gets astride the stem of a large leaf that quivers under his weight. The bamboo joint is removed from his back and attached to a neighboring leaf. His work now begins. In a few words, here is the process followed:

Before the flower appears from the stem it is cut and a bamboo joint—a *songa*—applied at the end to receive the sap which flows out of the incision, and so that none of the liquid should be wasted the flower cluster is tied fast with *bejuco* lacings so as to adjust the bamboo tubes quite tightly. As many *songas* are generally applied as there are flower clusters. I have often seen as many as three or four bamboo joints so placed to receive *tuba* from one cocoanut-tree, but care is always taken to leave a few stems to be developed into fruit for purposes of reproduction or consumption.

To give strength and color to the *tuba*, a sprinkling of powdered bark of the *Rizophora longissima* is placed in each cylinder, and each time that these bamboo joints are emptied into the larger churn they are thoroughly cleansed and all deposits removed by means of the brush carried for the purpose. Some new powder is then put in.

Each flower-stem is cut every time afresh with a sharp, curved knife, and is calculated to exude *tuba* freely for some eight weeks.

The *tuba* begins to ferment within an hour of its collection, and in taste resembles cider. It is quite palatable when fresh, but changes into vinegar in a few hours. Artificial accelerated fermentation is then produced, and the *tuba* distilled, when it becomes a powerful intoxicant.

The *tuba* man is a time and labor saving creature. Rather than have the trouble of coming down from his lofty eyrie and climbing each individual cocoanut-tree, he prefers to add neck-breaking chances to his career by constructing a series of suspension-bridges from one tree to another—a kind of primitive elevated thoroughfare—which makes less aërial pedestrians tremble to look at it.

Yes, just look at those bridges! Up at a height of forty, fifty, or more feet, one solitary long, horizontal bamboo joins

PHOTOGRAPHY UNDER DIFFICULTY

a cocoanut-tree to the next, an occasional hand-rail being merely supplied when the distance between trees is very great. All one wonders at is that there are any *tuba* men left in the Philippines.

The *tuba* man receives no pay in cash from his employer. He gets the receipts of half the product of the trees.

To take a photograph of the *tuba* man at work necessitated climbing to considerable height on a neighboring tree. As one hand was engaged in the delicate task of taking up the camera ready set for an exposure, and as the notches in my tree were quite inadequate to the breadth of my feet, the operation involved some difficulty. Besides, when I got to the top and proceeded to take my snap-shot—fondly embracing the tree, swinging unpleasantly to and fro in the wind in graceful arcs of a circle—the laws of centrifugal force were brought forcibly to my mind. All the more so as Governor Phillips down below was splitting with laughter, and a crowd of anxious natives holloped words of warning.

The work done, came the descent—not nearly so graceful as the ascent. A slip which I made involved serious destruction to my lower garments, besides the loss of patches of skin from hand and knees which remained applied to the tree, marking at intervals all the length of my downward passage. Fortunately the camera was not injured.

CHAPTER IV

THE WAYS OF THE CUYONOS

NOW, as we proceed with our walk along the streets, we cannot help noticing upon the summit of each roof a peculiar rack of crossed bamboos supporting two or three large bamboo tubes filled with water. This is to minimize the chances of conflagration when neighboring houses are ablaze. Some of the richer people have regular tanks or large earthenware vases fixed in a similar fashion and emptied on the *nipa* roof when occasion arises.

Here is a nice place neatly fenced off. Surely it is the market-place—a bright and picturesque little scene. Up to 1902, Cuyo did not possess a regular market, until Governor Phillips designed and laid out a special spot for it, on which he caused a central shed to be constructed within an angular shed of cocoanut leaves on a bamboo and *bejuco* frame. The trading seems entirely in the hands of women, who are considered in the Philippines much better at making bargains than the men. They all squat in a row, more or less gracefully, either cross-legged or sitting upon their heels, in the last case balancing their arms upon the knees.

There is no great attraction about the goods these women sell, nor is there in the manner of the saleswomen, which is singularly uninviting. If your purchases amount to a little more than they are accustomed to sell, you are certain to have to face a long argument on arithmetical computation, for feminine arithmetic is usually weak or confused. Then, besides, women's ideas of how to transact business on a fair basis are ever enchanting—not only at Cuyo, but in all the other islands.

Here is an instance which happened to me in a similar market on the island of Negros. I asked the price of some

FEMININE REASONING POWERS

mangoes, and was told they were three cents each. There were six mangoes in the basket and I purchased them all, depositing in the lady's lap a twenty-cent piece, which more than covered the amount. But "Oh no!" cried the angered female, returning my coin, and seizing the fruit out of my hands; "three cents each if you buy them separately, but if you buy the lot at once you will have to pay me five cents each—thirty cents in all—for I shall have none to sell to other people!"

Well, the Cuyo ladies were not quite so bad as that. Anyhow, they showed some good-nature in explaining to me the various goods they sold, which were mostly in the eating line. Everything was displayed upon neat banana-leaf dishes cut either square or oblong, or else upon leaves twisted into ingenious baskets.

Tomatoes and fried bananas—the *cumbo*—seemed an article which had the greatest sale, and is one of the favorite dishes in Cuyono diet. Then, next to it, we see a sort of banana bread pounded up with rice-flour and made into a rope pattern. "Bid-li-bid" is the name of it, the young lady at the stall tells me, as she points at it with her pretty and subtle little hand:

"Will you try some?"

"No, thanks."

"*Bandi*," she shouts next, displaying between her ugly lips an even row of nice clean teeth. She was pointing at a mound of sweets made of cocoanut and sugar.

Tablets of soap imported from Ilo-Ilo, one cent a bar; cheap Manila cigarettes; unflammable Japan matches; different colored bundles of aniline-dyed thread—blue, red, and white; small penny looking-glasses; needles; all articles which give a pathetic touch of foreign civilization, and bundles of tobacco leaf, mostly from the island of Dumarán. At this same stall *buyo* can be purchased—ten leaves doubled up and stuck one upon the other, all for one cent, Mexican money. Also you can here purchase *bunga* or *bonga* nuts (betel-nut), either whole or in sections.

The chewing of betel-nut is very common—in fact, general all over the islands, and much labor is devoted to the raising

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of betel-nut palm and *buyo* (*Piper anisorum*). The latter is hard to grow, and has to be constantly watered. It is very liable to be attacked by insects of all sorts, and a regular cage has to be built round it to protect it. The *buyo* leaf has a delightful, clean, slightly pungent odor.

The betel (*Piper betel*) is a climbing plant belonging to the *Piperaceæ* group, and is largely cultivated, not only all over the Philippine and Sulu archipelagoes, but also in the greater portion of southern Asia, Borneo, and other adjacent islands. Its leaves are extensively used in all those countries in preparing a chewing-mixture consisting of one *buyo* leaf, a sprinkling of lime-powder, and a small chip of betel-nut. This preparation, the natives believe, has wonderful effects upon the human constitution, as we shall see later. Frequently, tobacco is added to the mixture.

As we go on examining the market-place, we come to tall baskets with shoulder-slings attached to them. They are filled with coarse salt in crystals. Then, farther, is a lime merchant—an old, shrivelled lady, who sells little packages of finely pulverized lime wrapped up in a leaf. One cent, local currency, will purchase half a pound of lime.

No, those *laro* roots cooked in some sort of grease do not look very appetizing, and the half-balls of *puto*, another form of cocoanut and sugar sweet, seem too rich for our modest tastes. Let us pass on.

Badian leaf, it appears, is also much used in the market for wrapping purposes, being stronger than the banana leaf.

Here are potatoes baked in banana leaves, in order to keep the moisture within, and made into a kind of paste—quite palatable, they say. Then a heap of cacao and chocolate beans, the latter of excellent flavor, but so far only cultivated in small quantities, notwithstanding the efforts of the Governor to extend plantations in the various islands in his province.

Bananas, oranges—well, we do not seem to see anything else to strike our fancy or nothing very novel. The people are quiet, almost mournfully silent, and shy in the presence of strangers. There is a row of young girls resting in quite a typical attitude, with knees together upon the ground, but

SLOW FLIRTATIONS

the feet spread sideways, far apart—not a graceful pose. Their simple dress has some attraction, and merely a few beads decorate their necks. The hair is plastered tight upon the head and fastened into a knot behind. They seem to have little to say to one another, but occasionally one is startled by an outburst of giggles—apparently for no reason whatever. So like other girls!

Farther up a flirtation is in full swing—the market is a great place for flirtations. He, a young, slender, hatless, shoeless boy of supple frame, and garbed in ample white trousers and a transparent *camisa*, worn, as is customary, outside his unmentionables. Leaning, with occasional contortions, against a convenient bamboo pillar, he gazes with dreamy eyes of beatitude at his yellow, sallow *inamorata*. She is a little lump of a thing—with a face as flat as a board—and she sits in a heap upon a mat, twisting her hands about carelessly, as is usual everywhere in such contingencies. Her eyes are fixed on some pebbles on the ground. At intervals he murmurs some word or other. She never says anything, nor does she ever raise her eyes to look at him. She knows it is the best way to be loved. But he never takes his eyes off her. Every now and then, he squats upon his heels and plays with stones and grass within the radius of his arms, and mumbles more words of affection; but each time she sulkily turns to one side or the other.

Yes, young men of the Philippines are patient if they are nothing else. Hours, indeed, entire days, are wasted in these doleful and blissful sulks, until at last, with a terrible effort of condescension on the girl's part, the girl and boy become engaged; after which—well, we had better cease watching them.

There are, of course, young men who adopt quicker and more reckless methods of making love, but they are generally young fellows who have come in contact with Spaniards or Americans, and who have substituted speed for sentiment.

The real, unspoiled Filipino is by nature extremely slow, faithful, and sentimental; doleful, yes, but not lacking in mild wit when sufficiently cheered. He may be lazy, but

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you cannot say that he is not ingenious. Come out of the market enclosure and watch these men making rope. They use a curious device made of a pyramidical bamboo frame, held vertically upon the ground by means of heavy stones. It is, in other words, "the resistance" which slides along the ground when three strands of fibre are being twisted by means of a three-spindle arrangement. At the end of the rope is placed a large wooden block with a piece of wood inserted through and projecting on either side.

In the Cuyo Islands the fibre of the *buri* palm (*Corypha umbraculifera*) is used in rope-making, the leaf being beaten on a rock until all the fibres are loosened, separated, and stripped of the outer skin. The *buri* is a very handsome, tall palm with huge, fanlike leaves—a palm which does not require any special care in the cultivation, and which grows almost everywhere in the archipelago. From this palm the natives extract sago by pounding in suitable wooden vessels the soft central part of the trunk, and causing the minute grains of starch to separate from the rest. These are then properly dried and reduced into sago-flour—most excellent and wholesome to eat. This useful plant also produces wine—by an operation not dissimilar to that performed on the cocoanut-palm. An incision is made in the fruit in order to extract the juice, which is fermented into wine. Last, but not least, from *buri* can be extracted a sweet substance of a yellowish color, which is quite palatable.

Really, for a spot with a tropical climate, Cuyo is an enchanting place, with its long, tidy, beautifully kept streets, nicely fenced off on either side, and with something of interest at every step. When we get off the road there is even more to scrutinize than on the thoroughfare. Near the shore, stuck in the ground, we come upon several joints of bamboo. Each joint has a little bow half-way up, with a *bejuco* string duly set at a tension to shoot off an arrow, passed through an aperture in the lower part of the cylinder. This is a most serviceable crab-trap. It is set at the mouth of crab-holes, and when the poor crab proceeds to climb up to the upper part of the tube, a delicately set hook releases

CUYONO GAMES

the broad arrow, which closes the lower aperture and imprisons the crab.

Children have good sport with these contrivances, and while waiting for their prey amuse themselves playing the *Sipa* game—a form of civilized football, as compared with the American game of the same sort. It is played with a hollow sphere woven of *huoy*, by which name the Cuyonos call rattan or *bejuco*. It mainly consists of really kicking the wicker ball, rather than the heads, ribs, etc., of fellow-players in the game, as is customary in more boastful centres of civilization.

Another graceful and quite exciting game is being played a little farther on, girls and boys joining in it. It is the *Turubigan*—"the chase after water." The ground is marked into a long but rather narrow rectangle divided into six, eight, or more sections, according to the number of people playing the game — who are, in their turn, divided into two equal sides. One party tries to force its way through the rectangle, but only by running along central or side parallel lines of the board; while the others, who occupy the central line, one at each spot where the transverse lines cross it, try to impede their passage, each person touched being out. The members of the arrest party can only move along the transverse lines.

A little farther, under the shade of a house, two pretty little girls, aged eight and ten, are seriously and industriously playing another game of a more brainy kind, which requires the use of a heavy wooden log flattened on the upper side and with fourteen small holes in two parallel lines scooped into it, as well as two large additional ones—one at each end.

"What do you call this game, dear little girls?"

"*Chonca*," said a sweetly modest little voice—the owner of which seemed highly surprised at my ignorance.

"*Sungcan*," uttered the other tiny mite, with undisguised merriment. "Will you play?"

"Then is it *chonca* or *sungcan*?"

Well, after a long discussion, I was none the wiser, nor is any one who ever asks anything of anybody in the Philip-

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piners. There always is a tantalizing confusion as well as profusion of names for everything—probably due to the numberless languages and dialects spoken in the various islands, and to the imported words which find their way about. We will not trouble about the name—either of the above will do—but let us see how the game is played.

First, it is necessary to toss up to see who begins, and this is done by means of two shells. The one whose shell falls upon its back has the first hand. Seven shells are placed in each of the smaller pockets, then the seven in the first recess are picked up and are deposited one in each hole, special care being taken to arrange matters so as to drop the last shell of the lot into a pocket on the player's side of the board. When this occurs she is entitled to take possession of whatever number of shells there may be in her partner's pocket directly opposite hers. The pockets on the board are not necessarily all filled, but they all go in couples, and if not used are called "dead pockets." The game continues at great length, and with various vicissitudes, until one of the players has exhausted all her shells.

Filipinos of both sexes and all ages are gamblers. Not far from the market-place at Cuyo we find the cock-pit—an institution to be found in nearly every Christian village and town in the archipelago. On a Sunday these cock-pits are well patronized, and much betting is indulged in both by cock owners and their friends or admirers. There are few families who do not possess one or more fighting cocks, and on holidays you see fighting birds being taken about, resting placidly on their owner's hand and forearm. They—both owner and cock—have, however, a wicked look in their eyes—the brutal look of men and beasts thirsting for blood.

Now, there are, I think, few men in the world who are more appreciative than I of good, wholesome, and manly sport, but I cannot really find words strong enough to condemn such cruel, disgusting, demoralizing, and cowardly practices as these cock-fights. How the American government can tolerate them, almost encourage them, is indeed beyond the understanding of any one who can boast of

COCK-FIGHTS

even the mere suspicion of a heart. It seems somewhat incongruous to pretend to civilize the natives by pounding into their brains, *pro tem.*, more or less geometry, algebra, and singing of songs melodious but wearisomely patriotic, before the first signs of barbarism are uprooted and stamped out altogether. Moreover, this particular barbaric custom was, I believe, not a naturally inherited one, but acquired from people who, although once civilized, had decayed into a state of semi-brutality.

To me, personally, the only interesting point about these fights was the ingenious device for fastening the cocks during the hours of peace. This is a woven double loop, combining into one common string, which, where it again divides into two, passes through each loop, just allowing the loops sliding room to go over the squeezed cock's claws and over the ankle. Here the *lubio*, as it is called, holds firmly, but is never tight.

Come into the cock-pit—you can judge for yourself whether the show is an edifying one or not. There are men squatting all round, each man holding upon his upturned hands his pet fighter, and endeavoring to find one to match him. Betting is heavy on champions, and silver pesos change hands in astonishing quantities for a country where nobody is supposed to possess anything. Two cocks of presumably equal strength being eventually found, steel spurs, sharper than razors, are attached to their heels. The cocks are angered by being swung to and fro by their respective loving owners, and made to peck at each other's skulls before they are let go; when sufficiently infuriated they are flung at each other. A scuffle, violent flapping of wings, while hopping and springing with angry claws at its antagonist, and one falls down upon its back with a spout of blood and a gash that has ripped his neck and chest open. It is all over, until another pair is matched. Five, ten, twenty or more such exhibitions—until there are no cocks to be matched in the ring—take place every Sunday afternoon, and on every other possible holiday—not only at Cuyo, but, as I have said, in every Christian village and town all over the islands.

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These shows are cherished by men, women, and children, as well as by Americans of the lower classes, who generally take a prominent part in the betting.

I was glad to hear that the Governor of Paragua was averse to these exhibitions. Unfortunately, he had no power to stop them.

Cuyo has a well-conducted municipality. If money is spent on public works it is generally on something useful. To the southeast end of the town, where formerly a mere muddy water-hole existed, is now a neat water-plant, voted by the Consejales, and already fully paid for by the appreciative public. It has a good pump over a 500-gallon cement tank, always filled with excellent water, that has its origin high up on Mount Aguado. In the morning and evening crowds can be seen, each person carrying long bamboos to convey water to their homes.

Now, Mount Aguado (608 feet) is well worth climbing, all the more so as it is only a short distance from the town. On the summit can be seen the charred remains of the old Spanish signal-station. The bird's-eye view of the entire island is interesting; small farms on the southwest side of the mountain-slope, rice-fields, banana-palms, and long groves of cocoanuts. The little town of Batto-Batto and Lugbuan lie to the northeast, while San Carlos lies on the southeast of the island, and Igabas in the interior to the south. Bayad is southward—a tiny place—and Suba, south-southeast. The entire island is surrounded by a wide reef.

Separated from it by a narrow channel—less than half a mile wide—and standing upon another reef, is Bisucay Island, with a couple of low hills upon it. This island would be a capital one for a plantation, and contains some 6000 acres of excellent land. It is conveniently situated in relation to the Cuyo anchorage, which it shelters nicely during the southwest monsoon, while during the northeast monsoon the bay is fairly well protected by Mount Aguado and the entire Cuyo island itself. Even if the wind can sweep over the water, no high seas could be raised in the bay owing to the far-extending reefs on the northwest of the town, the continuation of this wide reef eventu-



CUYO FORT AND CHURCH



WOMAN CARRYING WATER IN BAMBOO CYLINDER

1401

OLD AND NEW

ally joining the island of Putic to the Cuyo Island on the north, and practically extending to the westerly Indagamy rock, and other rocks awash near it, with whitish shallow water all around. The Cuyo anchorage in front (west) of the town is quite safe in five or seven fathoms of water. The soundings in the protected part of the bay average from four fathoms to twenty, with fair bottom.

The day was clear and the view superb. You could see Kanipo Island to the northwest, and beyond it, in delightful blue tints, the high and rugged hills of Agutaya Island. Quaint Dit Island peeped farther away, just above the long western spur of Agutaya, and even Kiniluban Island and others of that group could be perceived in a faint blur far, far away to the northwest.

There remains to be seen in Cuyo the handsome old Spanish fort upon the plaza—quite an imposing structure of pentagonal shape. Enclosed in its solid wall, two paces wide, of earth and cut coral rock, is a spacious and nicely decorated church, also of coral rock, but with an ugly, corrugated iron roof. A similar combination of the old and new offends one's eye in the otherwise picturesque interior of the fort, in a couple of side buildings. One appears to have been formerly a prison, but is used now to stow away such stucco images as are displayed on grand occasions in the church or during the frequent processions through the town.

There is a square coral tower, with four Spanish brass bells—one very large—suspended on *bejuco* fastenings. Upon the north wall of the fort an inscription tells that it was restored in 1827, the restoration consisting mainly of an upper octagonal cement structure of no special beauty. There is a well some twelve feet deep, inside the fort, of slightly brackish water, and the remains of the convent can be seen on a level with the top of the fort. The outer walls are vertical, the corner bastions inclined, except the central one on the east side, which is vertical. Here the extra-fortified main entrance is found.

Of course, this fort would not stand against modern artillery, but for defence against ill-armed piratical assaults

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of years gone by the construction of this, as well as many other similar Spanish works of defence in the various Christian settlements, shows a great deal of ingenuity and wonderful workmanship. Some antiquated pieces of ordnance lay upon their rusty backs and at rest upon the Cuyo fort wall.

CHAPTER V

ACROSS CUYO ISLAND—AT A DANCE—FISHING BY TORCH-LIGHT

WE will now ride across the island. Quite a good road exists, although somewhat overgrown with grass. It traverses undulating country, with here and there strange tufts of black volcanic rock, especially on the northwest side at the foot of Mount Aguado. The cultivated fields extend some distance from the town, for of all the islands of this group Cuyo is undoubtedly the most fertile, and produces abundance of cocoa-nuts, excellent oranges, bananas, pineapples, and mangoes, Indian corn, rice, cotton, cacao, and coffee. Cattle, pigs, fowls, and a few ponies are raised.

Our road takes us across the wide depression in the island between Mount Aguado (608 feet) and Mount Bombon (830 feet) in the northern extremity of the island. There is not much of interest along the road. In an hour or so we find ourselves at Lugbuan, a village on the east shore of the island—a sleepy place with nobody about except a scared child or two, not clad in the proverbial smile, but in abundant tears at the unexpected sight of strangers.

There is a modest church with an adjoining shed for bells and an imposing wooden cross. Then, of course, the “tribunal,” that convenient building in every settlement, which answers all purposes a public building can be put to, from a combination of court of justice and jail—in many of these “tribunals” can still be seen the wooden stocks where prisoners were fastened by the legs in Spanish days—to cholera quarantine hospitals, school-room, rest-house for travellers, etc.

I had ridden out that day in the agreeable company of Mrs. Phillips, the Governor’s charming wife, and her kindly

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face and pleasant speech drew forth from the side dwellings—after some patient coaxing—quite a little crowd of naked babies, while the giggles of their respective and more clothed mothers could be heard inside the houses, and a peeping feminine eye or two shone behind the gently lifted shutters of the windows.

Just south of the village rose a nice little hill, from the top of which a panoramic view of the island (except to the west) could be commanded, so up I proceeded to go. But the grass was high and troublesome the moment I was off the trail, and vines with terrible thorns seemed to catch me everywhere, tearing mercilessly wherever they caught. As though this were not enough, in a moment I was attacked by swarms of ants which penetrated with alarming haste into the most remote parts of my garments, into the hair of my head, and my ears, biting, biting, and biting all along the route that each ant followed, down or up my tantalized anatomy. It seemed—and the estimate was not far wrong—as if hundreds of them had got upon me.

Not in the most suave of humors I reached the top. Yes, one got a nice view. Due east just below me extended a big reef on which were a number of fish-traps. Also a big shallow reef extended northward right across the bay formed by the narrow, low peninsula joining the two mountainous sections of Cuyo Island. On scrutinizing the horizon northward from west to east, one could count more than twenty different islands scattered upon the ocean, but to the south we had mere big rocks—apparently volcanic—sticking out of the water. On the low peninsula to our north was some vegetation, and Mount Bombon (due north) looked very handsome, green all over, except a bit on the summit which appeared barren. The colors in the water were very beautiful from my high point of vantage—the delicate white and light-greenish tints of the shallow reef water, the darker, vivid greens upon its edge, and the deep heavy blue of the sea beyond, dwindling into blackish grays towards the indefinite misty horizon line.

With another suit of clothes in rags, I found myself again in Cuyo town, where I will now take you to a dance.

DEMOCRATIC NOTIONS

A Filipino *baile* (the Spanish name for a dance) is the most depressingly interesting amusement you can possibly witness. There are slight variations in the dances, according to the local amount of foreign influence, but the type of entertainment, on a grander or more modest scale, is practically the same everywhere, only the grander the occasion the more funereal the spectacle.

Spanish influence is strongly noticeable both in Filipino music and dancing, but some of the more primitive dances preserve characteristics which are worth studying. We will attend an official dance given by the Governor, when the *élite* of Cuyo will be present. Maybe, on some future occasion I will take you to see a less refined type of entertainment.

Kept at bay by the noise of forks and knives of our progressing dinner, the invited guests—who were beginning to arrive an hour or so before eight o'clock, the time appointed—were collecting at the foot of the staircase, while others, of a more vigorous temperament, strolled up and down the street. We, who were eating, heard the semi-suppressed voices of the arriving guests, and hurried through mountains of ice-cream, while Francesca and the other waiting-maid (I forget her name)—two girls with plenty of black hair on the head, prominent eyes, and graceful necks—signalled by expressive gestures the progress of our meal to the crowds below, every time they had an opportunity of passing the door or window.

Now, it would appear strange for servants to be on such familiar terms with the Governor's guests, but in the Philippines there is a most delightful democracy of ideas among the natives—all mingling, as it were, unreservedly together—and yet with a thorough appreciation of each other's rank or talent, or other gifts of God, when it comes to matters not social. It is not, mind you, the distorted notion of equality which desires that every man better than yourself must come down to the lowest level of every man in the street, but it is a very just and fair estimate of one's own worth, as from human soul to human soul in the world's family, apart altogether from the respect which rank or individual

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merit may command. Thus, while among natives abundant human and mutual consideration prevails in a marked form between superiors and inferiors of any class, the difference of blood or merit is there all the same, and everybody knows it and has reverence for it.

Dinner over, a swarm of visitors ceremoniously entered the house by the wooden staircase, while the two or three male American residents of the place—in the educational line—preferred to make their entrance up to the first floor by climbing the outer wall, or by way of the flag-staff.

The people streamed in and seemed remarkably well-behaved, some of the women not looking their best, I thought, in consequence of having adopted badly made European skirts instead of their native picturesque and graceful attire. But the upper portion of their dress was ever pretty, the little *camisa*, with ample but short sleeves leaving most of the arm visible, and the ever-becoming *pagno*, as it is locally called, or large and prettily embroidered kerchief, stiffly starched, encircling the neck and head in a graceful frame. The hair-dressing was simple and therefore becoming—the abundant jet-black hair being raised tight and fastened into a neat knot on the top of the head rather far back.

Conversation—strange as it may seem—was not a woman's forte, at least at Cuyo. Maybe other men were more (or possibly less) fortunate, but I was not able to extract more than a few words from any of the young ladies I had the pleasure of meeting. Nor did they seem to confabulate much among themselves or with their own young men—all nicely dressed up in immaculate white clothes. When they danced—which they did most beautifully and gracefully—they had grave, almost pained, expressions on their powdered faces. As the couples spun by in polkas and mazurkas, of which the natives are very fond, whiffs of patchouli and musk suffocatingly marked the revolutions of certain couples through the room, to evade which—the patchouli, not the couples—I paid a visit to the band in the adjoining room.

Behold three boys—one, I think, twelve; another thirteen years of age, and one somewhat older; two violins and

NATIVE DANCES

a guitar—played, I assure you, with the *entrain* of old Hungarian musicians.

“Where did you learn this Spanish and American music?” I inquired of the younger boy.

“I have heard it played.”

“Heard it played? Have you not learned it with notes?”

“No, sir; I cannot read music.”

One or all these boys—if I remember right—was or were the son or sons of the native provincial secretary. He told me that many boys and girls, even younger than his sons, can pick up any tune by ear, or soon learn to play any instrument, musical talent being inborn in the race. This was quite true, as I had ample opportunity to ascertain during my long stay in the islands.

Governor Phillips rescued me from the musicians to show me some native dancing. Native dancing, in the true sense of the word, does not exist at Cuyo, but adaptations of Spanish and Tagalo dances are given, modified evidently by age and usage.

The *fandango*, for instance, is merely the well-known Spanish dance, only somewhat slower. The man walks resolutely towards his lady partner, keeping step with the music and raising first one arm and then the other in a contortionate manner, while the girl stands immobile and impassive. Then the girl walks up towards him in a coquettish way, with a graceful swing of her body, to the accompaniment of music of the wildest kind, with terribly squeaky top notes on the violin.

Then comes quite an original dance of a somewhat violent character for Orientals—the *Pundo-pundo*, or Anchor Dance—so called because it comes to a most abrupt end.

The *Suring*, although suggestive, if you know the meaning of it, is most graceful and quite dignified. The point of it consists in the determination of the girl not to let her partner dance in front of her, whereas, ever keeping time with the music, he must attempt to face her—and she, by rapid revolutions, constantly turns her back to him. The young man dances slowly behind his fair but presumedly unapproachable *inamorata* with hands patiently resting on his

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waist. Ruse after ruse is tried to force his way before her, and as the orchestra as well as the dancers and spectators get excited, the music, in a minor key, gets quicker, more weird, and, as things go on, almost savage. This dance is more frequently indulged in by common people, and is possibly the most purely typical of the Cuyonos.

As for the "Rigodon Filipino," by some described as a Filipino dance, it is nothing more and nothing less than our "lancers" as they were danced some forty years ago—set to Filipino music.

Another suggestive dance of Tagalo origin is the *Parol vi dar* (so called in Spanish—or Engagement Dance), which is danced to a weird and quite melodious Tagalo song—or, rather, recitative. A handkerchief waved gracefully to and fro, with numerous but never vulgar contortions of the body, plays an important part in this performance, for on it depends the entire meaning of the dance. First, she beseeches him to purchase the handkerchief, and chants all its virtues. She places it upon her partner's chest and tells him how his beauty is greatly enhanced by it. Other similar and more advanced demonstrations of admiration and love are gone through. The voice of the singer—the woman's—although neither powerful nor over-melodious, thrills one with its extraordinary amount of tender feeling and sentiment, which would rather point to the fact that if Filipino women do not always say much, they can, nevertheless, feel and love with as much ardor as most other women. Towards the end of the dance her desperate love for him is displayed, and the handkerchief thrown upon the floor in sign of surrender.

As far as Christianized natives are concerned, Filipino music, even more than the dancing, has been influenced to such an extent by foreign ideas and importations that one very seldom indeed hears a really typical, characteristic song or air. When one does, it runs generally to the sentimental, a high falsetto voice being preferred to a more natural tone—and a plaintive tremolo being much appreciated. The Filipinos never seem to tire of repetitions. Love-songs, either improvised or repeated, are the most prevalent, and

FISHING BY TORCH-LIGHT

I have often listened unperceived to women at work improvising doleful songs which, although of no great artistic merit, still possess some harmonious effects and some capricious flights of notes not disagreeable to the ear.

The dance is over, and it is time to go to bed. Why! look out of the window!—the whole coast-line is lighted with torches, some burning steadily, others moving rapidly to and fro. Hundreds of black figures stand clearly against the red glare, and by their violent exertions it would seem that there is some excitement going on. We will go out and see.

Men, women, and children—the entire population, practically, seems congregated along the beach and upon the shallow reef. Most are armed with bamboo or iron-pointed spears; others, especially the children, have little bows and arrows—one peculiarity of which is that the arrow is tied by a loop to the string of the bow. The bamboo spears have several points radiating from a common stock. The blazing lights that people are carrying are made of branches of dried cocoa-nut leaves. These people are fishing, that is all. While the fish is dazed by the brilliant light, it is speared or killed by an arrow—both of which weapons are used with considerable skill. Pictorially, the scene is as fantastic and weird as it is interesting.

CHAPTER VI

THE CUYONO AND HOW HE IS BUILT

MORE interesting than the island itself are the inhabitants, the Cuyonos—a really remarkable race, evidently a combination of various bloods which has produced excellent results. Of all the tribes of the Philippines, these are at present the only Christianized islanders who can honestly claim the name of workers. They are actually fond of hard work, and both their physique and unusually bright mental qualities help to make valuable citizens of them.

A glance at a few male specimens is sufficient to demonstrate that as a type they are infinitely superior to either the Visayans, the Vicolos, or the Tagalos, of whom they are, nevertheless, the descendants. Personally, I am inclined to believe that besides some remote intermarriage with the aborigines—generally called the Tagbanouas—there is in the blood of the Cuyono a good percentage of other blood, possibly of some of the piratical Samal tribes who in former centuries often made raids upon these islands, coming up from the south with the southwest monsoon. It is, in fact, worthy of note what excellent navigators the Cuyonos are—a feature, I think, inherited from what piratical ancestry they may possess—and how enterprising and adventurous they are is shown by the fact that nearly all the inhabited points of the adjoining Calamianes group, Culion, the Linapakan group, Dumarán, and nearly all the east coast points of Palawan Island are peopled by Cuyonos. Furthermore, we find that not only have the Cuyonos migrated to these distant points in their small crafts—a really wonderful feat—but, also, that they have for centuries carried on a small but constant and patient inter-island trade with these points by means of their sail-boats. I say patient, because, owing

PRODUCTS OF THE SEA

to the monsoon which, speaking roughly, blows steadily here for six months one way and six months the other, a journey to the west in the northeast monsoon involves a long stay away from home, with no prospect of returning until the monsoon changes.

The male population of Cuyo is migratory—the women only being left at home. In fact, some official publications place the population of Cuyo itself at ninety per cent. women, and only ten per cent. men—which, however, I believe to be a somewhat exaggerated proportion. At a rough guess, based on observation, sixty per cent. to seventy per cent. would, I think, be nearer the mark.

The Cuyono is an agriculturist and a trader, but his instincts ever lead him to the sea. He has of late taken largely to the cultivation of chocolate—for which the soil and climate seem very favorable—and he exports cocoa-nut oil, *copra*, or dried cocoa-nut, wax, and bamboo. For home consumption he makes various kinds of wine, and the women weave hemp and other cloths of a fine texture. But the main industry of these islands is, without doubt, the products of the sea, such as turtle, fish, pearls, mother-of-pearl, and a gigantic and most repulsive-looking sea-slug, which is much cherished by the natives and commands a good selling price, especially on the Chinese market. I am told that this wormlike brute attains a length of even thirty-six inches, but I never saw any quite so big.

It appears that on the coral-reefs of the western and eastern coasts of Cuyo all kinds of sea-cucumbers or *bêche-de-mer*, starfish, jelly-fish, and all kinds of magnificent specimens of infusoria flourish in all their glory. *Holothuria edilis* and *Psolus complanatus* are the technical names of the two species of sea-slug found in the Philippines, and commercially known as *trepang*. It is cured by splitting, gutting, boiling, and drying in the sun, or smoking. The trade in this article of diet is very great and extends to all the islands in and south of the Celebes Sea. It finds its way to big commercial centres mostly by native craft, through the enterprise of Chinese traders long settled in these islands.

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Edible birds'-nests, or *Salangana*, also furnish a considerable revenue, mainly to Chinese local traders. Those nests are collected at very great danger on some of the more rugged volcanic islands, principally in the neighboring Calamianes group and also off the Palawan coast. These gelatinous articles, which are used for making soup, find their way—like the *trepang*—mainly to China and to Singapore. The nests are small, pretty, concave, and white in color, but occasionally they are mixed with feathers.

The first quality is, however, free from impurities and fetches high prices. It is the nest of a tiny swift of the species known as *Collocalia (Esculenta)*. We shall soon visit the strange islands and see where these birds'-nests are collected.

In the mean time, before leaving Cuyo on our cruise, let us thoroughly examine some of the best specimens of pure Cuyonos we can find.

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height	1.682	Height of foot from ground	
Span	1.760	to ankle	0.067
Weight (pounds)	114½	Length of foot	0.247
Length of spinal column .	0.718	Toes (maximum length) .	0.065
Circumference of chest:		Circumference of ankle .	0.221
Inflated	0.832	Circumference of knee .	0.337
Normal	0.787		
Armpit to armpit	0.327	HEAD	
Length of scapula	0.156	Vertical maximum length	
Circumference of waist:		of head	0.234
Abdomen expanded .	0.845	Horizontal maximum	
Abdomen normal . .	0.690	length of cranium (fore-	
		head to back of head)	0.193
ARM		Width of forehead at	
Humerus	0.311	temples	0.141
Radius	0.269	Height of forehead . . .	0.062
Hand	0.197	Bizygomatic breadth . .	0.135
Maximum length of fin-		Nasal height	0.058
gers	0.108	Nasal breadth at nostrils .	0.043
Thumb	0.110	Orbital horizontal breadth	0.041
Circumference of arm		Breadth of mouth . . .	0.050
round biceps	0.239	Length of upper lip from	
Circumference of wrist .	0.149	opening of mouth to	
		base of nose	0.025
LEG		Length of lower lip and	
Femur	0.443	chin	0.054
Tibia	0.448	Length of ear	0.059

TYPICAL SPECIMENS

Perhaps the preceding table of accurate measurements, giving the average of a considerable number of typical male specimens measured by me, will give a correct idea of the actual size and anatomical formation of the Cuyono.

It may be remarked that, while of no great height—metre 1.682 is the average—the reach from finger-tip to finger-tip of middle finger is metre 1.760, each specimen showing a difference of from metre 0.077 to metre 0.103 longer than the height. With the exception of very few tribes, this peculiar length of arm was noticeable to a greater or less marked extent in nearly all tribes of the archipelago, whether Christians or non-Christians.

There was nothing abnormal in the weight—from 110 to 125 pounds—as the Cuyonos, like all other tribes, are lightly built and have a fine—not massive—skeleton. Both feet and hands had attained abnormal length in relation to the size of individuals, as compared with European extremities. Barring these peculiarities characteristic of the race, the healthy Cuyono type is wonderfully well built, with well-padded, muscular shoulders; rounded and well-developed loins; small but solid hips, and powerful legs, wiry and well modelled in their detail, but not always perfectly straight. A considerable curve outward generally existed in the general line of the leg, and the knees seldom could be made to touch when standing straight with feet together. Moreover, the knee at its lowest portion invariably showed undue development, which I could not account for, unless, as I suspect, it is caused by the sitting posture common in the islands. In profile, however, the legs appeared well set.

The arms were always remarkable for their beautiful modelling—absolutely lacking the abnormal development which some civilized people admire, but just as strong as, if not more powerful in their steely wiriness than, the more lumpy arms of many a time-wasting, athletic, civilized folk. Structurally, the arms, too, occasionally showed a tendency to be slightly curved.

Perhaps an interesting point in these people was nature's protection of the spine against the powerful tropical rays of the sun. The spinal vertebræ were abnormally well padded,

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in many cases so much so that each separate vertebra could not be detected by the eye. The skin, too, appeared thicker than is the case with white people or people living in colder climates. Another point which struck me forcibly in examining the various specimens was the massiveness and power of the neck as compared to the slightness of construction otherwise.

The skin of the Cuyonos is of various tints of dark yellow—very dark in some cases—and smooth in texture, plainly showing some negroid influence. In fact, negroid characteristics are quite marked in the facial features, especially about the forehead and widely expanded nostrils. Not so about the lips, which, although prominent, are thin—generally tightly closed and firm. The usual negroid characteristics are, nevertheless, found in the bossy forehead, not over slanting and massive, especially directly above the eyelids in protection of the eye. But, generally speaking, the Cuyono may be classified as an impure Malayan—the characteristics of this race being more dominant than those of any other.

The eyes, of a deep velvety brown, are almond-shaped, and often set at a considerable slant—but not quite *à fleur de tête* like those of Mongolian races, for instance. The black eyebrows are thick, but the mustache and beard extremely scanty—merely a few stray hairs, increasing somewhat with age. Similarly, the chest is hairless, and only scanty hair is noticeable in the armpits. The cheek-bones are prominent, with the skin adhering tight to the features and with a picturesque polish. The jet-black hair is fairly coarse and almost straight. It would tend slightly to a wave were it grown sufficiently long.

The ear was, to me, the most interesting study in these people, for, indeed, it is from the ear more than from any other part of the human anatomy that character can be accurately gauged. I was rather surprised and pleased—considering how very few well-formed, intelligent-looking ears one meets in the world—to find that these Cuyonos possessed extremely delicate, shell-like acoustic organs—small and refined, which well explained to me their extraordinary musi-

ABNORMALITIES CONSTANTLY MET WITH

cal talent and powers of receiving and reproducing sounds accurately, as, for instance, when made to repeat foreign words. The ears were usually gracefully chiselled, with smooth and well-rounded curves and with small, undetached lobes. In the skull a deep depression was frequently noticeable directly over the ear.

The hands were generally very supple, the fingers and thumbs capable of bending backward at a considerable angle. The lines in the palm of the hand were few but well defined.

The Cuyono foot has a deal of character and is peculiarly shaped—long and quite flattened. The big toe is abnormally large and widely separated from the others, which, curiously enough, are all of uniform length and size—the last two having often developed to the size of, and even to a larger size than, the two central ones. This is due, I think, to the “bow” construction of the leg, which places a greater strain and pressure on the two outer toes while walking. A thick, cushion-like development, just like a pad, is to be found in the instep—also originated by the compensating laws of nature, which pads the foot on the side where it would not otherwise touch the ground, so as to counterbalance the irregular leverage of the tibia at the ankle.

Among the Christians one cannot help being struck by the astoundingly small number of cases of violent insanity to be encountered. Idiocy is more frequent, while religious and other monomaniacs are common. Idiots are generally neglected until they die.

Abnormalities are constantly met with, the most noticeable being the hare-lip. Webbed ears, extra fingers and toes, and numberless moles and other marks of nature upon the skin are occasionally to be seen.

The normal bodily temperature of the Cuyonos is about 96.2° Fahrenheit, but in cases of pernicious malarial fever the temperature taken by mouth frequently has been known to register as high as 108°, and by rectum, 109°; which figures speak volumes as to their tenacity of life. The pulsations are weak and average 81 per minute.

Nearly all the numerous tribes of the Philippine Islands

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have abdominal breathing, and in this connection it is well to note that natives breathe through the nose in preference to the mouth, which is usually tightly closed—nature's safeguard against the evils of a tropical climate. This being the case, and notwithstanding that the chest is well developed and the lung-tissues perfectly normal, with absolutely no malformation or defects, the expansion of the lungs during forced inspiration (about two inches) does not, of course, compare with the average American or English measurement (over three inches).

This fact has caused some anxiety among military authorities in regard to making the Filipino a soldier; but whatever scientific authorities may find to criticise, it is, after all, a fortunate thing that the Filipino breathes as he does in his own climate. There never was a more scientific scientist than nature. You can believe me.

CHAPTER VII

COMMON LOCAL DISEASES AND QUAIN'T POPULAR REMEDIES

THE Cuyono possesses a strong constitution, but not always a determined will. Hence, when people get sick, they often succumb, because they give in from the beginning of the disease and do not expect to recover. But the complaints are not many, as the climate they live in could not possibly be healthier.

The chief diseases are malarial fever, dysentery, and pernicious fever, or *calentura perniciosa*, as the Spaniards called it. The latter is very virulent and frequently kills the persons attacked within twenty-four hours. White people seem to contract these complaints more easily than natives, possibly because of the ill-regulated diet, and if change of climate is not made, fatal results may be expected.

"Small-pox of the water," according to a literal translation of its local name, is an unpleasant-looking eruption all over the body, which principally affects fishermen. It seldom attains a virulent form, nor is it contagious, and although it lasts from one to two months, sufferers are not obliged to lie up. It is caused by the constant wet to which the boatmen are exposed.

Then there are three classes of beri-beri—wet, dry, and mixed; all three of which appear during the rainy season and affect natives who live on fish and rice diet, and who inhabit damp, marshy, low places.

Beri-beri is a nasty complaint. In "dry beri-beri" atrophy of the muscles of the legs is the first symptom, and can be identified at a glance—once you have seen it—by a characteristic walk, not dissimilar to locomotor ataxia, with an ankle drop and peculiar twist of foot, the lower limbs being practically paralyzed. "Wet beri-beri" is differentiated

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from the dry merely by a swollen condition, which first attacks the lower limbs, and gradually ascends up the body. Swelling of the abdomen ensues, severely affecting the action of the heart and lungs, and if the disease runs its course unchecked, the patient eventually dies. If attempts are made to check a virulent attack of beri-beri, the patient has generally a fine opportunity to die the sooner.

Now, "mixed beri-beri" is, as its name suggests, a combination of the two above forms of the disease, and possesses at different stages all the characteristics of the dry and all those of the wet beri-beri. Occasionally an affected person may recover, but usually a month's life under such conditions is as much as most constitutions can attain.

No satisfactory remedy has yet been found for beri-beri, the present treatment consisting mainly in a thorough change from accustomed diet, tonics, and migration from damp dwellings into dry, clean, sunny quarters. The sun cure has been known to produce more beneficial results than anything else. A strange characteristic of the disease is that there very seldom is any swelling about the head. In its last stages, respiration is rendered difficult, and it is impossible for the patient to sit or lie down. It is most infrequent among Europeans, although I have known of an American officer, a friend of mine, who contracted it severely, but was, after much suffering, practically cured in the United States. His feet, however, even a year later, were still in a semi-mortified condition and gave him much trouble.

Beri-beri can always be known by a disagreeable, strong, acid odor of the skin, noticeable quite two, three, or even more feet away from the sufferer, and closely akin to that of leprosy.

Elephantiasis, with its abnormal general swelling, is known in all these islands, but is not common. Curiously enough, it seems principally to affect non-natives, the only cases which came under my direct observation in the Philippines being those of Chinese and Chinese *mestizos*.

The plague, cholera, and small-pox are common in the usual forms, intensified and rendered violent owing to climatic conditions. For want of any other explanation as to

WAR ON RATS

their origin, rats were here, as in other countries, accused by American doctors of spreading the two former diseases. Thus war was declared on rats, and the government paid a high reward for each dead rat produced. A native, on business bent, immediately started a rat farm, and on thorough business lines only disposed of the males—they say that he sold over 1500 to the government, keeping the valuable females for reproduction's sake. Then Americans maintain that Filipinos are not enterprising! The destruction of the farm and some months of Bilibid prison for the owner were the end of this venture when discovered—an unfair treatment at bottom when you consider that dead rats are not the only useless things supplied to, and paid for, without a murmur by the government.

In suspected cases of cholera a strong piece of *bejuco* is lashed round the cramped arms and legs to cut off the circulation. The same remedy is also applied for ulcers on extremities, and the Filipinos claim—rightly to a certain extent—that this prevents absorption from the poisoned limb, and hinders the affected blood from flowing all through the system.

As one goes about, one is struck by the great number of one-eyed or altogether blind people. This is due principally to the fact that eye affections have not been properly treated, that the eyes are not protected in cases of small-pox, and also because at childbirth the eyes are not properly cleansed.

The eyesight of Cuyonos, and of civilized Filipinos generally, is fairly good, long-sighted enough, but lacking in acuteness. Difficulty is experienced in trying to differentiate delicate shades of color, although the people are by no means color-blind. Possibly the lack of words in their language to define colors complicates matters, and renders experiments difficult and unreliable. A discoloration of the upper portion of the iris, down to the line of the eyelid when open, is always noticeable, and diseases of the eye, such as ophthalmia and purulent conjunctivitis, are very prevalent; these, although easily controllable by an efficient oculist, and seldom causing permanent injury to the eyesight, are, never-

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theless, very painful, quite contagious, and keep many a child away from school and laborers from their work.

Worse than these are the affections caused by the worst of venereal complaints, infecting the eyes by contact with sore fingers, and resulting in a gonorrhœal ophthalmia, which, in the majority of cases, leads to the loss of sight. Indeed, this terrible complaint, formerly very common only among the Magindanaos, has spread with fatal rapidity all over the islands since the American occupation by troops. Owing to the climate it assumes a most virulent form, and spreads more quickly than it would in a temperate zone. In the coast towns it is, unfortunately, distressingly common, but not so where troops have not been, and the same applies to gonorrhœa, with such complications as cystitis, ureteritis, and abscesses of the kidneys or nephritis.

The Filipinos themselves have no great knowledge of medicine, but like all other nations have some superstitions and faiths which, with various herbs and roots of some real curative value, do them good while ill. It is seldom that a sick man or woman actually takes care of himself or herself—in our meaning of the words. Take women during labor. Much unnecessary suffering is undergone, and when there is an abnormal presentation of the child, this lack of knowledge of obstetrics causes much family concern. The midwife has no idea whatever of attempting to produce a version, and her violent methods on such occasions result in death of either child or mother, or both.

Now, with absolute savages, we shall see, no midwife is ever necessary, for nature is the best midwife after all; but the moment people get semi-civilized, like Filipinos, and begin to tamper with nature, additional means have to be employed. Hence frequent disaster. Artificial abortion by midwives, and with rudimentary methods—frequently attended with death—is often procured among the more “highly cultivated” classes, but never among the more barbarous!

With the able assistance of Dr. Davis I collected a number of remedies used by the natives of the Cuyo and Calamianes group.

For a great many ailments, pains, and aches, they use a

NATIVE REMEDIES

resin from a species of gum-tree called *brea*. It is found on the island of Palawan. An infusion of *brea*, taken internally, is said to cure any pain, whether in the stomach or any other portion of the body.

Another way of using the *brea* is as follows: It is mixed with garlic, cut in four pieces, and applied to the seat of pain and bandaged over with a cloth. For rheumatism the popular remedy is to apply a cold mixture of *brea* and garlic on the soles of the feet. I suppose that the keeping the legs up in the air entailed by this treatment is as much responsible for the cure as the medicine itself. In fact, the same pain can be removed—they say—in a similar manner by the application of a palm-leaf called the *pasaon*. But do not forget to keep your feet up.

Then they have a plant called *arbon*.¹ The roots of this are made into an infusion and are used as a purgative. The natives use it widely in chills and fevers. In case of neuralgia or toothache a palm called *badiang*, mixed with powdered wood-coal from the cocoa-nut is applied locally where the pain exists. Another botanical and quite beneficial remedy, called *Lasuna mapula*, is applied on the abdomen to facilitate the workings of the bladder.

Possibly some of the herbs, leaves, and roots used by the natives are known in civilized medicine, but I had neither the opportunity nor the time for their identification. As I give here the local names, anybody interested and with plenty of time at his disposal can easily find out.

There exists among the Filipinos a very sound notion that hearty pounding of one portion of the body relieves pain in another, and it is not infrequent to see an arm rendered black and blue in order to dispel an annoying headache. More common, however, for slight attacks, is the application of copper coins on temples and forehead, or large patches of leaves from the *brea*, or from a plant the English name of which is "sage."

The most common remedy for boils, abscesses, and ulcers is the application of an oil from the fruit of the *tuba-tuba* tree

¹ The names of these plants are given as pronounced in the Cuyono language.

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with cocoa-nut oil mixed with it. This mixture is set on fire and extinguished and then applied while hot.

Perhaps the most original cure is the one for earache. The submissive invalid squats down upon the floor of his hut, while the most powerfully lunged individual of the household blows mightily into the aching ear—the pain being expected to be forced right through the skull and out on the opposite side, *via* the companion acoustic organ.

In cases of wounds or injuries a tourniquet is applied to stop the bleeding, no matter how severe the wound may be. Not the remotest idea dwells in the average Filipino brain of the existence of blood-vessels or arteries, nor do the Filipinos, indeed, possess any anatomical knowledge whatever; but they have presumably realized that a wounded person often bleeds to death unless a tourniquet is applied, and this precaution has saved many lives, in cases, for instance, where a blood-vessel needed compressing to prevent flow. On the other hand, this remedy, misapplied in the case of slight casualties when no blood-vessel has been severed, and too long before the patient could be attended to by a foreign surgeon, has caused gangrene to set in, with the consequent loss of an arm or leg which might otherwise have been easily saved. I think, however, that the use of this tourniquet must have been suggested by some Spanish medical man—possibly a *padre*, or priest.

Now, in barbarous or semi-barbarous races, the operation of tying the umbilicus at a child's birth is generally interesting, often quaint, as in the case of the Cuyonos. The cord is tied at once with any kind of fibre—*pina*, hemp, or any wood fibre—usually by the father, who has provided himself with a small cane which, when split, has sharp, razor-like edges. With this implement and at palm's length, or about six or seven inches, the cord is sawn by the loving parent, who now proceeds to roll it up on another piece of cane—just the same as one would on a spool. Upon this is properly sprinkled the fine powder from a hard cocoa-nut shell, which has been ground for the purpose. A bandage is applied round the abdomen, and children seem to survive all

A DISGUSTING DIET

right—but the marvel to me is that hernia is not more common.

An infusion of the bark of the *lumboy* tree, and also of the *guaba* or *guayaba*, are much-used remedies for certain hemorrhages.

Repulsive, yes, but quite interesting is the great variety of skin diseases ever to be found in all tropical climates. We will not mention here the *casna*, the most horrid of the lot, for we shall examine it later on where it flourishes most among the Tagbanouas of Palawan Island; but *tinia* is also common among the Cuyonos and needs mention. Several are the causes which presumably originate it. A constant fish diet, they say, generates the *tinia* germ, which bores its way everywhere under the skin, but particularly in the hairy scalp. Possibly other appetizing diets, such as the following, may also be responsible for producing evils of some sort upon people's constitutions.

In *manga* swamps, in salt water, are found certain spongy and porous roots. They are as big round as a man's wrist, and when split with a *bolo*—a large, tapering knife carried by all natives—they are found to contain a regular net-work of holes and chambers. Each chamber is inhabited by one or more white worms, varying from one to six inches in length, and, when full grown and fat, about as big round as one's little finger. Do you know what they do with them? The natives pull them gently out of their secluded dwellings and either singly or in bunches—and with ever so much gusto—let them slide down their own throats, in a similar fashion to the familiar macaroni-eaters of Naples. In the Calamianes and Culion such a diet is much cherished.

White people in the Philippines are not immune from skin diseases, whether mild or severe; in fact, you can count on your fingers those who are—and those (I am one of them) owe it mostly to the diet adopted and the taking of plenty of exercise.

Everybody—I am talking of Americans—complains of prickly-heat, or *Dhobie itch*, or, worst of all, the *Pemphigus contagioso*, a typical but more uncommon complaint of tropical climates, affecting white people more than natives. In

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extreme cases, the body is literally covered with big blisters containing a turbid-looking fluid, and ranging in size from the head of a pin to half an inch in diameter. Sometimes blisters break into one another and form large, irregular sores. The eyelids, inside of ears, the soles of the feet do not escape and are covered with them. A more repulsive affliction cannot be imagined. After some days, when the blisters suppurate, the whole body gradually becomes encrusted and scalelike, with the dried contents of the blisters; but after this an entirely new skin forms, which gives the patient at first a lovely, childlike complexion. The duration of violent cases is about one month.

When Cuyonos, or other Filipinos, are sick, the first thing they do is to shut up as tight as practicable every window and door in the house to prevent light and air coming in.

Dentistry is in its infancy in the Cuyo Islands and Calamianes. A tooth is never removed if it can be helped, and no wonder, when you learn how it is done. No appropriate instruments and appliances being provided, they resort to whatever mechanical means they possess. Here is how they extract a molar.

A bone, about six inches long—possibly the leg-bone of some small animal—is sharpened into a fine point at one end, and right through the gum under the roots of the tooth to be extracted is this fine tool inserted—a piece of wood being placed so as to act as fulcrum. Sufficient leverage being thus obtained, the aching tooth is forced out. Other teeth are gradually worked loose and then pulled with a string, but, as I have said, except in extreme cases, the nerve is left to die of its own accord, and decayed teeth left in the mouth until they crumble to pieces. The teeth of Filipinos are therefore seldom perfect—much less beautiful. Cross of breed, intermarriage, and other causes contribute to make them so. Besides, their chewing mixtures, their diet, their habits, and their constant smoking, bring destruction on the best of teeth.

CHAPTER VIII

SIMPLICITY OF SPOKEN AND WRITTEN LANGUAGES IN THE ARCHIPELAGO—THE CUYONO TONGUE

TO avoid constant repetition and explanation, it may be as well to make a few general remarks on the various languages and dialects of the entire Philippine and Sulu archipelagoes, of which the Cuyono language forms an interesting branch. Remember that there are in these islands dozens of distinct languages, and hundreds of dialects, some of which differ so largely from the root language from which they are derived that they might be classified as languages apart.

Cuyono, for instance, comes under this category, although it undoubtedly is a compound tongue, with strong affinities to Tagalo, Visayan, some Tagbanoua, and a touch here and there of corrupted Spanish. The reason I consider Cuyono an important language is because, in a way, in its subdivision of dialects, it is understood over the entire southwest portion of the Philippine archipelago, and, after the above-mentioned languages, is one which is largely spoken.

Regardless of what the very studious but often erring speculating scientist at home may preach, it is quite safe to state that, with the exception of the Negrito language and some of the tongues spoken by the savage tribes of central Mindanao, and one or two tribes in Luzon, most of the languages spoken in the Philippines are of Malayan origin. To support this argument, it may be said that, not only many of the words in constant use resemble one another and very closely approximate to, when they are not identical with, a Malayan root, but even the original grammatical construction has to a considerable extent been preserved.

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Naturally, the difficulty of communication between islands, the many wars with the aboriginal tribes and among themselves, the constant raids made by foreign pirates, the slave-trade, intermarriage, and other minor causes, have brought about the corruption which the various languages and dialects have undergone; but a mere glance at the glossary of principal words, which I went to much trouble in collecting on the spot, for each leading language and dialect, will, I think, convince the most sceptical.¹

Other elements, such as the Arabic words—comparatively few—which are found among the Mohammedan tribes of the entire southern section of the archipelago, can easily be explained by the importation of the Koran by traders and missionaries from Arabia, Afghanistan, and even from so distant a country as Bokhara. Easier still of explanation is the constant interlarding of Spanish and Chinese words to express ideas for which words are not supplied by the local tongue.

It is but natural that the tongue of each island should have been affected by the neighboring groups of islands, often peopled by an absolutely distinct race—and we can trace, both by the language and the customs of the people, how strongly this influence has in some cases been felt. In the Cuyono language, for instance, I think, the influence of the Tagbanouas—the aborigines of the west central Philippines—is clearly noticeable.

In all Philippine languages, the words are marked by conciseness, and seldom exceed two syllables, a characteristic of Malay. The few longer ones are generally traced either to Arabic or Sanscrit. Another and most characteristic feature is the great number of prefixes and suffixes which play an important part in the construction of sentences and in giving different meanings to words.

Considering the languages apart from the common mother Malayan root, the other languages which have had a predominant influence in the subdialects of the Philippines

¹ The Glossary is in the Appendix at the end of this book.

THE CUYONO LANGUAGE

are, in the order given, as follows: Tagalo, Visayan, Magindanao, and Samal, Pangasinan, Ilocano, Vicol or Bicol, Pampango, Ibanag, Cuyono, etc.

Cuyono is the language which we will examine just now. The articles are:

<i>Si</i> , the	<i>ni</i> , of	<i>cay</i> , to
<i>ang</i> , the	<i>sa</i> , of	

Ang and *sa* are the forms more generally used, but all are interchangeable, and no particular rule is followed in their use. In speaking of names of objects, *ang* is almost invariably used—viz., *ang tinapay*=the bread.

The nouns have no gender and no number, singular or plural. To indicate masculine gender, the word *lalaqui* (man) is added, and *babayi* for the feminine. In forming a plural the prefix *mğa* (pronounced in a nasal—*manga*) is added:

<i>Lalaqui</i> , man.	<i>Mğa lalaqui</i> , men.
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The nasal sound *ng* is very frequently used to blend any two words together, and has in itself no special meaning. We then find a number of curious general terms. For instance, *capatid* vaguely expresses the relationship of brother or sister, and needs the additional

<i>capatid lalaqui</i> =brother
<i>capatid babayi</i> =sister

to explain exactly which is meant.

Verbs do not exist in Cuyono, but the infinitive mood is obtained by adding the prefix *pag* to a noun. For instance:

Sulat, the writing—*pag sulat*, to write.

Mag sulat makes the imperative; *naga sulat*, the present tense indicative:

naga sulat aco=I write.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Nagsulat, particle and root combined into one word, makes the past tense:

nagsulat aco=I wrote.

Maga sulat is the future tense:

maga sulat aco = I shall write.

These present, past, and future tenses are the only ones used, and it may have been noticed that, when alone, pronouns always follow and do not precede the word used as a verb, which normally comes at the beginning of the sentence, either in the first or second place. In a sentence, however, the pronoun precedes the verb:

Aco may isarañg cuti =
I have a cat.

The *ñg* in this case is a mere connecting suffix of the numeral *isara* (one) with the next word. The word *may*, here used for the verb "have," is frequently suppressed altogether. In present and past tenses it remains unchanged, but in the future tense is transformed into *caguiguita* in the singular and *cababagat* in the plural.

The conjugation of regular verbs is made by taking a root word and adding to it an appropriate particle, making the different moods and tenses. The passive form is generally used in preference to the active—but no definite rule seems to exist to fix when either form should be used. The passive form is indicated by adding *en* or *an* to the root when in the infinitive:

pag sulatan=to write.

En and *an* are also used for the imperative and future, but for the present and past *in* is the prefix placed before the root.

There is nothing to express the verb "to be," and the pronoun *aco* (I) used alone stands for "I am." Thus:

PREFIXES

<i>Aco</i> , I am;	<i>Cami</i> , we are;
<i>Icao</i> , thou art;	<i>Camo</i> , you are;
<i>Tana</i> , he is;	<i>Sanda</i> , they are;

which are the personal pronouns, used in this case as verbs.

A noun becomes an adjective by prefixing *ma* to it. So, for instance, *ayad*, the good, becomes *mayad*, good.

The actual action of doing something is indicated by the particle *para*; thus, *para sulat* is "a writer"; *paracadlao*, a person laughing; whereas ownership is expressed by the word *tag*:

Tagbalay—the owner of a house;

Tagbaca—the owner of a cow (*baca*, corruption of Spanish *vaca*).

Mara expresses resemblance:

Mara tao—manlike;

Mara balai—like a house.

Taga is sometimes inserted in a sentence to express interrogation, but is not an important term. Interrogation is principally indicated by the inflection of the voice. The words in the sentence remain in their usual position, whether in interrogation or statement.

Anon (What?) is the expression used by the natives for interrogative purposes, as is also *Sino ca*—Who (are) you?—the verb being generally omitted.

Sentences are always very concise in Cuyono, as well as in other languages of the Philippines, and seldom consist of more than the bare words essential to explain ideas. The ideas to be expressed are also themselves of the greatest simplicity—almost rudimentary—even among tribes and people who have been Christianized and claim to be civilized. In the Cuyono language, I believe, there only exist four actual names to designate all colors or absence of them; gradations and combinations of colors being ignored or classified under the broad major nomenclatures. These are *maputi*,

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white; *mangitet*, black; *mapula*, red; and *madulao*, yellow. It is remarkable that such colors as blue and green, for instance, have no local name.

Similarly, the seasons of the year have been simplified to two—*maoran*,¹ the wet season; and *maringet*, the dry season. No special words are wasted in expressing day and night; *adlao*, light, and *gabi*, darkness, being considered sufficient to supply that want. Similarly, *bulan*, moon, does instead of month, as with the Chinese and other races.

As for "years," such easy-going people have never been known to look so far back or ahead of time; hence, no appropriate word is needed or used. The more up-to-date Filipinos, of course, when at a loss to find a word in their own native tongue, intersperse their conversation with Spanish, and in future may possibly do so with Americanized English words.

How do the Filipinos in general write? Nowadays, the civilized ones use the Spanish alphabet entirely. But in former times primitive alphabets bearing great resemblance to one another were, to a certain extent, employed, with variations—evidently meant as improvements—or possibly the results of deterioration.

We find that even such wild tribes as the Tagbanouas of Palawan or the Batacs, and the Manguianes of Mindoro, have certain rudimentary characters which closely remind one of Tagalo, Visayan, Pampango, Ilocano, or Pangasinan characters. Yet it is not easy to tell whether the Tagalos have adopted characters from some of these aboriginal tribes, or whether the latter have acquired whatever script they possess mainly from either the Tagalos or the Visayan, distorting and simplifying the letters to such shapes as their accustomed hands could imitate and their inaccurate eye could copy. Personally, I am of the latter belief.

It is rather interesting to note in the writings of all these people that letters were almost invariably formed by curves and seldom by lines, either straight or crossed. The sound *ca* is the only one which in Tagalo, and Visayan (and with

¹ *Oran* means rain.

ALPHABETS

a slight variation in Ilocano) is represented by straight lines—two horizontal parallel lines joined by a central vertical bar **I**; while in Tagbanoua it has been simplified into a mere cross **+**. The only other letter composed of straight lines is *la* **T** in Pampango.

By the formation of the letters it would appear that the writing was done from left to right, and very likely in vertical columns, but there is much discussion as to whether it was written from below upward, or *vice versa*.

The signs for vowels are three, but express five sounds, and the consonants from nine to thirteen, Visayan being the richest, Pangasinan, Tagalo, and Tagbanoua lacking the sound *n̄ga* (with which the plural is made); while Ilocano, Pampango, and Tagbanoua have no *ha*, nor *wa*, a deficiency which Tagalo also shares. Pampango, moreover, lacks *ya*. When written without any addition the letters are pronounced as if affixed to the vowel *a*: *ca, ga, n̄ga, ta, da, na, pa, ba, ma, ya, la, wa, sa, ha*. However, an additional comma above a letter turns the last vowel into an *e* or *i*, or one comma below, into an *o* or *u*.

The alphabet of Java is, to my mind, the one most resembling the Visayan (the most complete of the Philippines), and that of the Toba (in the interior of Sumatra, with pure Malay inhabitants) comes next. It is not improbable that the Tagbanouas of Palawan may have acquired their writing from the Batacs, of whom a tribe is still to be found in central Palawan, and who presumably once came from the Toba land.

The various aboriginal tribes of Negritos in the archipelago seem to have at no time possessed a written language, so whatever written characters were adopted in modified forms all over the archipelago came later with Malay invasions.

CHAPTER IX

AGUTAYA'S TIMID FOLKS—CULION—THE LEPER COLONY AND STOCK-FARM—HALSEY HARBOR

WE will now go again on board the coast-guardship *Balabac*, and cruise among the islands. For convenience sake I will describe places not in the exact sequel in which, for various reasons, I visited them—I visited some islands, for instance, four or five times—but in a way which will make the account less confusing for the reader, among such multitudes of unfamiliar islands.

We will call at Agutaya Island, which is the next in importance in the Cuyo group, and which has upon it a town of over two thousand souls.

When I made a landing I was coming from the Calamianes, the northeast monsoon blowing fiercely. We were steaming in the trough of the sea, which gave the ship quite an unpleasant roll—appropriately called by sailors “cork-screw.” Sticking out of the water, and moved rapidly by an under-current, was the mast of a sunken native boat, which, having a dear little bird, evidently tame, perched upon its top, gave a pathetic touch to what was doubtless a recent drama of the sea.

We had passed at noon the long, barren island of Nangalao and two small rocks; then to the south of our course the high, nasty-looking Solitario, the northwesterly outpost, as it were, of the Cuyo group. Then we entered among the mass of islets, Leon (210 feet), a small island; Imaruan (466 feet), a large island, with Oko northeast of it, a strange, three sharply pointed rock 356 feet high, and flat-topped Dit Island, which we have already seen from the east side. It rises in a gentle incline to 860 feet, and except for a barren patch on its highest point is covered with thick vegetation.

A SUPERSTITIOUS PRECAUTION

Here we are in front of Agutaya and cannot go very near in the steamer as the reefs and rocks around it are not properly charted.

Agutaya is a long, spreading island, about three and a half miles long, with a backbone of high hills (950 feet) in three loftier peaks to the north and gradually sloping in a gentle incline on the south, where the isle ends, into a long, pointed spur, projecting into the sea. As we approached it from the west its contour resembled a huge lizard floating on the water. On the west side a white beach extended all along its base, and a large white building stood prominent. After a long row in the ship's life-boat we got as near as we could to the town, but eventually stuck upon a far-extending reef, and nearly turned turtle with the next wave which came along. This necessitated being carried on shore on a man's shoulder. Where the water was even more shallow and quieter the sea-bottom was literally covered with a great variety of large star-fish and shells of all kinds.

Once on terra-firma, and having explained to the semi-scared "presidente"¹ of the city—duly exhibiting his silver-topped cane of office—the nature of my visit, I began to look round. Ships seldom call here, hence his fears and the evident alarm of the entire population. Very fine cocoa-nut groves, with a handsome avenue between, and shanties all along, spread on either side of the town. The streets were neatly fenced off. A fort with four battlements was the principal structure, and inside its quadrangle was to be found a simple and modest church, the windows of which were cut into the east wall of the fort. This house of God possessed a choir-balcony and the usual cheap images on the altar. On the northeast battlement, which was crumbling away, were the remains of a high tower.

Curiously enough, when we approached the shore, numberless fires were lighted along the coast by those few natives who had not bolted or were not screening themselves behind cocoa-nut trees. This, I think, was a superstitious precaution of the people, either to prevent the importation

¹ "Presidente"—head of municipality.

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of cholera, or some other such belief. The "presidente" seemed vague in his explanations, but the evident reluctance of the natives to come near suggested this suspicion.

A wall of rock was at the south end of the village. One very extensive reef, on which breakers gave a fair warning to navigators, spread far out to the northwest.

The stock from which these natives came was practically the same as that of the Cuyonos, but the dialect spoken in this island, and called Agutaino, is so different from Cuyono that natives of the two islands have great difficulty in understanding one another. Although only twenty miles from Cuyo, no constant communication by native sail-boat is possible owing to the northeast and southwest monsoons. For six months, of course, it is feasible to sail from Agutaya to Cuyo (Agutaya being slightly west of north of Cuyo), or to sail the other way during the next monsoon, but it is not possible to return by tacking against the wind during the same monsoon, owing to the heavy sea which beats the boat back. An anchorage of some sort, in fourteen fathoms, can be found to the southwest of the island, Dit Island lying on a line with the west point of Agutaya.

We will leave the Cuyo group and go to the Calamianes.

The first visit I paid to the island of Calamian or Culion was in January, 1903, having left Cuyo at sunrise. Besides some of the islands already described, we came, upon our northwest course, to three quaint rocks eroded in big holes by dashing waves, and covered with white deposits of salt. Whether sarcastically or otherwise, the Spaniards named them *Los Tres Reyes* (the Three Kings). Having cleared them well to the north, we veered due west for thirteen miles, passing round Dikabaito Island at the southern point of Culion, my object being to investigate one of the most magnificent harbors in the Philippines—Halsey Harbor.

Culion Island in its southern portion converges into an angle. It has a very hilly and much indented coast, with comparatively sparse and patchy vegetation—being much exposed on the west to the sweeping winds of the China Sea. In the east part can be noticed its highest summits.

HALSEY HARBOR

A beach of a whitish yellow fringes the foot-hills, while a few dangerous-looking rocks stick out some distance off at sea. The narrow channel between Culion and the southwest island of Dikabaito appears much broken and strewn with rocks. The west coast of Culion is precipitous, with well-rounded hill-tops.

There are two entrances to Halsey Harbor. The southern access, very narrow and bordered with wide shoals, with nasty rocks (four large ones and two small) like pillars sticking out of the water in mid-channel, is not to be recommended except in broad daylight. In the centre of it is plenty of water, from 131 feet to forty-nine feet, but the channel is very narrow. The Northern or Research Channel is over half a mile wide, and has no less than 129 feet of water until Rhodes Island is passed.

The entrance to the Research Channel is quite picturesque as we go round a rough and precipitous escarpment on Alava Island, an island at the mouth of the harbor which forms the two channels of access. Then there are a number of weird rocks projecting out of the water directly at the point where you turn to go in. One high, vertical, quadrangular rock, like a tower, brown, yellow, and black, marks the exact entrance of Halsey Harbor. Saddle Rock, two and an eighth miles from the mouth of Research Channel and almost directly opposite on the west, has an enormous reef spreading eastward for five-eighths of a mile, and southward for one-third of a nautical mile.

Thus high ridges—first, one rocky and wooded, then a second much higher, well rounded, and well padded with what appears to be rich, brown soil, and quite clear of vegetation—stand before us to the right (south). Behind this ridge lies a two-humped mountain (Moss Mount), green with thick vegetation. Under water on either side we discern wide shoals stretching some hundred yards or so from the shore. Quite a narrow channel between these two ridges opens into a shallow side bay, south and southeast of Rhodes Island, sheltering it. To our north we have a low hill-range, with a gravelly yellow beach. Shortly after this we emerge into the inner harbor, where, having altered our

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course from east into northeast, we find ourselves in absolutely land-locked, sheltered water.

This inner harbor has a general northeast direction, spreading into three principal coves and some minor, the largest being the two northern ones. The inner harbor can be subdivided into two almost equal sections, the northern and southern, separated by a number of islets in a row from west to east—Gage Island, Iguano Island, Alligator Island, and two or three minor islets. What is called the north arm in the northern section is interesting to us, for the Americans were, at the time of my first visit, endeavoring to build a leper colony. In the southern section we will visit the east arm, where a government stock-farm was to be established, and where, in the company of Professor Lamson Scribner, chief of the Agricultural Bureau, we made a landing in order to select a suitable spot for it.

Nature unspoiled ever has a great fascination. We glided along on the glasslike water which wind can seldom reach or ruffle, gazing at the mountains and the virgin vegetation and the numerous little side bays, and presently passed into the north arm through a channel so narrow that two ships would have difficulty in passing simultaneously. But as long as you keep in the centre you are floating on no less than eighty-eight feet to 101 feet of water, which is plenty for any ship. In the north arm itself there are from thirty-eight to eighty-seven feet.

The central or northeast arm—of no interest to us—is shallower, from thirty-eight to sixty-eight feet in its deepest portion, but only a few feet in its west part, which is a mass of shoals.

A nice river, some 300 feet wide at its mouth, enters the north arm from the northwest. On the south bank of this river a camp had been made by the Americans—a couple of them in charge of native laborers—in order to begin the works on the leper colony. They had built a small pier and constructed two strong, flat-bottomed boats of imported American red-wood. They also had a serviceable bamboo raft, and this entire fleet came to meet us with due speed

THE LEPER COLONY

the moment we sounded the whistle announcing our arrival. We carried provisions and necessities for them.

Now, let me tell you about this leper colony. One could not help seeing, on landing, that it was one of those fantastic schemes in which civilized people seem to revel, regardless of common or any other sense.

Naturally, the establishment of a leper colony, coupled with bombastic tales one has heard of the terrible ravages and contagiousness of the repulsive disease, and the martyrdom of Christians who have lost their lives in nursing the sufferers, are sufficiently theatrical to appeal to a highly strung and sanitation-mad nation. The Manila papers were full of the new project, and, being much interested in leprosy, I was rather anxious to see what was being done.

First of all, let us begin from the beginning, and let me answer a few leading questions.

Are the lepers very numerous in the Philippines? No. It is only very seldom one sees one at large at all. Possibly in the 1400 islands which compose the Philippine Archipelago, with a population of over seven million people, the lepers may amount to a few hundreds. The leprosy found in the Philippines is of the two types found all over Asia—tubercular leprosy and a second form more directly affecting the sensitive nerves. Neither of these two forms, however, is quite so virulent as in other Asiatic countries—in fact, as leprosy goes, it is only a very mild leprosy indeed which one finds in the Philippines.

Next, is leprosy contagious? Personally—and I speak from direct experience—I firmly believe that it is not, except by inoculation or by sexual intercourse. The natives do not seclude affected people, who even share the same eating and drinking vessels, and even the bedding. Yet I have never heard of any one catching the disease in consequence, nor do you ever hear of nurses and doctors in leper asylums all over the world contracting it, except in some extreme cases of religious fanaticism, when noble but misapplied unselfishness took the place of the most rudimentary notions of care.

Are white people more liable to contract leprosy than

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natives? Certainly not; on the contrary, being well fed and presumably more cleanly in their habits, and possessing soaps and disinfectants, their chance of ever getting leprosy, even after having touched a leper, would be infinitesimal, except, of course, if the open sore of the healthy man were purposely kept against the open sore of a leper—which, I think, would not be a common occurrence.

Then, why have a leper colony at all? And, if so, why select one of the most beautiful and fertile islands of the archipelago for that purpose? I understood at the time that the entire island would, with one exception, be reserved for these lepers. Would not an asylum with a few hundred acres of land be just as serviceable for the poor wretches? Culion is no less than nineteen miles long by some ten wide, and has several valleys which, if cultivated, would be immensely rich. Why waste such good land on people who cannot work?

Well, what I suspected from the beginning—and it did not take a very clever brain to suspect—came only too true in the end. After spending thousands upon thousands of dollars; after building a long road inland—for the colony was to be far away from everything, even from fresh water, they say—it was discovered that the colony would be a mistake altogether and should be abandoned. The town of Culion, I understand, on the east side of the island, was next being purchased, to accommodate the forthcoming lepers, and the present residents have been ordered to leave.

Well, having done our duty and looked *en passant* at the various huts of the aboriginal Tagbanouas, hidden here and there in the forest, we will spend the evening—a fine moonlight one—in a canoe journey around some of the many coves of the harbor. A native canoe is a mere log of wood about eighteen feet long and less than two feet wide and one and a half feet deep. For sea-going it has a single or double outrigger, without which you would turn turtle in no time. It is propelled by one or several short, flat paddles.

Professor Scribner wished to effect a landing in order to find a suitable spot for his stock-farm, so he, his son, an assistant, the Governor of Paragua, and I—well filling the canoe

A RECONNAISSANCE

—started on a reconnaissance. The night was perfect, and the canoe, under our powerful strokes, glided upon the water—not always in the direction we intended it to go, but always onward. We could hear the wind howling high up above our heads, but, protected as we were by the hills, it did not reach us. We crossed the big stretch of the North Arm and steered our way between the islands of the north-east bay. We then went through a very narrow passage—only a few yards across—between Alligator Island and the main-land, the reflection of the moon shining bright upon graceful concentric rings which we generated upon the water, and lighting the disturbed edge of the channel on either side. Every now and then we heard peculiar noises in the dense forest on either side—so dense that we could nowhere make a landing, so that, after rowing steadily for a good portion of the night, and having somewhat confused our way among the islets and rocks, we at last returned to the ship, meaning to try our luck again the next morning.

The following day we were more fortunate. We first made a landing on the southern part of the first inner harbor, where, according to the latest chart of the geodetic survey, a spring of fresh water would be found—and, indeed, the water was there right enough. We almost wished it had not been. There was too much for our easy progression, but too little for a stock-farm. Thick vegetation—mangrove-trees (not to be confused with mango), with their octopus-like roots growing into the water, spread far out and prevented our skiff approaching, so that we had to wade on shore.

It seemed like fairyland, but only to look at. Big ferns, enormous rubber-trees with their wall-like roots, vines descending like huge ropes from great heights, and thorns—everything you touched seemed to have thorns on it. The heat was suffocating under this stifling, damp vegetation, where sun never penetrates, so it was with no small delight that we discovered delicious and juicy wild lemons of great size, a profusion of which, of bright, chrome yellow, lay strewn in a mature state upon the ground. We struck what seemed a trail. We followed it. Yes, here human

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foot had been. See those curious notches upon that tree? That is a peculiar sign used by the aborigines. In a small clearing just beyond we came upon a couple of huts—dwellings as humble as human mind can devise. Two or three *nipa* leaves plaited together and resting at a slant on a log of wood on one side and upon props on the other formed the roof—about five feet above the ground at its highest point. But no matter how modest and primitive these dwellings might be, they always possessed an elevated flooring, supported on forked pillars. The skin of some cane twisted firmly, but never tied into a knot, round each cane-bar, kept the component pieces of the floor together.

These aborigines—Tagbanouas, or, really, Calamians, it should be—never sleep upon the ground, partly because of its dampness and also because of snakes, centipedes, and a myriad of insects which are not conducive to sound sleep. If the natives have no time to build themselves a hut—they are ever shifting their quarters—they sleep on the slanting log of a tree.

At our approach the natives fled, for they were timid in the extreme, but on inspecting what property they had left behind we found quite a clever wooden device—not unlike a modern potato-slicer—for peeling a yellow root (*corot*, as they called it) which they eat. It is a block of wood with a rectangular aperture in the centre to which is applied the blade of a *bolo*. The fireplace was made of three stones, upon which a large oyster-shell served as a cooking-vessel. Fire was obtained by friction of two sticks. Judging by the heaps of oyster-shells lying about, as well as by ample quantities of nut-shells, the diet of our vanishing friends, if not luxurious, was decidedly not scanty.

We left this spot and tried next the most eastern part of the East Arm. The canoe which we took in tow, the rope being too short, was nearly swamped on the way by the wash of the *Balabac* propeller. The Cuyono in it, however, although the boat was quickly filled with water and the outrigger creaking alarmingly under the unusual strain, never stirred from his steering paddle, and though under water up to his waist, brought the skiff safely to where we

A SNARE FOR GAME

needed it again. We had no difficulty in landing here, and we were confronted by a curious tree which had a large horizontal branch on which were thirty-seven vertical cuts. Now, according to some authority, these notches denote the age of the man who cut them—but I think this is not so; first, because I rather doubt whether the Tagbanouas could mark the time more exactly than by the rainy and dry seasons; then because these marks did not appear to me as if they had been cut at great intervals of time. It is more probable that these incisions denote some warning or message to other roaming tribes—if they are not, as I believe most possible of all, a crude form of symbolical worship connected with generation, such as is found in many wild tribes of Mindanao. Or possibly a superstitious device to keep evil spirits away from their settlements.

Much to our surprise, in passing under this natural archway formed by the incised branch, we found ourselves in a very extensive valley with high grass, but free from timber, stretching from east to west. There were low hills to the northeast and a barren side of a well-rounded mountain to twenty degrees north-northeast. To the south were high hills and to the east a higher prominence, with barren patches. The valley seemed about three miles long by two and a half miles wide, or approximately eight miles in periphery. We found a fairly good spring of clear water, and an interesting excursion around showed the island to be swarming with deer and wild hog. We found traces of the natives, who were evidently hiding somewhere and not easily discoverable. One of our party having killed a deer and hung it up while looking for more, returned and found the natives had, during his absence, stolen it.

We found here some small settlements of huts similar to those already described, and a curious archway made of cane. A snare for game, consisting of a rough fence of logs of wood, converging into an angle and leading into a well-strengthened pen, was discovered in a neighboring forest. The game is driven into this pen, the small aperture then blocked by a log, and the deer or hog killed with arrows, spears, or stones.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

On a second visit which I paid to this place some three weeks later I found that Professor Lamson Scribner and his party, whom we had left here, had accomplished a good deal of work and had established a fine camp. On this journey we carried some ninety-one laborers for them and the leper colony from Cuyo, and we had a terrible crossing in a hurricane. Heavy seas washed constantly over the lower deck on which these laborers were accommodated, my cabin on the same deck being flooded several times. We considered it very lucky that nobody was washed overboard.

The establishment of one or more stock-farms in the Philippines is, to my mind, a splendid idea, which, if encouraged as it should be, will be of great benefit to the islands. Owing to the ravages of rinderpest and other epidemic diseases which have killed off most of the cattle and horses in the islands—and it is impossible for the natives to replace them—the introduction of an improved breed of domestic animals, carefully selected from other tropical climates, will, under government supervision, I think, be most beneficial to the native agriculturists. As it is agriculture that offers the greatest prospect of riches to the archipelago, no time should be lost in raising the depressed, distressing condition of the agricultural classes. Professor Scribner told me that improved strains of Indian cattle and a selected breed of carabao (wild buffalo) will be introduced. Thoroughbred horses will also be imported to improve the native breed of horses. For the sake of the islands I can only wish the scheme the greatest success.

Perhaps it seemed rather incongruous that, while Culion Island had been selected to segregate the leper colony upon it from the rest of the world, a stock-farm should be established upon the same island. Well, the stock-farm will be the more useful of the two schemes, and now that the leper colony is to be shifted some miles away to Culion town, the two will be separated by a good stretch of intervening country.

Let us go to Culion town on the northeast coast of the same island, in a sheltered inlet of what is called Coron Bay. The anchorage is small and rather narrow, in fourteen fath-

SOME HANDSOME BUILDINGS

oms of water, in front of the picturesque old Spanish fort occupying a prominent rock that protrudes into a spur on the east side at the entrance of the harbor. The town itself consists of a number of buildings stuck against the hill-side and astride of it; the doors of one tier of houses being on a level with the roofs of the houses below. An ugly, corrugated iron roof, rising high from the centre of the fort, within the walls of which it is enclosed, covers the white-painted church. On the water-line are the larger buildings, some quite handsome, and made of hard-wood; for example, the house of the Sandoval family—a beautiful building with many large chambers—which is expensively decorated with cut-glass hanging lamps, crude family portraits by a Filipino artist; a multitude of church images in a back room—with numberless lights in front of them, especially before a curious Spanish print of San Roque, *protector abogado de la peste*. On the wall are more large paintings of saints. The *ensemble* is a strange mixture of Spanish and Filipino styles—the only interesting point about it being the low balustrade over which you have to climb at the top of the steps, erected in order to prevent children tumbling down-stairs—rather a serious occurrence when you know that man-eating alligators from ten to fifteen feet long come at night to play directly under your rooms.

Palanca's house, too, the finest of all—for Palanca is a wealthy merchant—has beautiful windows, with shell-panes instead of glass—such as are frequently to be seen in the better houses all over the archipelago. After sunset and until after sunrise the natives keep their windows tightly closed to avoid contracting malarial fever.

From the fort—a quadrangle of forty paces square, with a stone wall thirty-two inches thick and some twenty-five feet high—one gets a fine view of the town with its three parallel streets upon the hill-side. Six handsome modern church-bells and some bronze cannon on one bastion seem a strange contrast of peace and war—in fact, the entire structure impresses one the same way as all these forts do. Nearly half the fort is occupied by a spacious church, the lower part of stone, the upper of wood, the door orna-

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

mented with graceful fluted columns and most elaborately artistic capitols. The inside is, as usual, plastered white, and has no peculiarity except a wheel with several bells attached to it—a labor-saving device to announce the beginning of mass.

The following inscription was to be seen on the north side of the fort:

COM .SUALB \$ BIK EI
DGD B DE VDM .SSSN
DOROMÑ R MDCBIV JSP^T

The fort was approached by an imposing flight of semi-circular steps, at the bottom of which stood a big wooden cross. At the side, by the wall, with high grass round and a few bunches of flowers deposited by thoughtful natives, were the graves of two American soldiers.

The weird, rugged, volcanic coast of Peñon de Coron was before us to the east. We will leave this town, the future home of lepers, and will sail across.

CHAPTER X

A WEIRD, VOLCANIC ISLAND—MUSICAL ROCKS—A DIFFICULT ASCENT—LAKES IN EXTINCT CRATERS—THE MAN-EATING OCTOPUS

CULION, as well as Coron, Busuanga, and a great many minor islands, belong to the Calamianes group, a lot of comparatively small but very high islands lying between the northeast end of Palawan and Mindoro. The group extends between the parallels of $11^{\circ} 39'$ and $12^{\circ} 20'$ north latitude, and the meridians of $119^{\circ} 47'$ and $120^{\circ} 23'$ east longitude. As can be seen by the above figures, the group is less than one degree in length either way, but possesses sufficient variety of scenery to satisfy the most fastidious.

If once you see Peñon de Coron Island you will never forget it. I was lucky enough, the first time I saw it—I visited it, I think, four or five times—to approach its southern extremity, Point Kalis, just about sunset. Against a golden sky fringed, as we steamed past it, with vermillion, stood the gigantic, vertical, wall-like rocks rising in places to a height of 1200 feet. The whole coast-line of this island was of a similar nature, and as we tiny little things—that's just the way we felt—looked up at its precipitous rocks towering skyward the spectacle was most impressive.

The island has, without doubt, been shot up bodily in some volcanic commotion and subsequently raised several feet above its former level. Its southern point is very much indented, forming huge, pointed pillars like pyramids, but with a vertical face towards the sea. Blackish-gray rocks, fantastically colored in yellow and red patches, with deep cuts in the rock, most precipitous on the east side of the point, display, at different altitudes, deep, eroded holes, passages, and caves, in the face of the rock, either singly or

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in groups. It is in these caves—several hundred feet from above or below and apparently inaccessible to ordinary mortals—that the edible birds'-nests are collected. The weird tribe of aborigines—Tagbanouas—who inhabit these inhospitable rocks, manage, by means of long, vine ropes and at no small risk of their lives, to reach these caves and gather the nests. These are then bartered to Chinese traders from the neighboring island of Busuanga, who come specially in sail-boats, and who export them to their own country, where they are cherished not only as a delicacy but on account of their supposed medicinal strengthening qualities.

A little humming, swallow-like swift builds the nests, using for a material the gum from certain trees which, when fresh, is white and translucent. The breeding-time is during the wet season, and these concave little nests—only about three inches long—are collected before the birds use them.

The Tagbanouas only are able to reach the dangerous places upon the high walls of rock in which the birds are found, and none of the other natives are ever likely to enter into competition with them, for the dangers of the profession are too great.

When the nests are placed in water they swell and become a tender gelatine, and when ready to eat appear like a bunch of gelatinous sticks of a clear, white substance. They are very nutritious, are said to possess wonderful qualities—native women cherish them—and they will fetch, in the Coron market (Busuanga Island), as much as twelve Mexican dollars (six dollars gold) for each bunch of ten to twelve, according to size. In Cuyono these edible nests are called *Balensa sayao*.

South of Point Kalis, to complete this weird picture of gold and vermilion over sombre gigantic rocks in shadow, were two small, conical islands, one slightly larger than the other—Bulalakao, with flattish hill-tops, a white, sandy beach on its north coast, and sparse vegetation—separated by a narrow channel through which in the distance could be perceived, in delightful cobalt blue, yet another island

FUNNEL-LIKE CRATER

with a somewhat higher hill upon it to the west. Then beyond, Culion, with a high peak towering over the otherwise undulating but comparatively low background.

Tambon Island, which we see northwest of Bulalakao—of a rugged formation—is supposed to be a terrible place for mosquitoes. East and southeast of Tambon are dangerous reefs, and ships northward bound have to keep close to the steep coast of Coron rocks, where the water is sufficiently deep.

On Point Kalis and on the summit of the coast-line we can clearly trace a section of a funnel-like crater, and what appears to be an inlet into one of the several lakes—other extinct craters which exist in the interior of the island.

Coron Island is triangular in shape, one coast facing due east, the second southwest, joining the former at Point Kalis, and the third side of the triangle, a little more irregular, facing northwest.

We will proceed along the east coast—ever weird, ever picturesque, ever imposingly gigantic, with a much broken summit seldom lower than 1000 feet. There is deep water alongside the rocks—twenty-four fathoms and more—but an extensive shoal of white sand, rock, and coral lies to the east of us, about half-way along the east coast of the island, and yet another dangerous reef farther north, with not more than three and one-half fathoms of water upon it—almost directly in front eastward of the Coron Harbor passage. It extends for a great distance east and west. In the daytime, and when the sea is smooth, the water above this reef is so clear that the rocks and white sand seem much nearer the surface than they actually are. A deeper and safer passage for vessels from the east is north of Delian Island, an islet 450 feet high, easily recognizable by a beach of white sand with a spit on its western shore, rocks to the south, and a reef to the northeast.

Naturally, there is no anchorage along such an abrupt coast, so we will go into Coron Harbor—sheltered by Busuanga and Coron Island—and we will make an ascent of the Coron rocks from there.

The first time I entered Coron Harbor was at night, when

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

a full moon shone in all its glory. The vertical rocks at Peñon de Coron assumed all sorts of fantastic forms in the soft, bluish light of the moon, and with the deep, black shadows which they cast upon one another and upon the water. We rounded the northern point of the volcanic island, and, doing our twelve knots, steamed into the placid waters of the narrow, sinuous channel between the islands of Coron and Busuanga. Here we had before us a most astounding contrast in the formation of the two islands. On one side of the channel were precipitous rocky walls of immense height; on the other, only about one-third of a mile across, the moon shone on well-rounded, semi-barren hills, smooth and well padded with earth.

In the channel itself pointed rocks, eroded at the base by the waves and not unlike human teeth of enormous proportions, were sticking out of the water, and also one rocky island, sharp-edged, of the same formation as Peñon de Coron, with further clusters of blackish rocks quite close to the Busuanga shore on the north side of our passage. Other rocks were so eroded underneath that they actually stood on columns and arches, and appeared in danger of imminent collapse.

The Coron Harbor itself afforded an excellent anchorage, screened off as it was by the islands of Busuanga, Coron, Culion, Bulalakao, and other minor islands.

We will anchor here, and make an expedition in a row-boat to volcanic Coron. The east and north coasts seemed, from what I had seen of them, so abrupt that I thought it would take too much time to reach the summit of the island, so I decided to follow the coast westward until I found a suitable spot. A very strong wind sprang up and caught us when we were in the west channel, so we rigged up an improvised sail with two oars and a large signal-flag we had brought with us. We strained our eyes as we sped along the coast to find a suitable place of approach.

At the entrance of the west channel, on Peñon de Coron, could be noticed another large extinct crater, apparently of elliptical shape, and seemingly forming a channel of solid, **vertical** rock. Other similar but smaller craters were no-

MUSICAL ROCKS

ticeable all along. On the sea-line, in coves, was an occasional beach of white sand. Large, hollow basins were scooped into the rock at the summit, and everywhere, in every crack or interstice in the rock, some sort of vegetation crept up.

A native whom I had employed, and who professed to be on friendly terms with the aborigines of Coron Island, told me we must get near the west point of the island and he would show me something wonderful. In fact, the boat having stuck on a reef, I proceeded through the water to examine some gigantic blades of rock, with edges as sharp as knives, projecting a good length beyond the plane of other rocks near by, and forming huge, hollow spaces between and underneath. The lower portion had been broken off by the waves, and these rocks were suspended several feet above the water.

"Listen!" said the man to me, as he struck one of these rocks with a stone he carried in his hand.

A soft, most melodious deep note, as from a bronze bell, vibrated into the air and continued in peculiar, uneven tones, louder and fainter, as if some counteracting influence affected the sound-waves every now and then. I think the sea washing higher or lower upon the base of the rock was the cause of this. The astonishing phenomenon having proved a success, and giving way to the imitative proclivities of all humans, Mr. Croucher, the second mate, who accompanied me, myself, and the two Tagalo sailors, immediately proceeded to sound all the rocks close by. Some had sweet tones, quite clear and loud; others were hoarse and blunt; while some, which we thought by their looks would be the most musical of all, would not emit a sound of any kind.

"Those are God's bells," said my guide, a philosopher. "Give me a cigarette."

The tide was rising fast and we had water up to our waist. We pushed the boat off the reef, round the musical cape, and proceeded farther down the southwest coast.

On coming out of the west channel, to the northwest

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

stood Mosquito Island, a high, vertical, rocky island of volcanic formation, like Peñon de Coron. In front of it lay two islets, one conical, the other flat.

Mosquito Island has in recent times risen fully eight feet above its former level, as could be plainly seen by the watermark upon its side. On it, as on Peñon de Coron, edible birds'-nests were obtainable.

Just outside the west passage was a big bay, land-locked on all sides, and affording fair shelter. The island of Cullion to the westward could be seen close by, well protecting this channel during the southwest monsoon, and on it Mount Moss, which we had seen from the other side at the stock-farm.

The southwest coast of Peñon was most precipitous and desolate, rocks of enormous height rising like huge walls above the sea. As we were attempting to find an indentation of some sort sheltered enough to make a landing without having our boat smashed, it seemed evident, on closely examining the formation of the rock, that this island had been raised above the sea-level at a more recent period than the islands near it, and subsequently raised, like Mosquito Island, some eight feet higher still.

Eventually, some distance down the coast, we came to a cove with a small, white beach on which I decided to land.

The sides of the island were vertical here, and as high as everywhere else, from 800 to 1200 feet, but the rock appeared slightly more broken. Hidden behind a projecting rock we discovered quite a superior Tagbanoua hut, with raised floor of *caña* on logs of wood and *nipa* roof. Recent footprints on the sand and a smouldering fire were evident signs that the natives had just bolted at the sight of us, and none of the terms of endearment yelled at the top of his voice by our mutual friend, the guide, would induce them to come forth. In their hurry they left behind their *balabago*, or nets, with natural floats made of the light (in weight) *patao* nut, called in Cuyono *bidoeng*, and an implement of bamboo evidently adapted for bailing water out of their canoes. We found upon the ground a peculiar wooden arrangement to leash a dog, and also a well-proportioned

THE ASCENT TO A CRATER

model of a boat, with beautiful lines for speed, with which children had been playing.

Perhaps the illustration taken by Mr. Croucher, of the author clinging to the almost vertical rock a good many hundred feet above the sea, will give a more adequate idea of the difficulty of the ascent than any description. The rock—of a bluish-gray color—had extremely cutting edges—when it had any edges at all—with occasional cavities and streaks, of which we took advantage to progress upward. Here and there, in cavities and fissures, some sort of shrub or vegetation was projecting, and these were of some help in our ascent, although they did not always seem impressively secure. Each individual had to look out for himself, and we did not use ropes or other such nonsensical Alpinistic devices, my rule having always been to use common-sense and avoid all accidents in general and collective accidents in particular.

Following this golden rule, we reached the summit safely, but with unavoidably bleeding hands, and drenched in perspiration—for pulling yourself up an almost vertical rock for 1000 or 1200 feet in a tropical climate in the middle of the day is no joke, I can tell you. Much to our disgust when we reached the summit, the rock, forming the rim of an immense crater, was in such sharp blades and points that nowhere could we sit down and rest.

The crater, like a huge funnel, was some 150 yards in diameter at the bottom, and had a lake of salt water, the level of which rose with the tide. A subterranean passage must therefore exist connecting this lake with the sea, as no visible inlet could be found. High and beautiful ferns in masses filled the lower, damper, and muddier part of the crater, and in its southeast portion grew big trees and high vegetation; but the other sides of the funnel were of barren, volcanic rock terribly rough and wild—especially the northern and the western, on which we were. A few *bugu* trees of medium height and *pandan*, a small palm, had managed to sprout in interstices in the rock.

From northwest to southeast at the summit of the rim on which we were, the crater, almost a perfect oval, appeared

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

about three-quarters of a mile long, and almost as wide, but tapering at its southeast end. On the north side stood the highest rocky peaks with white patches of limestone.

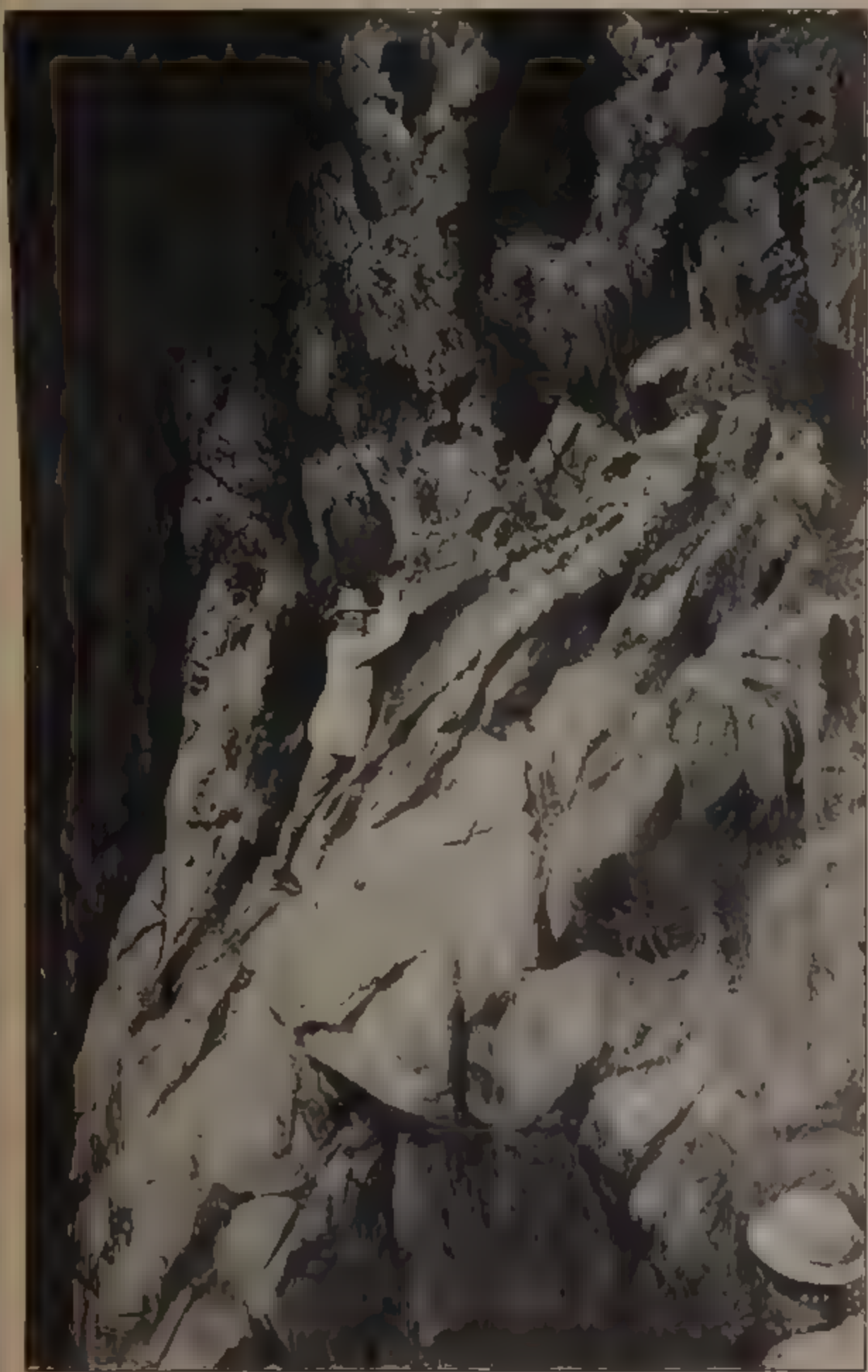
Of the lake itself at the bottom—of dirty, greenish-yellow water—only about 100 feet in diameter were clear of vegetation, the fringe of the lake being covered with a luxuriant growth of *nipa*.

After taking what photographs I could, and surveying the island on which I stood, as well as the magnificent view of the neighboring islands, we proceeded to descend. This proved to be a more dangerous and difficult task than the ascent, for we could not see where we were placing our feet, and once or twice found ourselves hanging by our hands along the rock, our legs dangling in the air and trying to find a cavity in which to rest. As luck would have it, after having employed several hours in the ascent and descent, we safely re-entered our boat and tried to make our way back to the ship, which had to be done by rowing against the wind and current. Near the northwest point of the island we examined the strange horseshoe bay which I had noticed on the way south—another evident crater with high, perpendicular, rocky cliffs, corrugated vertically.

Curiously enough, to the southeast of this crater, as in the other one we had just examined, an elongation was noticeable, less rocky, and on which some vegetation had grown. This crater formed about three-quarters of a circle, the remaining portion having collapsed and disappeared.

Six lakes in extinct craters, some with islands in the centre, are supposed to exist in the interior of Coron Island, which is ten miles long by five wide, but from my various visits I could only identify four. The largest was on the east side of the island, a small one to the north, one to the west, and one to the south, with an outlet into the sea.

In the largest lake, the natives believe, an enormous species of octopus is to be found, the body of which is over three feet in diameter and the arms eight yards in length. A man called Santiago Patero swore to me that he had seen this octopus with his own eyes. Possibly this fact may have had some effect on the measurement of the octopus's



AUTHOR ASCENDING THE VERTICAL VOLCANIC CLIFFS OF PENON
DE CORON

(This photograph was taken by Mr. Croucher while we were overhanging a precipice
over 900 feet deep

11-30-03

TIMIDITY OF THE TAGBANOUAS

arms. Five or six of these brutes were said to live in the lake, and they were credited with great age. Plausible tales were told and names given of people who have been drawn down by these monsters. The latest victim was a child, for grown-up people could not, for love or money, be induced to go near the edge of the water.

No islands existed in this lake. All the lakes on Coron were as salt as the sea, except the largest, where the water was less brackish because during the rainy season the pit of the crater got filled with fresh water.

The island was so rugged all over that only small patches of cultivable land existed on it, mostly on the northeast side of the island at the summit. In cracks and fissures, where sufficient earth had accumulated, wild sweet-potatoes grew, and these potatoes, as well as other roots of certain plants, were eaten by the Tagbanouas when on the mountains.

Now, these Tagbanouas are such unapproachable people that it makes them quite interesting. Possibly traditional dread of slavery may account for their timidity. They will on no account live in towns or form themselves in *barrios* (villages). They will settle for a few weeks on a patch of land to grow some sweet-potatoes, but after that they are off again to fresh pastures. They are nomads born, and it is difficult to stamp the nomadic habit out of them. The word Tagbanoua means really nothing less nor more than *aboriginal* — or, literally translated, “people of the place” — from *tag*, a contraction of *taga*, local, and *banoua*, people, but the word has been applied in a vague way to indicate the particular tribes of negroid aborigines found in the Calamianes, the Linapakan group, and on Palawan Island. There is little doubt about their being the aboriginal inhabitants of the above-named districts, where they still exist, but I, moreover, think that the Negritos, of Panay and Negros, and those formerly of Mindoro, were a mere degenerated race of these Tagbanouas.

To make things explicit, we will divide the Tagbanoua tribes we shall visit into: the Calamians, or Tagbanouas of the Calamianes group; the Linapakanis, or Tagbanouas of

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

the Linapakan group; and the Palawanis, or Tagbanouas of the Palawan Island.

The Calamianes tribes amount in all to a few hundred souls, some 200 of whom inhabit rugged Coron, and who are under a chieftain said to be over eighty years old. He receives a subsidy of five pesos (about two and one-half dollars gold) a month from the Americans in return for keeping his fellow-tribesmen in order. Governor Phillips was telling me that the chieftain and his people have never once broken their word nor failed to pay the trifling tax inflicted upon them.

Although extremely timid, these natives can be approached by some few individuals of the neighboring island of Busuanga who have gained their friendship; and weird, howling signals of identification have to be gone through at length before any of the savages will come out of their hiding-places and show themselves. I myself had gone to much trouble to master these cries, but found them of no avail, and had to employ other methods to catch them. It was, indeed, most tantalizing to see with what extraordinary facility they dodged me about. On returning once from Coron, when we had shouted ourselves hoarse, I saw a raft with a number of them crossing the west passage and evidently escaping from me. Across the passage on the island of Busuanga is one of the Chinese watch-houses, where the Tagbanouas come to dispose of birds'-nests to a Chinese trader. On perceiving that I was after them, they landed and bolted in various directions, vanishing in the entangled vegetation. Having landed soon after, and while inquiring their whereabouts of the Chinaman, what was my astonishment to turn round and see them all on the raft again and paddling away for all they were worth towards their rugged haunts. Surely those fellows have some wonderful system of signalling, either by tapping on trees or rocks, or other noises, or else I do not see how they could act so promptly and simultaneously.

There is no good fresh water on the island of Coron, so the Tagbanouas cross the channel and bring over supplies from the point on Busuanga, where our cunning Chinaman

STRIKING BARGAINS

has established his trading station. He can thus keep a strict watch on any natives coming over and strike good bargains with them, fearless of Filipino competition from some miles away in the town of Coron, situated on the island of Busuanga.

CHAPTER XI

THE CALAMIAN ABORIGINES—THEIR WAYS AND CUSTOMS— FERTILE BUSUANGA ISLAND

PERHAPS, as there are marked differences in the appearance and customs of these Tagbanouas, it will be easier to describe each tribe separately.

The Calamian Tagbanouas are short in stature—of an average height of metre 1.523. Their skin is black and generally entirely covered with a ringlike eruption in scales—named *garit*—which the Spaniards called *herpes*. The Calamians attribute the origin of this disease to heredity. Possibly they are to a certain extent right, although I think the diet of shell-fish greatly contributes towards its continuance. The few Tagbanouas who have been civilized, who are fed properly and often washed with soap, get rid of it altogether.

This *garit* seems to break out mostly on the upper part of the chest and, curiously enough, on the left side of the body in preference. On the back it is very bad, particularly on the shoulder-blades. Its chief characteristic is the curious spiral ridges with outer concentric sections of rings—so neatly arranged in design that, at a distance, those affected by it might be mistaken for elaborate specimens of tattooing. The face is not often affected by this disease, no matter how scaly the entire body may be.

With a large head in relation to his body, legs of abnormal length (metre 0.930), and the body short and stumpy; with rather short arms (metre 0.697, including hand), the hair black, very coarse, very abundant, and either curly—with the regular negroid frizziness—or more frequently merely wavy. It stands up straight upon the scalp, and some

GREAT MUSCULAR STRENGTH

of the Tagbanoua ladies pride themselves on their enormous heads of hair, never too clean, but certainly impressive—at some distance off. The Tagbanoua foot is characterized by its coarseness. It is short, stumpy, with abnormally short toes.

The nose, too, is very short and flat, where it joins the forehead and at the base, has broad nostrils of quite a characteristic shape, extending sideways almost parallel to the plane of the full face. The upper part of the head is broad, but flat in front; the cheek-bones are prominent; the lower portion of the face tapers quickly into a diminutive chin. The angle of the face in profile, as can be judged by the annexed table, is so very wide as to almost form a straight line, the most prominent point of the profile angle being the upper lip. The lips are large and very protruding, but firmly closed; and the forehead overhangs the eyes considerably. I cannot help thinking that these people have many Australoid or Papuan characteristics about their features.

They are slightly hairy on the upper lip and at sides of the chin, and a few hairs also exist in the armpits; but the chest is absolutely free from hair. Although the eye has all the negroid characteristics, it nevertheless possesses a slant upward at the outer corner, and the eyebrows, slight in size and coarse in texture, have an outer curl upward.

Taking each limb separately, the Tagbanoua is solidly built on a powerful frame, and possesses great muscular strength. The lower portion of his anatomy is more developed than the upper, owing to the life he leads, but his chest is rather well formed, although not in good proportion to the rest. The arms are graceful and well rounded, but the hands seem primitive and coarse, with only a few deep lines in the palm at the base of the thumb.

The fingers are very long (metre 0.092) in relation to the length of the entire hand (metre 0.160). A table of other measurements from six specimens is here appended:

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height	1.540	HEAD—(Continued)	
Span	1.579	Transverse maximum	
Armpit to armpit	0.340	length of cranium (from	
Shoulder-blade to shoul-		forehead to back of	
der-blade (highest ridge)	0.152	head)	0.183
ARM		Transverse maximum	
Humerus	0.295	breadth of cranium . .	0.137
Radius	0.242	Width of forehead at	
Hand	0.160	temples	0.132
Maximum length of fingers	0.092	Bizygomatic breadth . .	0.131
Thumb	0.110	Nasal breadth (at nos-	
		trils)	0.045
		Orbital horizontal breadth	0.040
LEG		Transverse breadth from	
Femur	0.480	eye to eye	0.038
Tibia	0.380	Breadth of mouth . . .	0.052
Height of foot from ground		Length of upper lip (from	
to ankle	0.070	mouth aperture to base	
Length of foot	0.232	of nose)	0.025
		Lower lip and chin (from	
		mouth aperture to un-	
HEAD		der chin)	0.042
Vertical maximum length		Length of ear	0.058
of head	0.217		

The thumb itself is abnormally developed, except the undergrown end phalanges which are short, with much wrinkled knuckles.

Two points struck me principally about this particular tribe: First, how well formed their ears were to receive sound-waves; not, indeed, delicately chiselled as in more highly civilized races, but yet most serviceable-looking and free from deformity, well rounded, with detached lobes. Second, the peculiar distortion inward of their feet, all the toes showing a marked tendency inward. This distortion, which we shall notice even in a more marked degree among other tribes—such as, for instance, the Igorrotes of Luzon—was due to the constant use of the feet, gripping firmly almost as we do with our hands, while climbing trees or rocks.

The finger-nails of the Calamians had a marvellous natural polish, and shone as if these fellows had come out of a manicure shop. They were oblong and well shaped; but not so those of the toes, which were much worn and chipped. The skin under the foot had a thick callus which split in numerous cuts.



CALAMIAN TAGBANUAN

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BIRDS AND HUMAN ACTIONS

Marriages were conducted in a somewhat primitive manner, and without much ceremony, except a paternal blessing from the parents of the bride and groom, and the giving of whatever presents in the shape of ornaments, weapons, or food-stuff the latter can afford in order to win the heart of the young lady. More frequently, though, nature asserted itself before even such modest formal functions could take place; but women, when married, were said to be quite faithful.

The birth of a child is no greater an event than with animals, and just about as much care is taken of either mother or offspring. A belt of some fibre is applied around the mother's body and gradually tightened until the birth of the child takes place. A mode of tying the umbilicus identical to the already-described Cuyono method is employed. A curious superstition exists with those Calamians who have come in contact with Filipinos. Previous to cutting the cord it is stretched on the scabbard of a *bolo*, for they say, by so doing the child will have its body gracefully shaped. There seems some precariousness in the existence of a newly born babe, for, before starting on this necessary operation, either the *Partida manigano* (midwife, the word *partida* being a corruption, I think, of the Spanish *partera*) or the father invokes birds to sing, to obtain a verdict whether the child is to live or not. Birds are to the Calamians the messengers of some vague divinity, and direct all human actions—a belief found in many other tribes in the Philippines. If by chance a bird happens to sing, the tying operation is suspended, and the death of the child consequently follows; but comparatively few singing birds exist in the islands, so that Tagbanoua children have, after all, a good chance to live.

Mothers show a good deal of affection for their young, and whenever a child cries it is at once taken to the sea and given a good wash—quite a successful antidote against tears. Violent shaking is added to the above remedy if no immediate results are obtained.

The Tagbanouas are prolific, and males predominate in the population. Various causes, such as accidents, disease,

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

and approaching civilization, are gradually reducing their number, and, no doubt, in a few years from now there will be but few of them left.

The Calamians do not devote much time to music, the only instrument they seemed to manufacture being a jew's-harp made of split bamboo—quite unlike the Tagbanouas of Palawan, among whom we shall find most original instruments. Large shells are, however, used to obtain sounds from. Chanting in a sad monotone is indulged in—generally improvised versions of some striking event in the lives of the singers. The Calamians of Coron possess a strange legend of a voyager who once landed or was wrecked on their island. They chant of the marvellous things which he possessed, and which excited their intense admiration.

The Calamians are docile and uncomplaining, but timid in the extreme; those few who have been coaxed by Filipinos are great workers, the women doing as much if not more than the men.

It is customary for a Calamian to select a favorite spot where he wishes to be laid at rest after death, either in a cave or in a regular grave dug in the ground; but this expressed wish is only carried out on certain quaint conditions. If, on lifting the dead body, the mourners find it light, it is duly conveyed and interred in the spot requested; but if the body appears heavy, a totally different spot is selected for its burial. In any case, however, such weapons, utensils, and ornaments as the deceased possessed in his lifetime are ever buried with him.

Busuanga is by far the largest island of the Calamianes group, and the most civilized. From an artistic point of view, however, Busuanga presents no very great attraction after the rugged picturesqueness of Peñon de Coron and its quaint folks. It displays long stretches of hills, ranging from 1000 to 1200 feet, and comparatively sparsely wooded—especially on the northeast slope of each hill—a fact undoubtedly caused by the fierceness of the northeast monsoon which strikes this island with great force. One or two peaks tower above all others, such as smooth-topped Mount Tundalara, 2150 feet; a conical mount 1300 feet near

CORON CITY

Kokonongon Point, and a three-humped summit 1880 feet. Busuanga Island is thirty-four miles long from northwest to southeast, and about eighteen miles wide.

There are several extensive valleys in Busuanga, with plenty of good water, and for agricultural purposes this island is undoubtedly the richest of the group. Almost anything can be grown upon its fertile soil. For stock grazing it would also seem an ideal place. As we have seen, Coron Harbor affords excellent anchorage, screened as it is by the islands of Busuanga, Peñon de Coron, Culion, Bulalakao, and other minor islands, with outlets to the east and west.

For some reason or other the principal, in fact only, town on the south coast of Busuanga is called, for confusion's sake, Coron; it lies in a fine and fertile valley, against the background of a yellow-colored, three-humped hill range, on the northwest far beyond, and a lower hill range covered with vegetation. Low hills also lie to the west, extending from south to north, and high mountains to the northwest. Beyond the city hills to the northwest spreads a beautiful grassy valley. Coron City itself is at the northwest end of Coron Bay—a deep stretch of water with the exception of some side reefs.

An ascent to the summit of the high hill behind the town (northeast) will give us a bird's-eye view of the city, with its jetty of bamboo extending out into the bay, and two smaller piers for purposes of sanitation. Five hundred dollars in gold are to be spent by the government in erecting a more solid landing-place and wharf, as there is a coal depot here. This pier, when completed, will be of great assistance in the shipment of cattle, a process of great difficulty with the facilities at hand, as the ships have to anchor a long distance from the town, and no proper lighters exist.

The large square—or “park,” as we are told it is to be—has so far only one magnificent mango-tree in the centre, and some large *nipa* buildings, the tribunal, constabulary barracks, and school, around it. The remainder of the town consists of about 100 more *nipa* houses in parallel streets, intersecting at right angles. A church is to be built.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

To the south the weird, indented coast of Peñon de Coron constantly attracts our eye and distracts our attention, the summit of the island appearing from this distance like numerous humps covered with dark-green vegetation. A curious cut in the cliffs to 150° , bearings magnetic, must be, I think, the entrance into the crater-lake of which I have already spoken.

Busuanga Island is thickly wooded in its lower portion, but the tops of the mountains are barren and rocky. Trees, nevertheless, extend to a good height on the hills where sheltered from the northeast monsoon. Interesting beyond all is the harbor itself, with its many reefs—which can be plainly seen from our high point, some just on the water-level, some a few inches, and others a few feet below. These reefs not only extend widely along the coast-line and around the little islands in the bay, but a row of independent reefs is to be noticed in seven different patches in the centre of the bay, extending in a direct line from the presumed entrance of the lake in Peñon de Coron towards the west end of Coron town, in the direction of two small rocks projecting out of the water. Deep channels are, however, noticeable between these reefs, and the channel along the coast-line of Peñon is amply wide. The western passage shows reefs extending far out from the coast-line.

On Busuanga, a well-wooded ridge from south-southwest to north-northeast, has a zone of rich vegetation along the water-line, and forms a fertile valley with a stream running across it. To the northwest is Mount Tundalara, the starting-point of another hill-range, extending in a crescent from west to east and dividing two flat valleys—one about one mile wide and two miles long, with an opening towards the sea (to southwest), only a low hill range separating it from Coron Bay itself. Another valley, to the northeast, seems waterless.

The coast of Busuanga is most irregular and indented, and forms numerous deep bays. An inner harbor, or even a series of harbors, with many side bays and numerous islands, separated by narrow channels, are to be seen to the northwest of our point, but the water seems treacherous, with innumerable reefs.

INSURGENTS' FORTIFICATIONS

The large island of Uzon, forming the two western entrances into Coron Harbor, is undulating and well wooded, with much the same character as Busuanga. It is rich in products and heavy timber. Wild carabao and wild hog are said to be plentiful, whereas, on Busuanga itself, deer and wild hog are found, but not wild carabao. A great variety and quantity of pigeons are to be seen, including one prevalent species of great size. Wild fowl are also common, and so are snakes, from boa-constrictors of immense proportions down to the small *ugto-ugto*—a deadly snake with a flat tail and neck, and a body in black and white rings.

The nearest hill overlooking Coron has a quadrangular stone entrenchment of twenty-four yards square, constructed by the insurgents, and on the higher hill which we climbed, another such defence of stone three feet high had been put up. Only three sides of the latter were fortified, the hill on the northeast being naturally inaccessible owing to its steepness. Remains of primitive artillery were strewn about, as well as much broken crockery, cooking-utensils, and the ashes of buildings destroyed by fire.

There is nothing very remarkable about the town itself; but a good deal of commercial enterprise is shown by a couple of Chinese traders and by the wealthy Sandoval family, who carry on quite a little commerce of their own. Moreover, birds'-nests, rice, shells, hemp, cocoa-nuts, cinnamon, cacao, grow beautifully; cattle, pigs, and chickens are raised, and horses are bred. Busuanga has, so far, escaped rinderpest and *sura*, which have caused such terrible ravages and destruction all over the archipelago.

There is a fair trade in sea products, such as the *balat* (or *balati* in Spanish), a valuable sea-fruit which, when dried and prepared, looks like a potato gone black. It has a salt taste, and is much in demand among the Chinese. It is said to be delicious eating when fresh. Then the *piric*, with its spiky black shell, three to four inches in diameter, and the *mangat* with large shells, excellent eating when dried, are exported to Manila. *Lato*, or sea-weed, is eaten fresh with lime-juice or vinegar. The *banaog* is a curious black sea-weed of great length, extraordinarily elastic and pliable

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when in the water, but possessing certain chemical qualities which cause it to harden when brought in contact with the air. It is twisted into all sorts of shapes and made into walking-canes, and is quite hard, although of about the same degree of brittleness as vulcanite.

On south Busuanga is to be found the best-conducted farm in the Philippines. It is owned by Bernardo Ascanio y Nieves, a retired officer of the Spanish army, who settled here in 1864—at Malbato—a few miles from Coron town. It is astonishing what this man has accomplished, and he is a fine example to those who decry the Philippines as agriculturally worthless.

Although his farm extends for several thousand acres inland, well irrigated, and has handsome buildings and offices, he has reclaimed a vast tract of land from the sea and has planted on it thousands of cocoa-nut trees. Now, a cocoa-nut tree, if you should not know its worth, bears fruit at six or seven years old, and goes on until its age is over a century. It will have as many as one hundred cocoa-nuts a year, and will bring an average minimum yearly income of two pesos, or one dollar in gold. The cocoa-nut groves in the Malbato plantation were intersected by channels of salt water, and the trees were in most excellent condition.

But then this was only one out of a multitude of successful agricultural ventures at Malbato farm. Coffee, cacao, *abaca* (hemp), pepper, cinnamon, rice, wheat, oranges, mandarins of delicious flavor, lemons, limes, ten different kinds of bananas—of which *gujot*, a long, greenish fruit, was the best—pineapples, were all grown to perfection. So was *pitogo*, an indigenous plant of Busuanga, which is something like a *Lecco arboreo*, and gives a fruit resembling a small cocoa-nut, but not bigger than a walnut. At a distance the leaves resemble a palm, and the total height seldom surpasses five feet.

Very good to eat and sweet is the *nanca*, or *nañgca*, a big fruit belonging to the family of bread-fruit, plentiful on Busuanga Island. The fruit is oval in shape, with large seeds like a water-melon. The seeds when boiled can also be eaten. The tree gives gutta-percha sap as well. An

THE MALBATO FARM

egg-plant of most excellent taste, the *berenginas*, is to be found, and abundance of sweet-potatoes of an improved quality.

Delicious mangoes are plentiful, and so is *cassui*, with its strange peculiarity of seed growing underneath, outside instead of inside the fruit. It is shaped like a pear and resembles a mango in taste, only it is more acid.

Then comes *balete*, a parasite tree growing in cavities of other trees, and *ilang-ilang*, the flower of which is used for manufacturing the well-known scent. The fruit is a small, black olive, growing in clusters, and having a number of flat, yellowish seeds in sets of two. *Guyaba* flourishes here with its small, yellow fruit, which makes delicious jelly, and *sampalo*, a very sour substance, growing within a brown shell, having strong medicinal qualities, and eaten as a stimulant for the stomach. The root and leaves of *calibon*, too, are supposed to possess soothing qualities when stewed. It has leaves three to four inches long, and a yellow flower, and the tree stands some eight feet in height. It is applied frequently on the forehead to relieve headache.

Very bitter and distasteful is *amargozo*, a creeping vine, both leaves and fruit of which are used internally. It creates vomit and is a powerful purgative. There are two kinds of this plant, both producing a small, round, yellow fruit—one growing wild, the other cultivated. The fruit is either eaten when green or else warmed on the fire. Pounded-up leaves of the *sagadsag* are placed on wounds to stop the bleeding, as this plant is said to possess healing qualities. *Samuro*, as well as *tagulanay* (a creeper) are also used to stop bleeding. The stem of the latter plant is cooked in oil previous to using.

Agongon is a plant the roots and leaves of which in decoction are much used by the Busuanga natives to help digestion, to allay fever, and to lessen women's troubles during certain stages. The fruit is very sweet.

Decoctions of green mangoes, as well as roots of cacao, followed by violent exertion, are occasionally employed internally for criminal purposes.

Wherever we turn round in this most wonderful place

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

we see something of interest. Ebony and *molave* trees; enormous ferns, very decorative; carabaos, cattle, cows, pigs, fowls, pigeons—in fact, anything that a farm can produce is to be found at the model farm of Malbato, owing to the untiring energy of the owner and of José Mollat y Hernandez, his son-in-law.

In the vicinity of the east passage are to be found on the Busuanga coast some peculiar hot springs of sulphurous water. About fifty feet apart are two copious springs forcing their way through picturesque rocks of beautiful colors, and through the many mud-holes in their vicinity. The springs overlook the sea, above which they are not more than ten feet, with a gravel platform between. The temperature of the water I measured at 105° Fahrenheit.

Small volcanic islands such as Sangat (Mosquito Island) and Bintuan are to be found west of Coron City.

The way out of the Malbato Bay is through the narrow channel between Busuanga and Piña Island—a small island on which at one time a large pineapple plantation had been established. Two more extensive bays, besides the Malbato, are to be found on Busuanga, as we travel towards Culion—one between Sangat Island (not Tangat, as on the charts) and the semi-barren hills forming one end of Malbato Bay, and, next, a large bay west of Sangat.

Sangat Island is picturesque and almost as rugged as Peñon de Coron, a high, rocky central mass with a spit to the southeast and a cluster of high rocks projecting into the sea to the west side.

CHAPTER XII

IN THE LINAPAKAN GROUP—A MYSTERIOUS DEVICE—THE SEARCH FOR A TOWN—IN DEFENCE OF HIS WOMEN—THE TRIALS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

LET us go to the Linapakan group, half-way between the Calamianes and Palawan—midway in the channel which connects the two seas of China and Mindoro. It is a desolate group of twelve islands of no great size, and a great many rocks, the inhabitants being either Calamian or a cross between Calamian and Cuyono. The entire population is estimated at some three hundred souls.

The largest island of the group is Linapakan, and on it we knew there was a town, but we did not know its exact position. Nor were any of those bays properly charted, so due care had to be exercised in approaching the treacherous coast.

After a good deal of guess-work—the chart showing two large bays on the northwest coast—we anchored in the more northerly of the two, which gave a sounding of twenty fathoms—a long and narrow bay, one mile wide—spreading from northwest to southeast, with huge, high, red cliffs and rocks at the entrance of the bay forming a prominent headland. The hills on either side were semi-barren, and at the mouth of the bay was a small island. There were reefs spreading out very far into the bay, but the tide was high and we were able to land first at one spot where we discovered, hidden away, a curious and most mysterious device which had involved great consumption of fuel—judging by the heap of ashes near it; it appeared to me like some sort of an arrangement for smelting—possibly stolen treasure—by some filibustering ship; else why select such a hidden spot to erect their elaborate works?

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We could not force our way through the dense vegetation from this spot, so we had to take to our boat again and try farther up the bay. We entered what appeared at first the estuary of a small stream, but it was only formed by tidewater. Here we abandoned our boat and tried to make our way across the island—our object being to get on some high place whence we could discover the whereabouts of the town. Eventually we hit upon a faint trail and we followed it. We came to a clearing and a Tagbanoua hut. We heard voices. On cautiously advancing, so as to be able to surprise the natives and obtain information from them, we witnessed a scene which was really very noble.

The women, on seeing us, gave several piercing yells and fled, while an old man—so old that he could hardly move—seized a *bolo*, and with a defiant attitude stood across the trail, in order to protect the flight of his family and bar our passage. As we approached—and he was trembling all over with excitement—he held his *bolo* high up and threatened us, until Governor Phillips and myself assured him that we intended to do him no harm, and patted him on the back. It took some little time to allay his suspicions and to induce him to show us the whereabouts of the town, but eventually he consented.

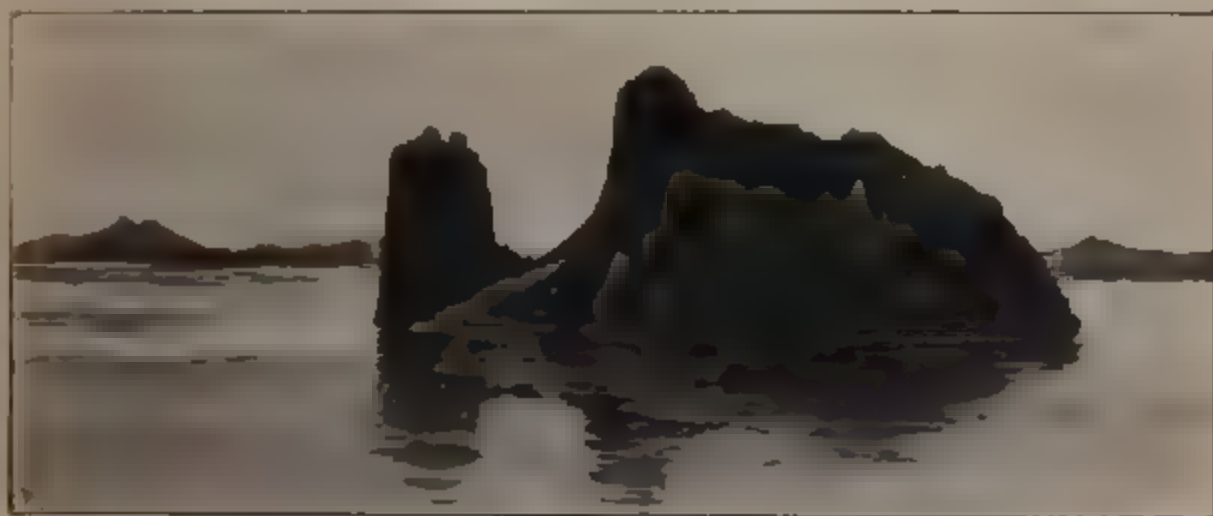
He had constructed an interesting trap for fowl and wild pigeons near his house, which was ingeniously worked by means of a trap-door suddenly released, and in his home all he possessed were some double-headed iron harpoons, with rope attachment for fishing purposes, and a few cooking utensils.

Our guide's fears now gave way to hysterical laughter, and, although his joints were swollen from rheumatism, he kept up a good pace. We passed a herd of semi-wild carabao who looked askance at our intrusion, and we—well knowing the ways of carabaos—made a good *détour* to avoid being charged by them.

A mile or so farther we arrived at the town—about half a dozen huts among cocoa-nut palms, scattered on the side of the hill, upon which an ancient Spanish stone fort overlooked the western bay.



KINILLBAN GROUP



IGLAND ISLAND



NORTH PALAWAN MOUNT KAPJAS

200

DIFFICULTIES OF PHOTOGRAPHY

It was pentagonal in shape, with two angular bastions and three semicircular ones, with an inner area of 600 square feet containing a humble *nipa* church in a dilapidated condition, a shelter with three bronze bells, a rickety iron cannon on wheels—and some iron bullets for ammunition. That was all there was to the fort. The only noticeable portion of this structure was the vaulted door with a Spanish coat-of-arms elaborately and most artistically carved in stone, and with graceful leaf ornamentations all around it. Seen from outside, the wall of the fort looked much stronger than it really was, but where crumbling down from age—especially on its south and east sides—its flimsiness was apparent.

The few inhabitants seemed mostly occupied in gathering and preparing *trepang*, and trading in tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and birds'-nests.

Our return to the row-boat was accomplished in the same way we had come, and, on being presented with some silver coins, our guide was so delighted that he howled himself hoarse to try and persuade his women to return home and meet us. But the ladies declined. All we heard were feminine cries—away, away up on the hill-side in the forest—which, translated, expressed firm determination not to come back until we had left.

At sunset our sailors were striving hard to get off the wide reef on which our boat was now high and dry—the tide being low—and, had not the ship's captain come to our rescue with another boat, we should have had to spend the best part of the night waiting for the water to rise.

An incident showing the difficulties of photography in the tropics may amuse the reader more than it did me at the time. I always use plates, instead of films, in my magazine cameras, and this involves changing them in a dark-room with a red light. I did that at night in my cabin, every suspicion of light from the port-hole and door being smothered by heavy blankets. This was all very well—but the ventilation was affected as well as the light, and the cabin being none too large, and the red lantern quickly getting overheated, made the damp temperature of the improvised

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dark-room wellnigh unbearable. Moreover, I had to use candles in preference to oil in my lantern, and these, with the heat, melted away with undue rapidity, often causing great inconvenience and terrible smoke. Many an hour did I waste in trying to overcome this difficulty, until one day in the store-room I discovered a lot of red tissue-paper. "Eureka!" I thought. "All I shall have to do now is to envelope the electric lamp in several thicknesses of red paper, and I shall have a brilliant non-actinic light, a comparatively cool cabin, and no unpleasant smoke."

The electric light in the low ceiling of my cabin being thus arranged for comfort's sake, I removed most if not all my clothing, and proceeded to reload my two cameras. No sooner had I begun my work than the overheated paper caught fire and the lamp exploded—or, rather, contracted, driving with great force a good many pieces of glass into my shoulders and neck. Worse luck, no fewer than eighteen fine negatives were destroyed.

We left Linapakan at sunrise of February 14th in a heavy swell, and we made our way again out of the intricate rocks and islands round the north passage, which the captain deemed safer than the southern.

To the northwest of Linapakan Island appeared the elongated Double Island, with two conical end hills connected by low land and a white sandy beach. Several other islets were either mere conical rocks, or had most peculiar humps—the latter generally with a graceful slope on the east side, and an abrupt vertical coast to the west.

The north coast of Linapakan was low but undulating, with comparatively sparse vegetation. Small sandy beaches were to be seen in each bay or indentation. For curiously shaped rocks this group had few rivals. A high cylindrical boulder, with a smaller one of the same shape by its side, and a lot of spiky rocks, among which the white waves played, were three miles north of Linapakan. A large cave was on the south side of the larger rock, and a reef extended apparently between this and another beyond, which looked just like a tower near the gable roof of a church. These quaint rocks were of the most brilliantly warm colors.

A MOST PECULIAR ROCK

Next to "Church Rock"—for want of a better name—and connected by a shallow reef on which the sea broke, to the east, was a flattish island, green all over except its fringe of wide sandy beach on the south side.

Another similar island, some way off to the north-northeast of the last, also had a high, tower-like rock rising upon it. And all these curious rocks had for a background in the far distance, in faint blue, Culion and Peñon de Coron, with their high mountains.

As we went eastward we passed between Aijara Island, with its vertical rocks, and Patoyas, and the four little rocky Kurianas— islands of no great beauty, but rising some three or four hundred feet above sea-level. Patoyas was separated from Linapakan by a very narrow channel strewn with huge rocks.

A most peculiar rock we noticed next, in contour not unlike a gigantic snail peeping out of its shell; but among this great confusion of rocks and islets, perhaps I should mention those rising to 400 feet with a cutting top edge, with precipitous black and yellow rocks in patches, much disturbed on the north side by volcanic action. Nearly all these rocks and islets were fringed by sand beaches.

Of the last cluster of rocks off the northeast point of Linapakan, another cylindrical rock of great size, with neighboring lower ones, and a cave on the south side, could be seen. The largest and most northeast island of this cluster, however, was low, but rugged, in the shape of a crescent.

Having cleared this dangerous maze of rocks we altered our course to southwest, and passed off the Linapakan coast another peculiar island with a high mountain, six or seven hundred feet high, which had what would seem to be an extinct crater on its east side.

Thirteen miles east of Linapakan was the principal island of another group, the Kabulauan or Sombrero. It received this last name from the Spaniards, because, having a small, conical mound in the centre, it resembled—with a sufficient stretch of the imagination—a hat. There were five islands in this group, inhabited by a few *trepang* fishermen and

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birds'-nests collectors. Sombrero Island and Nangalao Island were the only two important ones; the other three, Solitario, Salinbubug, and Kanaron being mere rocks. Kanaron stood 300 feet in height.

The small horseshoe-shaped anchorage in Sombrero was on the west coast, and was well protected against the north-east monsoon. A lagoon was formed by the damming up of deposited tide sand at the mouth of a stream descending from the only hill. At high tide, however, sea-water flows over the dam into the lake.

Following a course of southwest by west, in a sea not quite as smooth as glass, and with flying-fish radiating in all directions at the approach of the ship, with occasional schools of porpoises leaping in graceful curves out of the water, we will now go to strange Palawan—which we shall find much more interesting than these broken-up little groups of rocks.

The sea of Mindoro was ever heavy, quite leaden, and the sky was of a whitish, suffocating, humid appearance, although clear enough for that latitude. Peculiar long streaks of feathery clouds spread out for great distances towards the dome of the sky, often crossing one another, occasionally horizontal, but always much higher than the heavier white globular clouds hanging clumsily near the horizon line. You never saw a beautiful, limpid, deep-blue sky as you do in Egypt or Italy or Greece. Yes, just above our heads were patches of blue, but it was sickly, pallid blue not worth looking at.

Over the larger islands you always found the heaviest clouds, which generally hid from sight the tops of even comparatively low mountains. And a curious sight it was, too, when cruising about this multitude of islands, to see that nearly each island of any size had its special cloud directly above it. Over the entire ocean hung a whitish haze, which was the destruction of everything one possessed. The clothes one wore were wringing wet with it; those packed away got mildewed; anything made of metal was affected in some way or other, and as for eatables—well, the sooner you ate them the better, or else you never would.

CAUSE OF DIMINUTIVENESS

It will be noticed, when compared with the measurements of the Calamian Tagbanouas, that the tribe of Linapakan is smaller in every way except in the breadth of cranium, which is one millimetre larger, and the length of the radius which exceeds by three millimetres that of the Calamians. The hand, too, as well as the fingers, is noticeably larger in proportion in the Linapakans, but not so the thumb. The considerable diminution in size is, I think, chiefly due to constant intermarriage among near relations, the tribe being small.

MEASUREMENTS OF LINAPAKAN TAGBANOUAS

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height	1.490	HEAD—(Continued)	
Span	1.550	Transverse maximum	
Armpit to armpit	0.300	length of cranium (from	
Shoulder-blade to shoul-		forehead to back of	
der-blade (highest ridge)	0.105	head)	0.167
ARM		Transverse maximum	
Humerus	0.280	breadth of cranium . .	0.138
Radius	0.245	Width of forehead at tem-	
Hand	0.170	ples	0.128
Maximum length of fingers	0.095	Bizygomatic breadth . .	0.113
Thumb	0.104	Nasal breadth (at nos-	
LEG		trils)	0.042
Femur	0.454	Orbital horizontal breadth	0.032
Tibia	0.380	Transverse breadth from	
Height of foot from ground		eye to eye	0.027
to ankle	0.072	Breadth of mouth . . .	0.052
Length of foot	0.230	Length of upper lip (from	
HEAD		mouth aperture to base	
Vertical maximum length		of nose)	0.020
of head	0.202	Lower lip and chin (from	
		mouth aperture to un-	
		der chin)	0.032
		Length of ear	0.057

N.B.—These Tagbanouas, as well as the Calamians, refused to allow measurement of nasal height and height of forehead.

CHAPTER XIII

IN A GALE—KAISIAN ISLAND AND ITS TIMID FOLKS—THE TOWN OF TAITAI ON PALAWAN

I VISITED the great Island of Palawan some five or six times. I will first relate an exciting visit to the north coast. We had been out some days and were caught in a terrible gale which forced us to put into Kaisian (or Collinson) Island for shelter. This little island is situated in latitude $11^{\circ} 2'$ north, and longitude $119^{\circ} 43'$ east, off the Palawan coast, and forms part of a chain extending from the Linapakan group to Dumarán Island.

The ancho age, a small, crescent-shaped bay to the southwest of the island, is much open to the southeast, but has on the southwest one flat-topped, rocky, volcanic island, besides another almost conical, and on the east a semi-barren island separated from Kaisian by a narrow and shallow channel over a reef.

Kaisian Island itself is undulating—quite hilly—the highest prominence being on the southwest of the island, with signs of agriculture and some trees. A white beach, with a good many cocoa-nut trees lining it, screens the few huts which form the settlement. We perceived no human soul about, but two white flags, evidently intended as a signal of peace to us, had been stuck into the sand in a prominent position. Ships never touch at this place, and our unexpected visit naturally caused some concern. Beyond the village a small valley opened towards the north between low hills.

The wind was blowing very hard even in the bay, and we had some difficulty in landing. When we did, we found that most of the population had, at the sight of us, deserted the houses and made for the hills. They could not go very

TIMIDITY OF THE NATIVES

far, for the whole island was only just over three miles in circumference. We eventually secured the school-master—a trembling-looking youth—who seemed deliciously vague as to the present ownership of these islands. He earnestly and modestly inquired whether the Spaniards or Americans had been victorious in the war, as he had not heard yet. He once understood from some one, a long time ago, that there had been a war going on between the two countries, and that was why he had put up the white flags in case we had come to bombard the place. He was glad, very glad, the Americans had won. Where was America?

We sent him to call back and reassure the inhabitants, and, as we had run short of provisions on board, when the semi-scared people began to come in, in driblets, the captain, mate, and sailors began their chase after chickens and vegetables.

One point about all Filipino villages was the nice way in which the streets were always laid out and fenced off. The streets ran here in parallel lines, and there was a tribunal with the usual stocks and chains for prisoners. As we roamed about we came upon the barnlike church, boasting of several stucco images, two colored-glass windows, and a bell-tower on stilts, with two bells. There were cocoa-nut oil presses here and there in the cocoa-nut groves, cages with pigs, and along the beach a great many built-up boats and dug-outs. The houses were thatched with *cogon* grass.

I crossed the island by the valley—about one and a half miles long. There were two lagoons, the first, nearer the town, still having some moisture in the centre—dozens of fat pigs revelling in the mud—the other almost dry. This plain connected the town by two trails with a large bay protected by two islands and some rocks on the northeast side of the island.

There was plenty of small game on Kaisian Island, various species of doves and pigeons, gray or of beautiful green tints with black wing-tips; snipe, and green parrots with blue heads and red beaks. The latter can be taught to talk.

We were detained at anchor, as the gale was increasing in strength every moment, and even in the bay there was

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so heavy a swell that we rolled and tossed about and swung continually as well as considerably. At night one of the ship's boats, on going on shore for provisions, capsized. Worse luck, all we had been able to secure in the way of food was a large pig—the "piggist" pig I have ever seen, so indescribably dirty was he. Fortunately, the kind captain had saved one or two tins of corned-beef for me, but my American friends much rejoiced in the feast which was in store for them—all the more so when it dawned upon them at dinner that it was February 22d, Washington's birthday!

The captain found easy consolation in the fact that, had he decorated the rigging with flags—which he had forgotten to do—the wind would have carried them away; but, anyhow, such an auspicious day must be celebrated with due pomp. Roman-candles for signalling and rockets were accordingly fished out of the powder-magazine, while all sailors not on watch were roused from their sleep to attend to the pyrotechnic display. When all was ready the ship's side flared up in blinding vermilion and green light, while explosions made the ship quiver each time a rocket was shot skyward. The search-light, meanwhile, was played upon the little town, only 150 yards off, and clearly disclosed the commotion that was taking place therein. The several lights which we had seen in the town were quickly put out on hearing our first report, and folks could be perceived stampeding in all directions.

Some time later, after we had settled down again to a quiet evening, a native boat cautiously approached the ship. In it our friend the school-master, trembling all over, had ventured out to inquire whether ours were signals of war or distress. He would have come sooner, but all the men and women had run away from the town. We reassured him, and my American friends explained that it was all in honor of Washington's birthday (blank expression on the school-master's face, as he speculatively gazed at us all in order to find out which of us was Washington).

"Thank you very much," he repeated several times, with a deep sigh of relief—thanking us, I supposed, for sparing

IN A GALE

the town. He told us how the natives had been so perplexed at our sudden rejoicings that they were simply terrified. They hid in the houses at first, until the flash-light played upon the town. This was too much for them, and they made in a body for the hill. The school-master, however—and it showed a certain amount of pluck on his part—believing ours were signals of distress and not signs of hostility, hastened to the tribunal and sounded the drum in order to collect people and come to our assistance. Only six men eventually appeared, and with these he came out in a heavy sea to the ship.

Governor Phillips entertained him and showed him the wonders of the ship, such as the electric light and the engine-room, neither of which he had ever seen before. His astonishment was intense when the lights were switched on and off at will, and by the time he departed he was reduced to a state of such awe by all he had seen on board that he was hardly able to speak.

In the night the gale blew fiercely, and we had to keep steam up. Had our anchor drifted we should have been in a bad plight.

In a terrible sea we went from Kaisian to Taitai, a short but quite interesting run, with Maitiaguit Island to the northwest of our course and the rather regular, although somewhat indented, coast of Palawan, with many other little islands and volcanic rocks all along. The coast-line is hilly to a certain extent, only one great conical granitic mountain, Kapoas, 3350 feet—with its head ever hidden in the clouds—rising to a great height above all others. Nearly half-way between Kaisian and Taitai we found another weird volcanic island of the Peñon de Coron type, rugged in the extreme. Iguano, or Lizard Island, is so called because when seen in profile it resembles a gigantic lizard with its pointed head sticking out of the water; it has a spiky backbone and one huge rock marking the exact position where the femur bone of a folded leg would be in a real lizard. A spiky tail, in good proportion with the body, gives the last touch to the enlarged image of this rocky monster. There is some vegetation on the west side, but hardly any

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on the east, where, at the precipitous summit, the rock is of wonderful warm tones and colors.

The rock of South Iguano, too, is very precipitous; it is volcanic, and has an indented summit like the teeth of a saw. On the sides of both these islands two distinct water-marks and degrees of erosion can be noticed; one fully ten feet higher than the present sea-level, showing upheaval, as is the case in Peñon de Coron. South of these weird islands, only a few hundred yards distant, two other islands are to be seen, apparently of much older formation, well rounded, and smothered in green vegetation.

Taitai Bay is protected to a certain extent on the east side by a chain of these islets extending almost due south from Maitiaguit to South Taitai Island (Ikadambanuan), but heavy seas can be raised in the middle of the bay in a high wind. Taitai Bay affords enough shelter during the southwest monsoon only.

The captain, a careful navigator, ever in mortal terror of uncharted reefs (of which Taitai Bay is full), cast anchor seven miles from the shore. This involved a rowing journey of some four or five hours in the heavy swell to reach the town. However, for the sake of the ship's safety I gladly underwent this. I had made a landing at Taitai some days previously and under very similar conditions in the middle of the night—when a beautiful moon shone over us while we struggled in the row-boat to reach the shore. We arrived after midnight, when the whole town was asleep, and set foot on shore by the old fort projecting into the bay.

A few houses along the beach, a modest church of plastered stone, with a marble font, and a bunch of strange dolls in imitation of soldiers piled upon its altar with a couple of human skulls; a high cross before the front door; a few cocoa-nut trees, and the remains of tumbled-down stone Spanish buildings of some magnitude, were all we could discern in our moonlight walk. The pleasure of our moonlight stroll was not exactly enhanced by the news that *caimans* (man-eating crocodiles) had of late been very plentiful and fierce, and only a few hours before, just at the spot we were now strolling upon, a local gentleman had



TAITAI FORT



INTERIOR OF TAITAI FORT

THE TAITAI FORT

part of his hand bitten off by one of these brutes. On his attempting to run away, the *caiman* had further gripped him by the leg, leaving to its rightful owner little more than the tibia bone devoid of whatever flesh and muscle there had been on it.

It was, therefore, with hands buried in my pockets and with an uncomfortable, creepy feeling of insecurity concerning my lower limbs, that I examined the remains of former Spanish grandeur, such as a large, ruined, government building and the traces of wonderfully well-made roads with side ditches. We further observed two big structures in a tumbling-down condition, one having spacious windows, a portion of a stone staircase in the centre, and a stone cistern, six by eight by two and one-half yards, well cemented, and paved with bricks, with an outlet for the water leading into the annexed building. Possibly this was a swimming-tank. Beyond the cistern was a deep hole in the ground, walled with stone.

Taitai was the first capital of Palawan Island in Spanish days, and it is said to have been extremely prosperous, with a population of over 3000 people. The fort, which could accommodate six or seven hundred soldiers, was constructed on a high rock projecting into the sea and connected with the land by an artificial causeway. There was a passage with steps, and an incline by which the summit of the fort could be reached some thirty-five or forty feet above the sea-level. By the side of this incline were two dungeons, now roofless. In former times these dungeons had only one small aperture to give light and air to both chambers. On the opposite (east) side of the entrance-gate was a large cistern with a fountain at the lower portion.

The fort was one of the finest on Palawan Island, and had four bastions, those overlooking the sea to the north being semicircular, whereas the other two were angular. For its day it possessed some powerful iron artillery, such as one long five-inch piece dated 1812, and two four-inch (1823) cannon. A great number of one-pound bullets were to be found strewn about the fort. Possibly they were used as mitraille in the big guns; possibly smaller guns were

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in those times mounted upon the wall; or maybe it was ammunition fired at the fort by the Moro *lantacas* (brass cannon) in some attack.

The inside of the fort was at a slope, the north part being filled up to within five feet of the top of the wall. The two east turrets were reached by an incline, and a path was built all round the top of the castellated wall. The actual stone outer wall was no more than thirty inches wide, but it was filled in with earth and thus made of great strength. The only building inside, which was formerly a chapel with two bamboo annexes, is now used as barracks for the constabulary force of seventeen men. The fort measured some forty paces square, and its wall was about forty-two feet high and vertical, except corner bastions at a slant, with a cornichon twenty feet above the ground all round.

CHAPTER XIV

THROUGH A DENSE FOREST—THE IDEAL BAKIT BAY—FORMER VOLCANOES—A NATURAL FORTRESS

ON my third visit to Taitai I left the ship and planned an expedition across the island, not by the Spanish road, but by a trail which I was told had never before been followed by a European, and which would give me an opportunity to examine the greater part of the northern portion of the Palawan west coast and the entire Malampaya Sound.

I had heard of a Tagbanoua trail from a place called Pallarakin in the northern part of Taitai Bay, which traversed the island to Old Bakit on the west coast. Now, to reach Pallarakin, a long journey in a row-boat was necessary. I obtained a rotten and leaky old boat—the only one to be got—and ten members of the Filipino constabulary volunteered to accompany me with Lieutenant Boren, their chief.

Having landed at 4 P.M. from the ship, it was not till 5.30 P.M. that the boat was got ready, the water, of which she was full, baled out and the several holes in the bottom stopped up with pieces of wood and rags. She seemed now as seaworthy as she ever could be, but anyhow, we had to make the best of what we could get. We placed our provisions on board and we departed.

There was a very heavy swell in the bay, and, notwithstanding the constant baling, our craft kept filling with water. Occasionally we shipped a heavy sea, which nearly swamped us altogether. The constabulary men stuck remarkably to their oars, and all went well till eight o'clock, when, on trying to keep closer to land, we unfortunately stuck on the

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reef which extended very far out all along the east coast of Taitai Bay. The wave which next came along almost turned us over, and all of us had to jump overboard to try and get the boat off.

The wind was howling fiercely; the spray made it impossible to tell exactly whereabouts we were along the coast; we were drenched to the skin; and the rotten, creaky wood of our boat gave every sign of falling to pieces every time a wave banged her heavily onto the reef of white sand and coral rock. We had drifted onto a regular maze of boulders and sand-mounds just under the sea surface, and no sooner did we get off one than we bumped heavily on another. For two hours we struggled, and the men practically carried the boat bodily, until at last, within the reef, we found slightly deeper water.

When in Pallarakin Bay—northern part of Taitai Bay, eight miles from Taitai fort as the crow flies—protected by a number of outer rocks and reefs, we were fortunately in smoother waters, but again, when making for a light on the shore which we deemed must be Pallarakin village, we stuck fast upon another coral reef. Our men, having investigated the situation, informed us that we must get out and walk, but Lieutenant Boren and myself preferred to be carried on men's backs, as walking with bare feet on a coral reef is somewhat more painful than it sounds. The natives on land, on hearing our calls, had come down with improvised torches, and were of some help in effecting a landing and carrying the boat to a place of safety.

It was 11 P.M. when we reached this place, which consists of twenty fishermen's huts of *nipa* and *caña bujo*, and a humble church on the slopes of a cliff about 100 feet above the sea-level. We put up in the best house which was lent us. Our room was lighted by a torch of resin called *salung*, enveloped in green *nipa* leaves tied with *bejuco* rings at every two inches. It rested at an angle on a forked tripod of wood, gave as much smoke as light, and needed constant attention. We shared our lodging with sleepy chickens, puppy-dogs, and sucking-pigs—a most unat-

THROUGH A DENSE FOREST

tractive, restless company in the early hours of the morning.

In daylight Pallarakin (called Polarikan on maps) was quaint enough, with numerous fish-traps filling the entire bay upon the shallow reef.

I employed a local man who professed to be able to lead me across the island, but he warned me that the trail was very bad, and by a suggestive gesture indicated that I should arrive on the other side with an aching back. His prophecy came true. The vegetation was so thick and entangled in the interior of the island that it was impossible to penetrate across the forest except by the Tagbanoua trail I had decided to follow, and this was only just cleared enough of vegetation and thorns for a man to sneak through and no more. The trail, he told me, had long been abandoned by the natives, and was now overgrown with vegetation, so that we should have great difficulty in getting through at all.

I sent two men ahead provided with sharp *bolos* to clear the way as much as possible, and by keeping in a stooping position we avoided many of the entangled branches higher up, and made fair progress. One advanced with arms outstretched, pushing away overhanging vines or a cluster of reeds; now forcing one's way between solid trunks, then climbing over or crawling under gigantic fallen trees; then, for hundreds of yards, creeping close to the ground, dragging one's self through a lot of recalcitrant vegetation—ever with a terrible pain in the small of one's back—and after having gone some miles in this stooping position we eventually reached a Tagbanoua hut—a dwelling of a most primitive kind, yet with some practical points about it which commended itself to the observer.

Three feet above the ground was erected a firm platform of *batbat*, a kind of palm with large leaves. The meat of the stem of this palm is quite good to eat. There were no walls, but the roof was thatched with *banga*. A small tray of *nigo* lay on the floor. This habitation was merely a sort of parlor, for in front of the dwelling, a few feet away, were two small sleeping-platforms on

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two tiers, just wide enough for one person to stretch on each.

The timid residents of this abode had, as usual, escaped at our approach, leaving behind whatever articles of furniture and luxury they possessed. There was a little wooden mortar, a small plaited basket, and a cup made of half a cocoa-nut shell; and of a similar material, ingeniously cut and shaped, they had manufactured a spoon and a scoop with a long handle of wood neatly fastened to the shell with *bejuco*. On each article the owner had engraved his "crest" or mark, in the shape of one triangle inside another. No other ornamentations could be traced upon any of their articles except three parallel lines on the upper part of the scoop-handle. A rack to hang meat or fish to dry, and a natural rustic tripod upon which to rest a torch of resin, completed the entire array of Tagbanoua belongings.

It was merely by a ruse that we managed to catch some of these wild folks—males and females—as I wanted to examine and measure them. Naturally, they were terrified at first, and it took some little time before they were restored to a sufficient state of calm—which was again much disturbed when the steel calipers for anthropometrical measurements were produced, and caused a second scare.

These people had wavy, almost curly black hair tied into a knot; slight hair on the side of face and upper lip, heavy eyebrows and eyelashes of abnormal length, which gave great softness to the expression of their eyes; lips tightly closed and nose extremely flat—bunched up, as it were—at the base; prominent eyes, slightly slanting; and a deep-brown complexion with many moles, especially at the side of the nose. Their small ears were strikingly elongated horizontally. They wore no earrings.

The breasts and chest were well formed, the latter slightly hairy in its upper portion. A few hairs were also noticeable in the armpits. They possessed graceful arms, with hands of a remarkable form, the fingers being long, bony, and of refined shape. The palm of the hand had but very few



TAGBANUAS



AUTHOR TAKING ANTHROPOMETRICAL MEASUREMENTS OF TAGBANUAS

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PECULIAR HEAD FORMATION

lines except at the base of the thumb, where the lines were deeply marked. The legs were muscular and thin, but finely chiselled, with enormously powerful knee muscles—developed, no doubt, by the springy action which they use in walking, seldom resting the heel upon the ground. The ankle was small, and the foot had a characteristic twist inward, allowing it a good grip, as it were, on the ground.

One of the men I captured suffered from *garit*. On his chest and legs—in fact, all over the body—his skin peeled off in scales. His shoulders were in a terrible condition. These repulsive skin complaints made measurements and examination of the body somewhat disagreeable, as constant touching was inevitable. One interesting point regarding this particular skin affection is that, where friction of limbs is constant, such as in the inner part of the legs, under the arms, or at the loins, the skin seems to remain in its normal condition, quite devoid of scales.

I got hold of another little fellow of pale, brownish-yellow complexion, with peculiar head formation, enormous, staring eyes, and an enlarged, high forehead (seven centimetres), prominent brow ridges overshadowing the eyes, and glabella or central boss of abnormal development. In this case, too, the nostrils were extremely wide and flattened, so that the slits were almost parallel with the plane of the lips, instead of vertical, as is the case with Europeans. The lower lip and chin were short.

These particular Tagbanouas were short in stature—metre 1.496—with an average span of metre 1.520, or very little longer than their respective height. In fact, taking measurements separately, the span generally equalled, and in one case was less than, the height. Here are some specimens taken at random:

Height.	Span.
1.50	1.50
1.45	1.42
1.64	1.64

Compared with Cuyonos, it will be noticed that the Tagbanoua measurements are smaller in every way.

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TABLE OF TAGBANOUA MEASUREMENTS

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height	1.496	HEAD	
Span	1.520	Vertical maximum length of head	0.206
Armpit to armpit	0.320	Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0.176
Shoulder - blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0.123	Width of forehead at temples	0.115
ARM		Bizygomatic breadth	0.115
Humerus	0.293	Nasal height	0.046
Radius	0.240	Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0.038
Hand	0.170	Orbital horizontal breadth	0.031
Maximum length of fingers	0.095	Distance between eyes	0.030
Thumb	0.093	Breadth of mouth	0.050
LEG		Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0.018
Femur	0.483	Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0.031
Tibia	0.400	Length of ear	0.051
Height of foot from ground to ankle	0.066		
Length of foot	0.266		

These folks did not seem overburdened with clothing, a mere loin-string of *bejuco* with a fastening loop (always tied on the left side of the body) composing their entire wardrobe. The only ornaments they possessed were cheap brass and silver rings.

The Tagbanoua as a musician is eccentric, to say the least—at any rate in his instruments, which, when purely typical of the race, are only wind instruments. Now, most musicians of other nationalities play wind instruments by applying them to the mouth. The Tagbanoua plays them with his nose! The *lantui*, a reed-flute of *caña bujo*, the most characteristic of Tagbanoua instruments, has two holes, and one nose-piece at one end of the cane, at the joint of the *caña bujo*. The *lantui* is pressed by the thumb against the left nostril, the right nostril being held tightly closed by the first finger of the hand. The Tagbanoua nose is so flattened at the base, and has such expanded nostrils, elongated at the side, that it is specially adapted for this purpose; and, really, when you come to take all things into consideration, you begin to wonder whether the Tagbanoua way is not, after all, the right way to play a flute.

A NOSE-FLUTE

Anyhow, whether right or wrong, the Tagbanoua musician can get in this fashion some sweetly pathetic sounds—by far the most melodious sounds I have ever heard from anybody's nose—and he is even bold enough to attempt—with success, too—a trill, as well as elaborate variations upon doleful tribal airs:

The tone of this nose-flute is soft and harmonious, and the music itself quite interestingly uneven and erratic, alternating from sad, lamenting, long-held notes to hysterical frenzies—the latter doing more credit to the blowing powers of the musician than to his genius.

The *sobing*, a kind of jews-harp, is also played by the Tagbanouas, but I believe they have borrowed this instrument from neighbors. The *sobing* is most ingeniously cut out of a strip of bamboo six or seven inches long and one-third of an inch wide; it is in three sections, and possesses a vibrating rod from one end over the mouth-piece—this instrument being, of course, applied to the lips. They can play some very nice plaintive tunes on this instrument, and it seems to be a favorite pastime for young men and women when in love. I have heard them “buzz” their airs of infatuation by the hour—with very little variation in the melodies.

Other instruments can be seen in the hands of Tagbanouas, such as a lyre made of a bamboo joint with raised outer fibre used as strings; but I do not believe this to be typical of the race, but copied.

We continued our journey among the most astounding vegetation, enormous ebony-trees being plentiful, and the immense *balao* trees, with flattened, winglike roots spreading out at the base, with a spiral twist like the propeller of a steamer. Wheels for carts, and large tables are frequently cut from these projecting roots in one single piece.

Quaint beyond measure is the *balete* (*Ficus clusioides* and *Ficus Benjamina*). This peculiar parasitic vine, while young, creeps upon other trees, gradually envelopes, and eventually altogether kills the supporting inner tree. It lets down numerous dangling, ropelike branches which, on reaching the ground, take root, and appear like a mass of

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columns around the central tree. The roots of the main stem are at an angle, but those let down from the stumpy branches are quite vertical. The pounded roots of this tree are said to possess medicinal qualities.

Then there is *bato bato* (or *batbat*, local pronunciation—*Litsea sp.*), a kind of palm of which, as we have seen, the inner part of the leaf-stems is quite good to eat.

Where the ground is moist we find numberless *bankuang*, *bacauan* or *bacagua* trees, *Rhizophora tinctoria* (also other species, such as the *tangal* and *langoray*), most peculiar trees which at first sight appear to be growing upside down, the roots up in the air and the branches in a high cone resting on the ground. Species of this tree cover the mangrove swamps so familiar all over the archipelago along the coast, and at river-mouths.

The wealth of Palawan Island in good woods will be enormous, when roads are made and the trees can be conveyed down to the coast. *Ipil* (*Eperua decandra*), so largely used for building purposes, and *narra* trees, the mahogany of the Philippines, are plentiful and of immense size; *molave* (*Vitex geniculata*), *calantas* (*Cedrela odorata*), a valuable cedar; *apiay*, typical of Palawan; *uring* (*Fragrosa peregrina*), from which gum mastic is extracted; and numberless other good woods—*alopa*, or *alupay*, *amuguis* (*Cyrtocarpa quintestila*), *camagon* (*Diospyros pilosanthera*), *cisbi*, etc. Climbers (rattan) and *nipa* are to be found in astounding quantities.

The *colang*, of a rich burnt-sienna color, possesses a curious bark which peels off in scales. *Ipil* is a very tough and useful porous wood, of a dark-yellow ochre, becoming red with age. *Narra* is found in two species, *Pterocarpus santalinus* and *Pterocarpus pallidus*. Both species produce a reddish resin. The first species is of a fine red color, and is much used in furniture-making, and so is *nato* (*Sterculia balanghas*), also a red, compact, fibrous wood, quite common in the neighborhood of Malampaya, where it is chiefly used for canoes, for which purpose it is appropriate. When dry it splits. *Dulo*, a sort of teak, is also found in quantities on Mount Kapoas, and is employed by the natives in con-

OLD BAKIT

structing their houses, as it is very resinous, and lasts longer than other woods when made into piles to be thrust into the ground.

In a virgin forest of this kind there is more than plenty to interest and puzzle any botanist, but an average man, like the writer, gets simply bewildered by the incredible variety of trees and the dense mass of them; by their gigantic height; by the uncountable number of orchids and other creeping and parasitic plants which hang or stick out or sprout everywhere upon the larger trees; by the astonishing toughness of the numberless creepers and fibres which hang from everywhere—and all this in the moist, suffocating, used-up air of the dark forest, where sunlight in all its intensity never penetrates, so that it seems incomprehensible how the luxuriant undergrowth cannot only exist but flourish as it does. It was interesting to watch the strain of the larger trees to force their way up and obtain air. Many of them were devoid of branches up to a great height.

It was all certainly very beautiful and not lacking in poetry, but I was glad when we emerged from the forest, for, indeed, no poet in the full possession of his senses, who has actually marched through a virgin forest, will, I think, ever write a poem in its praise.

The country we traversed was undulating—quite hilly in parts—and, as prophesied before our departure, it was with terribly aching back and knees that we arrived, thank Heaven! across the island at Old Bakit on the west coast—not much of a place, having practically been abandoned by the natives: three houses on one side of the stream and two on the other; a pigeon-house and chicken-coop of *caña bujo*, a few cocoa-nut palms were all—but did I not enjoy stretching my limbs and drinking the fluid of a couple of cocoa-nuts when I arrived!

Having borrowed a canoe from one of the residents, we went down the picturesque stream, bordered on both sides by mangrove swamps. Directly in front of the mouth of the river a sand-bank compelled us to find our way out into Bakit Bay by a north channel—just deep enough for us—between an islet and the main-land.

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On emerging into Bakit Bay we were struck by the magnificent scene before us. To the west and east—the west side of the bay being a long peninsula stretching from south to north—was a luxuriant growth of magnificent trees of great height and of a rich, deep green. To the south, southeast, and southwest were high, green mountains, many over 1000 feet high, and beyond the peninsula to the west on the coast-line rose a high, pointed peak, Coast Hill, with a twin-brother south-southwest of us.

The most weirdly attractive portion of the scenery was to the northwest, the bay spreading in a general direction of southeast to northwest. As we paddled along northward there stood before us four gigantic rocks—one quite immense. They rose vertically from the water and were of a dark-gray color with patches of brilliant yellow and burnt sienna, some green vegetation forcing its way out of the interstices in the rock of the larger island. They formed a barrier—from northwest to southeast—the most northerly island being the largest. Wide channels separated the islands. One of the two central islands seen from the south was not unlike a huge cylindrical tower with a lookout house on the top. The other resembled a dome; whereas the most southerly, the least quaint of the group, was a mere unattractive rock.

As we proceeded northward, tossed about in our canoe, Pangutasian Island, which had so far been screened by the double-pointed peninsula to our west, came into full view—well padded and most curiously cut like a strongly fortified position. It was not, however, until we went beyond the barrier of rocky islands that the most extraordinary scenery was disclosed.

Lematug Island (called Lagen on maps), which we skirted next, seemed to be one-half of a partly collapsed crater, and had large caves and tunnels on the water-line and also half-way up its wall-like sides. I estimated the height of these vertical rocks at some 350 feet. On the east side, where the rock was crumbling to pieces, vertical blackened shafts and passages, which had evidently conveyed upward tons of molten matter and lava, were exposed to sight,

AMONG VOLCANIC ISLANDS

This island, like Peñon de Coron and others I had examined in the Calamianes group, and off the east coast of Palawan, showed the identical features of the latter, its origin being evidently contemporaneous. Only, in the second upheaval, this particular island was raised but three feet above its former level at high water, somewhat less than Peñon and Iguano islands.

We rowed along the east coast of these rocky cliffs, and in one little bay, where a beach had formed with a few acres of land, I was surprised to find a few cocoa-nut trees, showing that some one had lived on this inhospitable place. In fact, upon inquiry, I was told that some folks from the distant Cagayancillo (Cagayan Islands) were formerly stationed here in order to collect birds'-nests, but they have now moved over to the opposite side of the channel—less than one mile across—where life is less lonely and dreary—on the Palawan coast.

One felt mighty small and mean, and our skiff very frail under these majestic, huge, dark-green rocks of lava, blackened at the summit by the intense heat to which they had been subjected, and streaked up and down with broad lines of yellow, white, and red. The island was practically joined to the main-land by a reef with shallow water upon it, with a sandy bottom and luxuriant growth of sea-weed.

In going through this passage another weird view was before us to the northwest, the extraordinarily picturesque islands of Pinad Buyutan (Inabuyan on charts) and Malapacao. The first named was just like the dome of a church, only higher, 1130 feet high, and the lower half of the cliffs perpendicular. Malapacao was a huge, rugged cone with great indentations, cracks, and caves, and was joined to another minor cone of a similar formation by a wing of rock and by débris with some vegetation on it. A sister island to Malapacao—but turned in the opposite direction—stood in the centre of the mouth of Bakit Bay.

On rounding the high cliffs (450 feet) of Lematug Island, I found in its north part another semicircular bay, in what was evidently another large crater, and I think, judging by its shape, that rugged Malapacao Island must have formed

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the northeast wall of it. The distance across the channel between these two islands was a little over one-third of a mile.

Again I found vertical passages and funnels bored into the rock, and huge hollows which had been subjected to abnormal temperatures, the rock, normally gray, being baked into a rich yellow color all round these rents for an extent of four yards. These passages displayed deep corrugations of brilliant coloring, much blackened near the summit where the channels were in better preservation than in the lower portion. A number of minor channels were to the east of the main channel, which appeared to have an outlet at the summit of the mountain, some 450 feet above the sea. The marks of a double upheaval—one four feet above the other—were conspicuous on this coast, too, and there were two curious mushroom rocks on the north side of Malapacao.

A great lump of rock was Pinad Buyutan Island, when we got near it, stately, with its unclimbable wall and its rounded dome—which had a big slit on the east side as if a large section of it had collapsed into the sea. Some enormous boulders were still overhanging in a most dangerous fashion—why and how it would be difficult to tell. The familiar double erosion was again noticeable at the base of this island, too, but not quite in so marked a degree as on its more southern neighbors.

On the north side of Pinad were huge, blackened hollows and many channels, and to the northeast could be seen corrugated depressions shooting all the way up to the summit of the island. White stalactites hung from the roofs of caves—in one cave there was one which had assumed the shape of a man's skeleton. Then, farther, was an extensive grotto and several little ones half-way up on the northwest side of the rocky cliff. Other rocky islands with most irregular summits were noticeable to the west of the bay—such as Entalula Island, Pakluyaban Island, Minilok, an elongated island, etc.; a group of limestone islands enclosing Bakit Bay on the northwest side and leaving two principal entrances, one to the north, and one to the west.

To the east Palawan Island, with its mass of wild vegeta-

FORTIFIED CAVES

tion on undulating country and a sandy beach all along, together with occasional modest little islets off the coast, afforded a great contrast to the barrenness and wildness of the volcanic rocks scattered in the bay.

At Manlalek, in a small cove on Palawan (due east of Malapacao Island), the Spaniards had a stockade with three guns on the north side of a small stream.

Bakit Bay was nine miles long and three wide. The settlement of New Bakit, to which the population of Old Bakit had migrated, lay at the northeast head of the bay. The Bakit peak in its vicinity stood as high as 1500 feet.

We had rowed steadily for some five hours when we landed on the narrow neck of sand connecting the main-land with a big headland, on the north side of which Bakit is situated. A walk of a few minutes across this peninsula saved a long row around the cape. New Bakit was at the foot of some vertical gray rocks of immense height and with such an indented summit that they resembled a gigantic fortress wall. In fact, advantage had been taken by the natives of these natural defences for protection against former attacks of pirates and during the insurrection. A series of huge caves about 120 feet above the beach had been further strengthened with walls, and access from the larger cave to the two smaller chambers was obtained by means of steps cut in the rock, whereas access from the ground to the first cave was only practicable by means of a most unsafe bamboo ladder, which in time of danger was destroyed or pulled up. The larger hollow is said to have sheltered as many as three hundred people. It contained an altar.

The village, of no importance, except that a few native pearl fishermen and birds'-nest traders were settled there, was the most northern settlement worth noticing on the Palawan coast. The pearls found in the Malampaya and Bakit waters are, owing to the formation of the shell inside which they grow, usually oblong in shape instead of spherical.

CHAPTER XV

TIMBER AND GHOSTS—THE BEAUTIES OF THE MALAMPAYA SOUND—CROCODILES

AT midnight, a native trader having undertaken to navigate me down the Malampaya Sound, I made my departure in a small sailing boat laden with bags of birds' nests, fish, and shells—a most odoriferous cargo. There was moonlight. Coming northward, we had moved close under the lee of the coast and had escaped being well tossed by the gale which was still blowing, but in order to strike the mouth of the Malampaya Sound, which lay southwest of Bakit Bay, it was necessary to go farther out to sea westward, and to skirt Minilok and Guntao islands, and we had every prospect of getting a good blow.

Well, we did get it. Our boat was so laden with merchandise that with our extra weight she was very low down in the water—only a couple of inches above—and when we got off the lee of land we had a hard time of it. The heavy swell and current gave us a deal of trouble, and we shipped a considerable amount of water. There was some consolation in looking at the weird scenery, except when our steering-gear got out of order and we came near being dashed to pieces against the unclimbable rocks onto which we were rapidly drifting. I confess that I was rather glad when morning came—somehow or other, one generally prefers to be wrecked in the daytime, if at all—and with the sun the wind slightly abated and we made fair progress.

Southwest of Bakit Bay and separated from it by a long peninsula ending in Custodio Cape, is a small, horseshoe bay called Port Kataba. We had gone steadily for twenty-seven hours, shoving along our skiff with sail and oars,

A ROMANTIC INDIVIDUAL

struggling through against tide and currents, wind and waves, and we thought we would make for a sheltered little place called Linimacong, where some fifteen huts, a humble *nipa* church, and a bunch of cocoa-nut trees were to be found.

A romantic individual—partly French, partly Filipino—lived here, whom we roused out of bed at 3.30 A.M., and who, notwithstanding the trying hour, received us with open arms. Having been a naval man, he had fixed up his house in nautical fashion, and a ladder had to be let down by means of pulleys and ropes, like the gangway of a ship, before we were able to enter. This man, a most interesting character, was concerned with the cutting of timber, and in his spare hours was interviewed by ghosts. Ghosts are somewhat out of my line, but timber is not, and I was able to get some information from him. However, in his conversation he could not talk of one subject without dragging in the other, and his spooky stories were so weird that at sunrise, although we had not had any sleep for some forty-eight hours, and had been on the go, under trying conditions, ever since, we were still sitting up in violent argument on spiritualism.

This man, who seemed to have had a remarkable life, was most hospitable and kind. At 6 A.M. we went to rest and slept a couple of hours, were entertained to a most lavish breakfast, and, restored to some of our former vigor, departed at 9 A.M. for the Malampaya Sound, now close by.

We entered Malampaya Sound through the narrow Endeavor Channel between Buluran Island (miscalled Tulu-ran on maps) and Palawan. It is one-fifth of a mile wide at its narrowest point, the sides clothed with luxuriant vegetation, and has no less than four fathoms anywhere in the centre of the channel. The main entrance into the sound is through the Blockade Strait (between the south coast of Buluran Island and the Kapoas Peninsula), an entrance three-fifths of a mile wide, and with minimum soundings of twenty-two fathoms. A high rock and three smaller ones stood on the south side of the passage.

Malampaya Sound, one of the most magnificent anchor-

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

ages in the Philippines, stretched from northwest to southeast, and was eighteen miles long and from three to six and a half miles wide. It was divided into two sections, the northwest with five small bays all round and with over thirteen fathoms in the centre of the bay. There was good anchorage in fourteen fathoms in Pirate Bay, in the northwest portion of the sound, and also in other bays with six or seven fathoms. Even near the shore, three or four fathoms of water were generally to be found, but not so in the inner southeast bay, which was bordered by a wide and shallow reef. A group of islands, of which Passage Island, Tagbolo Island, and Durangan Island were the largest, formed the division between the inner and the outer bay. Six to nine fathoms of water, with mud bottom, were in the central portion of the inner bay. Many inlets and bays were to be found in the inner portion of the sound. The passage into the inner harbor was quite deep (over eleven fathoms).

On the east coast the sound was screened by a mountainous mass: from north to south, Anata Peak (1061 feet), Leminacon Peak (1099 feet), Strait Peak (1204 feet), Bando Peak (1043 feet), Northeast Bay Peaks (1440 feet and 1199 feet), Bay Peak (1400 feet), Saddle Peak (1386 feet), Pancol Peak (1480 feet), Omid Peak (1436 feet), Mipale Peak (1065 feet). Large and small, there were altogether some thirty-seven islands in the bay, the highest rising between 300 and 400 feet, and most of them were green with thick vegetation.

In the afternoon the wind rose considerably, and towards two o'clock a regular gale was blowing, raising quite a sea in the bay, which made itself felt by our small craft. Moreover, the tide going out caused very strong currents in the channels between the islands, and we had great difficulty in getting on at all. Our men were getting exhausted and somewhat scared, as the weather was getting very dirty. They wanted to get under shelter and land. This I would not let them do. We went through the very narrow opening between Passage Island and Passage Point—where we were close to land on either side (one-twentieth of a mile the

A SPANISH STOCKADE

width of the channel), and we then emerged into the enormous inner bay.

A number of islets dotted the bay, but the most grandiose spectacle was the view of the granitic Mount Kapoas to the southwest. This mountain mass, rising to a great height, is like the section of a cone, its irregular upper portion having several summits, the highest and most central of which is 3350 feet. Between the central peak and the east shoulder is to be found quite a high waterfall.

On the north shore of the bay, which we closely followed, we had the utmost difficulty in advancing, wind and tide being against us, especially in rounding Balauan Point. We were nearly dashed onto some rocks and capsized by the force of the waves, and had a deal of exertion and sweating to extricate ourselves.

A sudden squall unexpectedly and instantly got up a high sea, and made our continued efforts to round the point and keep afloat look puerile. We had lots of water on board. All hands were struggling at the oars and baling water out, but it took us the best part of an hour to force our way through those few yards. Nor should we ever have got through had not the wind subsided as suddenly and unexpectedly as it had arisen.

There was a nasty sea on—grayish-green waves with white caps covering the whole bay in quick succession—and every little while other short squalls of great violence gave us no end of trouble. We had to take our mast down, and for greater safety used it as an outrigger. We were now following the coast and going northeast right in the face of the wind, and therefore had a lively time. To use a nautical expression, "we had to make" a second point, not quite so difficult as the first, and after that we were fairly sheltered, and, although our progress involved hard work, we had no other further excitement.

We then came to a prominence on which the Spaniards had built another stockade where fifteen soldiers were once stationed. Pankol it was called, but it was abandoned, and the name of Pankol was given to a newer settlement, formerly called Tagpan. Innumerable white sea-birds (*agrog*, in

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the Cuyono language) were lining the shore. A stream of good water may account for the selection of this place for a military post. At New Pankol, beyond the beach, was a good bit of ground cleared of wood and under cultivation, while the settlement boasted of a *nipa* church and fifteen houses. To the east of the village was a high hill on which cocoa-nuts have lately been planted. The village was only three years old, and was established by a pearl-trader named Antonio Garcia.

After leaving this place we proceeded fairly well, and the enchanting view before our eyes made us partly forget our discomforts. I saw for a few seconds only, and for the first time in my many visits, Mount Kapoas practically free from clouds. To the south-southeast the Malampaya Sound extends among indentations in its coast-line as far as some faint blue hills far, far away.

Under the shelter of high hills to the east of us we now rowed, peacefully enough, our last three miles to the mouth of the Malampaya River. We met a canoe with some wild-looking Tagbanoua women fishing near Maipa, a farm belonging to the pearl-fisher Garcia. Two heart-shaped fish-traps with an upper platform for spearing the fish were also to be seen off the coast.

The Malampaya River forms a small bay at its mouth with three little islands; Malutone Island, Lof Stumps, and a nameless one form a screen to the west of it. This bay is very shallow—from three to four feet of water—and, with the Malampaya River, is renowned for the quantity and size of *caimans* (man-eating crocodiles). My boatmen warned me not to dangle my hands outside the boat if I wished to preserve my anatomy intact. *Caimans*, the boatman said, have an inquisitive way of occasionally peeping into boats! “Look!” said the man, in proof of his words. Sure enough, on the most northerly islet of the barrier a huge crocodile, some fourteen or fifteen feet long, was sleeping soundly on the beach. Lieutenant Boren sent a bullet into him, which woke up the brute with a start. It ran at a terrific pace towards us—not dragging its body, as most people would imagine, upon the ground, but with outstretched

A MAGNIFICENT NATURAL HARBOR

limbs supporting his entire body and tail high up in the air; then it gave a splendid leap into space and disappeared with a big splash into the water.

We entered the river at sunset, and bade good-bye to glorious Mount Kapoas against a golden sky. Night was coming on fast, and the wind was again howling fiercely, making a deafening noise among the clashing trees. At the mouth, where the river is some 200 yards wide, the remains of a stockade on a small artificial islet off the south bank can be seen. Another stockade also existed three and a half miles south of this point at Baulau to protect the most southeast portion of the sound, where it would be possible for an offensive party to make a landing. The river came from the east-southeast and got narrower and narrower as we went up it for some two miles, with all sorts of tropical plants overhanging it and forming arches.

It was getting very dark, and curious noises were constantly heard in the water. Towards nine o'clock we were able to leave the boat, make some torches with dried grass—as the moon was not up yet—and, having struck the old Spanish trail (now uncared for and much overgrown with grass), crossed the island eastward—only a distance of three miles at this narrow neck—and arrived at Taitai soon after ten o'clock, having travelled continuously seventy-eight hours, with only some six hours' rest.

Glad I was beyond measure to have seen the largest and most magnificent natural harbor in the Philippine Islands—a harbor which to my mind will some day be of great naval importance because of its geographical situation, equidistant from all the most important points in the archipelago; its exit direct into the China Sea; its immense size, comparatively free from rocks and reefs, and resources of all kinds for a naval station in the way of plentiful timber, good water, and good anchoring bottom.

CHAPTER XVI

AN INSTANCE OF FILIPINO ENDURANCE AND PLUCK—ON DUMARAN ISLAND—INFAMOUS DEED OF THE STEAMSHIP FANNY—CHOLERA AT ARACELI

AT Taitai we learned that the steamship *Balabac* had been compelled, owing to the fierce gale which was still blowing, to weigh her anchor and seek shelter under the lee of a little island ten miles off, but the captain had left word that, if possible, he would come to pick us up the next day. The next morning, in fact, we saw the little cruiser tossing about in the bay, but, evidently finding the experiment too risky, and before we had time even to signal to her, she turned her heels and steamed back to her sheltered anchorage.

I decided to go out to her in the same row-boat in which I had accomplished my journey to Pallarakin. I had promised to be back on board on that day, and be back I would. Further, I wanted to experiment on that much-debated question of Filipino pluck and faithfulness. Here was a fine opportunity to test both.

Lieutenant Boren joined me with eight of his constabulary (all Filipinos), who gayly volunteered to row us out. The experience of that day, I must confess, raised my estimate of the Filipino in no mean degree. It is all very well for certain Americans to call Filipinos this and that, but if those same Americans would first treat Filipinos fairly and then put them to even excessive tests of courage and faithfulness, they would find that behind the much-abused yellow, sallow countenance is an indomitable will and a sense of duty and fidelity that few white men possess.

Listen to this: Now, to row ten miles in a smooth sea, in a good boat with good oars, would be a considerable

FILIPINO PLUCK

exertion in itself, and if the sea was too rough for the cruiser of 250 tons to be about, all the more so was it for us, in a most unseaworthy boat, only some fourteen feet long, leaking everywhere, no two paddles of the same size, and very rickety steering-gear. There was a heavy head-sea and a head-wind—a regular hurricane—the tide coming in against us. We pulled out at 4.30 P.M. and shipped a deal of water from the very beginning. The efforts of the men seemed incapable to move us along, and we made but poor progress.

We tried to keep as much as possible under the lee of the land, where the tidal current affected us less, but on coming to a prominent point we were caught in the stream and helplessly drifted back several hundred feet. Each time we tried to round this point we had equal success, but each time afresh, without a murmur, would the men row with all their might in order not to lose ground, or, rather, water. In a last desperate effort, having spent some two hours off this cape, we at last pushed through, and up and down we rode upon the waves, which seemed a fearful height above us when we dipped in the trough of the sea, and no wave went past us without our getting some of it on board. Once or twice things looked pretty bad.

But the worst was to come when we had to round the second point forming the southeast end of Taitai Bay. From this point we had to cross over the channel between it and Ikadambanuan (or South Taitai Island). The current was so strong that, had the men not made superhuman efforts, we could have never pushed through. We took over three hours to go a couple of hundred yards. When on the crest of the waves we could see the ship's lights, but the howling wind against us made it impossible to signal, and we had no lights to burn!

It felt very cold, as we had been drenched to the marrow of our bones for some ten hours. An hour longer of our unabated struggle brought us alongside the *Balabac* and safe on board — 3.30 A.M., or exactly eleven hours' desperate steady rowing. There was endurance for you!

We got the men on board and pressed them to take some

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refreshments. Unseen by their officer, I even tried to make them accept a present; but these brave little fellows politely declined everything, modestly saying they had only done their duty. They were glad they had taken us on board, although sorry their bad rowing had caused us to be wet! After drinking some plain water—they positively would have nothing in it—they got into their boat and, having put up a sail, in a whiff disappeared.

On a further visit, some weeks later, I heard that they had safely reached their post again.

On going down the Palawan coast, some twenty-one miles from Taitai as the crow flies (but fully fifty-eight by navigation), is Araceli, quite an important settlement on the southeast coast of Dumarán Island. Dumarán is a triangular-shaped island, quite fertile and well peopled by inhabitants who have migrated there from Bisucái Island (just off Cuyo Island to the west). Next to Balabac Island at the extreme southwest, Dumarán is the largest island, directly off the coast of Palawan, being separated by Cook Channel, only about one mile wide.

As we approached, three rocky islands stood in front of Araceli, and the little town began to disclose itself along the flat, white sandy beach, literally covered with cocoa-nut palms, against a background of undulating wooded country stretching southwest. On most charts Araceli is not marked at all, nor is the coast properly charted, so that navigation in these waters was not devoid of risk. A big reef stretched across the passage between Dumarán and Kimitad Island to the east of Araceli.

Eighteen miles to the northeast by east of Araceli was Calandayan Island, with the village of Tudela upon it and a population of 400 souls. Seemingly, this island makes part of a group of three islands, but as a matter of fact, two of these are united by a reef. One is semispherical, the other conical, with a crater like a volcano.

There is quite an extensive bay west of Araceli, which the Spaniards used as an anchorage, and were it properly surveyed, it would be a fair harbor in both monsoons. There are many dangerous rocks extending far out. The inner

AN EIGHTEEN-FOOT SERPENT

harbor can be reached by small-draught boats along a tortuous channel, like the letter S. The bottom of the bay is sandy, and its depth varies slightly according to the monsoon, the southwest monsoon driving the sand up into the bay, whereas the northeast monsoon carries it all back again. A high, whitish beach has been formed in this way, and mangrove stumps can be noticed quite far out into the bay. December and January are the months when the northeast monsoon blows hardest here.

At low tide it is possible to walk on the long coral reef extending from north to south, and occupying the entire large bay, to the island off Araceli. Padre Tiburzio Fernandez, the local priest, was telling me that one day as he was walking on the beach he saw a huge serpent, some eighteen feet long, cross over from the island, and when the *padre* shot at it with his gun, the snake actually attacked him. Fortunately the second shot, at very close range, finished off the snake, much to the relief of the plucky *padre*.

Most prominent in the settlement, as usual, is the convent of gayly painted wood. The church, which collapsed in an earthquake, was formerly of stone, but has now been reconstructed, upon the ruins, of wooden planks and mats roofed with *cogon*. The church-tower, on high stilts of bamboo, stands at a dangerous angle, supporting two heavy bronze bells.

Araceli settlement boasts of one hundred houses or so—forty or fifty in the village, the others scattered about all over the hills and valleys, and each with a patch of cultivation near it. The population is estimated at 300 souls, and 2500 in the entire island of Dumarán.

Palay, or unhulled rice, is the main crop; cocoa-nuts come next; while goats and pigs and chickens are raised in quantities. The houses were walled with plaited *boho* (Tagalo word pronounced *bolo* by Cuyonos, owing to their inability to pronounce the letter *h*), and the streets were neatly fenced off with cane.

When I arrived the place was, for various reasons, in a state of demoralization. An American steamer called the *Fanny* had one day put in here and left on the beach two

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men infected with cholera. The natives, with much good-nature, nursed these fellows, with the result that within the next few days 240 people died of cholera in the village, or nearly the entire population. Much ill-feeling and a deal of distrust was the outcome of this infamous deed, and the ignorant natives naturally accused the Americans of maliciously intending to destroy the entire population, and brought the usual accusations against officials of having poisoned wells in return for the great friendliness they had shown towards the United States.

The few natives still alive were sulky when we landed. The children up to eight years of age seemed quite intelligent and bright, but for some reason or other they grow dull as they get older.

Two Spanish priests resided at Araceli when I visited the place, and they seemed hospitable and intelligent fellows. Padre Tiburzio Fernandez gave me an interesting account of the cholera epidemic—which was of a virulent character, the first symptoms being, as usual, violent vomit and diarrhoea. The eyes became sunken and black underneath, and the entire body quickly turned as black as coal. In two hours the arms and legs turned icy cold, the respiration grew difficult and hasty, and there were acute pains under the heart. In three to four hours the majority of the people attacked were dead, but those few who survived so long were eventually saved. The principal cure employed by natives was vinegar and pepper rubbed externally with great violence to restore circulation.

Fever was the only other common complaint in the island, and rheumatism occasional, whereas insanity, the *padre* exclaimed, was never to be found, for nothing was ever known to tax the brain of a Filipino!

There are a few Tagbanouas on Dumarán, but only scattered upon the mountains several miles off, and they are not easily approachable. They are good-natured, but timid. Like those we have already examined, they wear a loin-string of fibre, and the women are garbed in a kind of short skirt reaching to the knee and made from the natural textile of a fibrous plant. The hair of this particular tribe

ARACELI HOUSES

is curly and woolly, of the Australoid type. The women adorn themselves with wooden and bone bracelets, anklets, and earrings, and they ornament their hair with leaves and flowers. The men wear bracelets also.

The general architecture of Araceli houses is very similar to that of Cuyo, with floors of *caña bujo*, and *nipa* or *cogon* roofs; while in the interiors one finds the familiar *pinao* (Spanish *fogon*), the square, wooden frame with five stones in the centre to support two or three *coron* (earthenware round pots with curled brims), and a swinging *bejuco* hammock for children. A string or two of tobacco leaves hang to dry somewhere about the room, and there are numerous *bueretañgan* or cocoa-nut shells made into cups. Ingenious funnels are made of half a cocoa-nut with a bamboo channel. Various sized suspenders to store away cooking-pots, triangular or made of twisted *bejuco*, hang from the kitchen ceiling. Wooden mortars are used for pounding rice by means of three long pestles held in the centre with both hands. A typical implement is the *battea*, a round tray, three feet in diameter and three inches deep, of hard wood, on which clothes are washed, and a number of little baskets and trays of the plaited skin of *caña bujo*. Other more elaborate circular baskets of *pandan* with a cover are used for work-baskets. The usual assortment of *banit* (Cuyono language) or *petate* (Spanish) mats are made of the *buri* fibre or of *pandan*, with designs in which squares play an important part. These mats are frequently of three or four colors. The narrow cane benches all round the wall of the main room are characteristic of most Filipino houses.

A weaving-loom is often to be seen in the house, and across the ceiling a couple of *bejuco* lines on which to hang clothes, blankets, bedding, etc. The bedroom is usually separated from the main room by a plank wall some seven feet high. The fastenings of the doors and windows show great ingenuity, and are entirely made of bamboo and *bejuco*.

The Araceli people were great fishermen, and various patterns of nets were noticeable; the *tarraya*, a circular throwing-net with weights, reminding one very closely of the Italian *scandaglio*, which is used on the west coast of central

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Italy. To the long, straight nets which were placed out at sea were fastened floats of *bitoeng* (pronounced *botong* at Araceli, and usually called *estrella* by the Spaniards), a sort of large and most useful nut, for not only does it help the fisherman to find his nets again at sea, but, taken internally in small quantities, it is supposed to be a remedy for cholera.

The *bitoeng* fruit is quadrangular, and in color is of a dark rich brown ochre, getting lighter at its tapering lower end, where two split leaves formerly enclosed the flower. It has a hard, well-polished shell. The flower looks like a small egg, between two concave green leaves which enclose it when young. On opening the white leaves of the flower one finds a most beautiful set of stamens twisted up in a double curve, but over five inches long when extended—white with red-lacquer-colored anthers, and yellow seed in four sections shaped like a double grain of corn. In the centre is a larger pistil, protected at the root by a white, conical envelope.

The fruit has under its polished skin a fibrous envelope enclosing a spongy layer occupying the wider part of the fruit in lines symmetrical with its outer shape. Inside this another envelope is found, protected by strong, fibrous ribs, which hold, as in a cage, a large seed of the shape of the fruit, only in an inverted position. This seed has in its turn a fibrous shell, forming a thick tissue of brown skin enclosing some white, elastic matter in which nail or tooth can with difficulty make an incision. When squeezed it ejects some moisture of strong, caustic properties. In experimenting, I tried to split the nut open with my teeth, with the result that I burned my lips, gums, palate, and throat quite severely.

They claim that either the branches of the *bitoeng* or the fruit thrown into the sea are a deadly poison to fish. Many natives during the cholera scare were believed to have died from having partaken of an infusion of *bitoeng* as a cure for cholera, and many more would have died had the natives carried out their intention of throwing *bitoeng* nuts into the wells to counteract the poison alleged to have been thrown

DUMARAN

into the water by the Americans! Padre Tiburzio Fernandez forbade them to carry out their intention.

The leaf of the *bitoeng* is very pretty, waxlike, of shiny green, with light pink ribs of a strong fibre, and curled-up top edges—but so strong that it is difficult to tear it in a straight pull.

On the west coast of Dumarán Island, on Cook's Strait, is the *pueblo* of Dumarán of some 400 souls. A church and a stone fort are to be found there, and a considerable amount of land under cultivation, principally Indian-corn, rice, *camotes* (stringy sweet-potatoes), cotton, and tobacco.

CHAPTER XVII

THE BATACS OF PALAWAN

PALAWAN is a most peculiar island in every way, quite unlike the others of the Philippine group. Its fauna and flora are those of Borneo, and we find here the *balenton*, or scaly armadillo—long-nosed ant-eater; the *pantud*—a piglike animal which exhales noxious gases in its own defence; monkeys, wild hog, a beautiful little ferret-like squirrel, white and green parrots, and a great variety of fine colored-plumage birds, small quail, wild pigeons, a diminutive species of wild peacock, and a variety of snakes, large and small, from boa-constrictors to a small, flat-headed reptile some eight inches long, resembling a puff-adder. The waters of the rivers and sea abound in fish, crocodiles, and turtles of enormous size—while clams and oysters are plentiful. Lizards, large and small, are also abundant.

There are no very important civilized places between Araceli and Puerto Princesa. Malcampo is a mere little settlement, and so is Barbacan; two *pueblos* of 300 souls each, and each possessing a church; but Taradungan is somewhat larger, with a church and convent built of wood, and a population of 800 souls.

Between Tinitian and Taradungan is Punta Fleccia in a large, swampy bay; also Ilian, a small village of 150 people.

The west coast of Palawan seems to be on a limestone-rock base, but the east watershed shows granite, sandstone, and slate.

Tinitian—which we had some difficulty in finding, as it is not marked on charts—is quite a large settlement on a beach, southwest of two low, flat islands (North Green Island and South Green Island), just off the coast. There seems to be an extensive valley with a barrier of high mountains beyond, the striking Cleopatra Needle, 5200

ORIGIN OF THE BATACS

feet, being due west of Tinitian—visible even as far south as Puerto Princesa and farther.

In the north part of Deep Bay, southwest of Tinitian, Palawan is so narrow and low that it can be easily crossed in one hour's walk, but south of this narrow neck is another mountainous mass, including Thumb Peak, 4260 feet high; Mount Beaufort, 3680 feet; Mount Stavely, 3930 feet; and other peaks over 3000 feet above the sea-level.

At Punta Acantillada, south of Tinitian, there formerly lived a *padre*. A stone church and a large convent exist, and the Cuyono population of the district is said to number 1300 to 1500 people.

But Palawan is chiefly interesting to us for the diversity of tribes found upon it. Tinitian is the nearest landing-point to a settlement of Batacs, a tribe of some 700 people under Chief Caijetano Igao, a man of remarkable dignity, sound sense, and suave manner. His settlement lies south of the big mountain near Babuyan on the coast, his district being called Tanabang.

These Batacs are very quaint people, and how they ever came to Palawan is somewhat a mystery. Their name and many of their characteristics would suggest an original Sumatran ancestry, and it is quite possible that they may have got here by skirting the Borneo coast.

The men are short and thickly set, with marked Papuan noses, the more refined, such as the chief—who was, however, not a pure type—possessing an almost aquiline nose. The hair of pure types is usually very thick and curly, quite frizzy; the color of the skin is of a rich dark-yellowish brown, in many cases almost black—but always with a strong yellowish tinge in it—never of a bluish-black.

Their clothing—what there is of it—is quite picturesque, and consists—on grand occasions—of a triple loin-cloth of the natural fibrous bark of some palm. One of these natural fabrics is dyed yellow, the second is white, and the third brown. Primitive ornamentations in squares and angles—generally in sets of three parallel lines to each side—and dots were noticeable on these loin-cloths, which were tied so as to leave the three colored ends pendant in front.

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The Batacs I saw were not hairy on the face or chest, but had a considerable hairy growth on the legs below the knee. One or two hairs only were traceable on the upper lip and chin. The knees were extremely powerful and big, and the length of the humerus quite abnormal; whereas the spinal column was comparatively short, with the chest extraordinarily developed in proportion.

The eyes were at an opposite slant to that of the Malay eyes, the inner angle being higher than the outer. From pupil to pupil of the eyes, when staring straight in front, the distance was 0.07 centimetre—quite a considerable width in relation to the size of the skull. The great length of thumb will be noticed in the table of measurements. The webbing of fingers was considerable. Abdominal breathing was dominant. Neither the sense of sight nor hearing seemed over-developed.

They objected greatly to have a caliper flourished round the head, and after much trouble I had reluctantly to give up all hope of getting a complete series of cranium measurements. They also refused to be measured for height or span, as they fully believed this was a trick to kill them while they were in a pose which made them unable to defend themselves. They also declined to have their lips measured.

Length of spinal column	Metre. 0.67		
Circumference of chest, normal	0.81	LEG	
Armpit to armpit	0.31	Femur	0.48
Shoulder - blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0.12	Tibia	0.38
Circumference of waist, normal	0.70	Height of foot from ground to ankle	0.05
Circumference of hips	0.83	Length of foot	0.23
		Toes (maximum length)	0.05
		Circumference of ankle	0.19
		Circumference of knee	0.34
		HEAD	
ARM		Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0.18
Humerus	0.28	Nasal height	0.05
Radius	0.24	Nasal breadth (at nos- trils)	0.045
Hand	0.18	Orbital horizontal breadth	0.035
Maximum length of fin- gers	0.09	Breadth of mouth	0.05
Thumb	0.10	Length of ear	0.06
Circumference of arm (round biceps)	0.23		
Circumference of wrist	0.16		

THE CHIEF OF THE BATACS

There are several tribes of Batacs, and crosses of Batacs with other tribes, but the largest and most important is the one at Babuyan. Their chief told me that they own 900 chickens and raise some fifty piculs of *camotés* (sweet-potatoes), and 500 *cabanes* (about 10,000 bushels) of rice. They possess a language of their own, incomprehensible to the Tagbanouas or Cuyonos, and they have no homes to speak of, being of nomadic habits. They eat certain roots, but they principally live by hunting wild hog and monkeys, which they kill with their *anibon* (bow) and *pana* (arrows) made of betel-nut wood, which they call *anibung*. The blow-pipes, usually named *salbatana*, which they also use, are called *sopocan* in the Batac language.

Unlike the Tagbanouas, the Batacs claim to have never possessed a written language, but have a most ingenious conventional way of communication by sending some object which, by comparison or resemblance, suggests certain ideas to them, or has been given some conventional meaning, as an exchange of thoughts, based on practically the same principle as our language of flowers—wherein certain meanings are applied to certain blooms.

The Batac language as spoken is musical and graceful, and they speak it in a pleasing, low, soft tone of voice.

The chieftainship among Batacs is hereditary, and they call their chief a *dato*—a word evidently borrowed from the Moros. Some twenty Batac families of Silanganen, or ancient people of north Palawan, are semi-civilized, but the other tribes are quite wild.

Caijetano Igao, the chief of the Babuyan tribe, is a cross of Batac and Silanganen blood, and became chief by right of conquest inherited from his grandfather. He seemed a most interesting type of superior breeding—with a Papuan nose, very flat but so well rounded that, although squashed flat at the lower portion, it appeared aquiline in profile. The nose bridge was high. Unlike pure Batac types, he possessed an elongated face, small eyes slanting upward at the outer corners, and a forehead protruding in its upper portion. The cheek-bones were prominent and high up on the face, with a protruding brow shading small, beady,

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sunken eyes. When not speaking, the mouth was kept tightly closed, and, although the upper lip was rounded and protruding, it was not abnormally developed as with the Tagbanouas. The general appearance of the skull was slightly elongated, but otherwise the cranium was well shaped and balanced.

This man possessed small and fairly well-formed ears, but they protruded so that they looked like two wings at the side of the head. His hair was slightly wavy, but not kinky. A stray hair or two could be detected on his upper lip and chin and a few in the armpits. He possessed fine hands, with long, well-proportioned, tapering fingers, spoiled somewhat by square, stumpy nails.

His teeth were filed, by means of a stone, and what remained of them was dyed black with *day è dê* (or *daiëdën*). He seemed remarkably wiry and self-composed, and seldom indulged in a good laugh.

The special measurements of this man are interesting:

MEASUREMENTS OF BATAK CHIEF (BATAK-SILANGANEN CROSS)

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height	1.61	HEAD	
Length of spinal column	0.70	Vertical maximum length of head	0.23
Circumference of chest, normal	0.78	Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head).	0.18
Armpit to armpit	0.28	Width of forehead at temples	0.115
Shoulder - blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0.12	Height of forehead	0.08
Distance between breast-nipples	0.19	Bizygomatic breadth	0.12
ARM		Nasal height	0.06
Humerus	0.33	Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0.04
Radius	0.26	Orbital horizontal breadth	0.04
Hand	0.18	Width between eyes	0.03
Maximum length of fingers	0.10	Breadth of mouth	0.06
Thumb	0.11	Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0.02
LEG		Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0.033
Femur	0.51	Length of ear	0.05
Tibia	0.40	Jaw, maximum breadth	0.10
Height of foot from ground to ankle	0.06		
Length of foot	0.21		

11-10-11

A BATAC LEGEND

The Batacs are most peaceful people, shy and retiring. They never fight among themselves, much less with other people. Yet you very seldom see a Batac go about without his bow and arrows or his blow-gun, or both, but that is mainly because of his sporting instincts. They have a craving for honey, and they make an intoxicating liquor called *tabad*, which they drink during their rejoicings.

Hugo Venturillo, an intelligent native, former President of Puerto Princesa, who knows these people better than any one, declares—from information received from old men of the tribe—that, of the Batacs who dwell on the east coast along the streams of Babuyan, Tanatay, Tarabanan, Languan, Tinitian, Caramay, Quinaratan, and Buhayan, and on the west coast at Caruray and Tagdunan, those of the Caruray tribe on the west coast were the first-comers to Palawan, and the others are mere ramifications of that tribe.

The legend goes that two families occupied Caruray village, the chiefs of which were brothers, the elder named Aletang, the other Abucay. Aletang's family increased more rapidly than his brother's, and eventually dominated their own and neighboring tribes in all northern Palawan, which fact made Abucay jealous and unhappy. Domestic quarrels with his wife, who accused him of infidelity, eventually drove him to suicide.

He went to a lonely islet where, for want of suicidal weapons, he became perplexed how to die. A convenient harpoon being procured—the legend is vague as to how—and an obliging turtle of immense size passing by, he threw the harpoon and made it fast into its shell, taking the precaution to tie the other end of the harpoon rope to his own belt. Thus turtle and Abucay disappeared in a subaquean expedition, both finding their way into the Bay of Ulugan (on the west coast of central Palawan), where a second fisherman again harpooned the turtle. The turtle seemed so exhausted from dragging Abucay's dead body about that it offered no resistance, and what was not the astonishment of the fisherman to find two harpoon ropes attached to the animal, and greater still was his surprise, after taking in the second rope, to find at its end a headless, armless, and leg-

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less body. Aletang, his more successful and merciful brother, on hearing of this, had the remains duly buried.

The settlement of Caruray appears to have been visited by epidemics of small-pox and measles, which caused terrible ravages among the people. The uncleanly habits of the Batacs may account for the contagion spreading so rapidly. They have a great fear of disease and drive away from their tribe any sick person. In former times sick people, they say, were buried alive.

Catarrh, Venturillo—who has lived twenty years with the tribe—says, is a frequent complaint among them, but most common are *bubas* and *herpes*, skin complaints which are also prevalent among Tagbanouas.

Children are named after places where they are born, and a curious ceremony is practised when they reach the age of puberty. A boy and a girl who are in love with each other are made to lie down by each other's side, while tree bark and grass are piled upon them, the girl using her own arm as a pillow. They remain thus, absolutely motionless, for some time, no immorality being suspected, much less committed, after which they rise and give each other some present, such as a shell bracelet or glass beads.

If marriage is contemplated, the young man must pay the *bandi* or purchase price. The marriage ceremony is simple enough. The older men of the tribe being assembled, the girl gives her bridegroom three mouthfuls of rice, and he does the same to her, the godfather and godmother imitating their example. A feast may or may not take place afterwards, according to the means of the people.

Both polyandry and polygamy are practised in a mild form by the Batacs, but divorce is unknown, unfaithfulness being punished with a sound thrashing. The wife can, however, be thrown out of the house, and she can go and live with her lover, provided he pays the former husband a fine—which he has to pay anyhow, even in case he does not get the lady of his heart. Occasionally a mutual arrangement is entered into, when the second husband becomes a partner in the matrimonial advantages and actually takes up his abode with the former happy couple—but his love

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

for the lady has to be very strong to stand this, as he becomes the slave of the first husband and must do all the work. The same arrangement holds good in regard to polygamy.

Assassination is punished by a fine, or else by personal revenge, which is permissible.

In a report on the Batacs, drawn up by Hugo Venturillo and translated by Captain Eli Helmick, is an interesting account of the religious beliefs of these people. They believe in the transmigration of the soul, which on leaving the deceased body of a human being immediately enters that of an animal—generally a large lizard or iguana—or, in default, that of a shark or a mammal. They maintain that these transmigrated souls have the power to help the living when in trouble, and even to cure their infirmities, and one of the points which the Batacs have in common with the Tagbanouas, is a veneration for the bird *darait*—which they call *laguay-laguay*, in imitation of its singing.

Beyond this, they claim a rudimentary sort of worship for a deity called Paraen and his bride Benguelen, two formerly existing minor deities invoked through medicine-men or priests (*babalians*) in time of sickness. I said “formerly existing minor deities” because, according to legend, it seems that their principal god Maguimba (possibly this is a corruption of Maguinduza, the deity also of the Palawan Tagbanouas) abandoned them owing to a deception practised upon him by the Tandulanos, which roused his anger.

It appears that to test his magic powers Maguimba was invoked by these practical jokers, who had wrapped a live shark in a mat and asked him to restore one of their dead to life. Maguimba, who often appeared among them in human guise, inquired where was the dead man, and the Tandulanos triumphantly pointed to the bundle of matting. The unsuspecting deity thereupon proceeded with his spells, and on opening the quivering mat discovered the “dead man” to be a “live shark.” With threats of never again answering their calls in case of need or sickness, and with hearty wishes that evils of all kinds should in the future be showered upon all the tribes of Palawan, the god vanished.

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A mysterious lizard, the legend says (a most common little lizard in these islands, resembling a chameleon, let me tell you), thereupon entered on the scene and spoke thus: "*Celi, celi, manli*," its favorite squeal, which, however, was interpreted on that occasion as meaning: "Your sons will live, you will die."

From that day the natives will not kill "lizards of changing color," or, in fact, any other lizard, and if by chance one of these chameleons, who often drop from ceilings, should happen to fall on a man's right arm, the entire family is doomed to die, whereas if it falls on the left arm, only some relative may perish.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE APURAHUANO TRIBE AND THEIR CUSTOMS—THE SAVAGE QUENEY—BALABAC ISLAND AND ITS INHABITANTS

PUERTA PRINCESA, or Port Royalist, formerly a Spanish penal colony, is undoubtedly the best anchorage on the east coast of Palawan, and is well protected from both monsoons. The bay forms an elbow, the general direction of which is from southeast to northwest. A high, mountainous mass stands in a crescent to the west, and to the east a peninsula, on which the town is located, protects the bay. The entrance into the harbor is picturesque, but heavy swells may be experienced previous to getting under shelter. Both the north and south spits, one mile apart on either side of the entrance, have broad coral reefs extending far out.

The bottom of the bay can be divided into four terraces, the deeper and most westerly at the entrance gradually decreasing from thirty-seven to twenty-one fathoms; the next, at the elbow of the bay, varies from twenty to eleven fathoms; the third, from ten to four fathoms; and the most eastern, from three fathoms dwindles to one-fourth of a fathom.

There is a great similarity in the general appearance of all Spanish stations, but perhaps Puerta Princesa wins a prominent place in our heart, being located higher than most of them on a promontory, and from the very first attractive, as it gradually discloses itself upon the hill-side. The impressive background of high, thickly wooded mountains, Thumb Peak (4260 feet) to the northwest, and its neighbor, Mount Beaufort (3680 feet), add great charm to the scenery.

There is a pier at this place, alongside of which steamers can go, and also a light-house on Tide Pole Point, low down

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near the water, and only visible a short distance to the south-east. There are a number of buildings with corrugated iron roofs, a large, covered market-place with a central square and public well, and plaited-bamboo-walled shops all round, in the north part of the city; a large wooden church in the shape of a cross, with three altars, presented in 1881 to the town by Don Felipe Canga-Arguelles, Captain of Frigate; and in front of the church a large reservoir and distilling plant (the water of Puerta Princesa is not good) and store-houses.

The convent and hospital are on the south side of the church, whereas the large barracks, quartermaster's and commissary storehouses are located near the landing-place. So is the former Governor's house in the northwest part of the city. But the place, like most others, shows unfortunate signs of destruction. Nearly the entire eastern portion of the city was destroyed by fire, and only the grand names remain of such streets as Magellanes Street, the longest artery leading to the graveyard, with Legaspi, Santiago, Concepcion, and Luna streets parallel to it, intersected at right angles by Lawton, Rizal, and Taft streets.

Extensive cocoa-nut groves to the south of the city spread down to the water's edge. The population, some three or four hundred people, is a mixture of Tagalos, Cuyonos, and Visayans. Formerly, many folks from Borneo resided here, and a brisk trade with Saindakan (British North Borneo) was carried on. Now all has been stopped, owing to the protection laws that are enforced, and the natives suffer a good deal in consequence. *Palay*, *maize*, and *camotes*, for local consumption, are the extent of agricultural enterprise of Puerta Princesa people.

Across the bay, two miles east of Puerta Princesa and three miles farther up on the Ihuahig River, is the settlement of Tagbibí, peopled by Apurahuanos—people who resemble very closely the Tagbanouas of north Palawan, with, however, certain local peculiarities. They are called Apurahano according to the written alphabet which they possess.

I went up the Ihuahig River in a small boat with Hugo

ON THE IHUAHIG RIVER

Venturillo, former President of Puerta Princesa, who knew these people intimately. He told me that there were in the municipality some 1000 Tagbanouas, mainly on the China Sea coast, the island being narrow at this point—some nine miles as the crow flies.

A small island at the mouth of the Ihuahig River forms two passages, the larger of which we followed, and having rowed and sailed up for three miles, we landed. Through a forest of beautiful trees, including fine ebony trees of great size, we reached a settlement, a much finer place than any Tagbanoua dwellings I had seen in north Palawan. The huts were quite primitively elaborate, supported on crossed piles of *potian* wood, six feet high, with rafters and floors and supports of walls of *caña bujo*. The house consisted usually of a spacious veranda with a grated floor, access to which was given by an outside ladder, and three feet or so above the level of this balcony was a sort of sitting-room, with one side unwallled, the other three screened by a *nipa* mat or two fastened to the horizontal bars. A raised section of cane, like a double bed, occupied one side of the hut, while under the structure a store-room of *nipa* was to be seen, where roots and food were preserved.

These were the better houses. They were never built very strong, lest the owner should become attached to his house, and consequently lose his racial, nomadic habits. It was seldom that more than two or three houses were found together. They were generally scattered about, one here, one there, a good distance from one another. When any one died, the house was abandoned there and then.

Drinking-vessels and vessels for carrying water were made of bamboo joints.

The natives were somewhat frightened when we appeared, the ladies, as usual, trembling visibly with fear. One damsel, on being requested to stand for her photograph, actually fainted—quite unlike women of most countries!

Venturillo claims that these people formerly came from Aburlan, which fertile place they abandoned owing to raids for slaves made upon them by the fierce Mindanao Moros. In 1872, when the Spanish penal colony was established

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at Puerta Princesa, they were said to have numbered 150 souls, but in 1900 a small-pox epidemic wrought great havoc among them.

The arms used by the Tagbanouas of central Palawan are various and not always typical nor manufactured by themselves. Moro *kris* and *barong* can be seen worn by them, but the *supucan* or blow-gun of fine bamboo, three joints long (about five or six feet), with a bundle of poisoned darts (about eleven inches in length), is their favorite and most characteristic weapon. The points of the darts are dipped into a poison derived from resinous plants, and its effects are so instantaneous that a wounded man, if not attended to at once, collapses and dies in a few minutes. Lemon-juice, they say, is the infallible antidote, if applied immediately, and the natives abstain from eating lemons often, for they believe—rightly, I think—that the lemon juice loses much of its power as a remedy if the system is already saturated with its acid. Sucking of the wound, as is done previously to applying the lemon, may also account in no small measure for the recovery of the wounded. The Tagbanouas use other poisons, for which no antidote is known, but they are loath to explain what they are. The Ihuahig Tagbanouas do not use bow and arrows, but occasionally carry a spear. There is no commerce worth mentioning between these retiring savages and the Filipinos, but, under pressure, they collect and occasionally barter or sell beeswax, resin, and rattan. They are fond of hunting wild hog and killing birds and monkeys. In character they are unreliable, or, rather, irresponsible for their actions, but hardworking when compelled, slippery if they have a chance, superstitious and guided in their actions, like the Tagbanouas of Coron, by the song of birds, or, like the Batacs, by the cry of lizards. They exhibit certain marks of reverence for certain phases of the moon—especially when planting rice or collecting beeswax; and, Venturillo tells me, when the rice crop is ripe they begin cutting when the sea is at high tide, for, according to their mode of thinking, this insures a plentiful crop.

Now, with all this, you may rightly accuse these folks

“APURAHUANO” TAGBANOUAS

of being ignorant, but they possess many good traits. They are fast and affectionate friends, when they are your friends; patient, generous beyond words with what little they possess, and even trustful in strangers, although they have often suffered for their misplaced confidence. The Mahomedans, ingratiating themselves with these poor people, were entertained by them, and rewarded them by seizing their women and children as slaves. Their Christian neighbors frequently take advantage of them in other ways.

Venturillo states that there are seven principal settlements of these “Apurahuano” Tagbanouas—viz., Ihuahig, Inagahuan, Irahuan, Mailigan, upper Napsahan, Apurahuan, and Aburlan, most of which are located on the banks of a stream. All these tribes speak the same language, except those of lower Aburlan. They maintain continual friendly relations, and are bound in honor to help one another when in trouble.

Like the Batacs, the Apurahuano are great collectors and eaters of honey. They preserve it in jars, after it has undergone a rudimentary cooking process to remove the acid part, so that it may keep unspoiled. It is also preserved by adding some salt to it which, they say, does not alter the taste of honey—to the Tagbanoua palate at least. Honey eaten with meat has great strengthening qualities.

The Tagbanouas are polygamists, but, unlike the Batacs, never practise polyandry. They are extremely moral in their marital relations and, I think, faithful and affectionate. The women have been accused of immorality because they do not wear skirts and bodices and frills and feathered hats; also because they are somewhat primitive and natural in their speech and manner; but I think the accusation is quite undeserved. I believe the Tagbanoua women to be as moral as any one else. When there are more wives than one in the household, the first is “the ruling” element in the *ménage*, and the husband adopts a smooth-working plan of cohabiting with each wife separately for a few days at a time. The other females who belong to him are in no way to interfere with his happiness during that time—a golden rule strictly observed.

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A marriage ceremony of such folks is bound to be quaint. Naturally, all the relations of both bride and groom assemble, and some revered old man is called upon to declaim certain exorcisms to Diwata Maguindusa and Dumaneg-Daniguin, the God of Heaven and the God of Earth. Protection of the couple and good fortune are implored; then the first finger of the bridegroom is painted with cocoa-nut oil, by means of a split bamboo brush, the palm of the hand being kept down. Then up goes the hand the other way round, palm up, the old man invoking good luck for the bridegroom. The same is repeated with the bride, and married couple and guests squat down to a lavish repast of chicken, wild hog, honey, roots, sugar-cane, rice, and they drink, by means of straws, or, rather, fine bamboo tubes, *tabad* or *pangase*—a liquor of rice fermented with yeast. Four people drink simultaneously, four straws being provided in each cocoa-nut cup.

Much *bonhomie* is displayed at these functions, social distinctions being unknown. A dance follows—the *tarec*, consisting of a woman surrounded by twenty men who circle round, leaping high and wildly in the air and clapping their hands. Women take it in turns to occupy the centre of the ring. The *calipandang*, Venturillo told me, is a more refined dance, lightly stepped by a man and a woman; and the *guemba-guemba* is a dance for women only, each woman waving a kerchief in each hand. *Quendan* is a masculine performance of great rapidity of motion—so quick that it is impossible to see, much less describe, what movements take place.

These particular Tagbanouas have adopted instruments from the Moros, such as the *agung* and the *babandil*, large and small gongs, and also a drum which they call a *guimbal*.

They have some fairly melodious songs—resembling closely those of the Calamians—and called “Dagoy,” “Sud-sud,” and “Damupan”; whereas the “Culi-guet” is a rowdy musical entertainment, concluding with an accompaniment of fists and clubs upon one another’s skulls.

The laws of the Tagbanouas are rudimentary. Assassination and adultery give the offended party or relations the right to kill the offender there and then, or, if preferred, the

A COPIED PARADISE

case is laid before the council of old men. The fine—usually a heavy one—is levied upon goods in the possession of the criminal. Theft is much looked down upon by the Tagbanouas; the restitution of the stolen property is enforced, and on a third offence the thief may be put to death.

The funeral ceremonies of these particular Tagbanouas vary little from those of the Calamians. The dead are usually buried in a grave, except the *babalian*, or wise men, whose bodies are placed after death in a specially built hut surrounded by a massive fence. In the case of well-to-do citizens, the friends and relations remain to feast around the body until the stench of decomposition is well advanced and burial is necessitated.

The present religion of the Tagbanouas has developed, I think, to a great extent from contact with Mohammedans and Christians—they believe in two deities or *Diwata*, one dwelling above in heaven, the other, a delegate of the first, below in the *basad*, a place not full of flames and excessive heat like our hell, but full of thorns and in complete darkness. Much mockery on the part of assistant deities has to be undergone by the souls of the dead in these lower regions, but, notwithstanding all this, the demands of applicants are readily granted, and, except criminals, most seem to find their way to a sort of paradise where lost relations and friends are again encountered—for, unlike the Batacs, they do not believe in the transmigration of the soul—in fine houses with gardens, plentiful fruit, fish, meat, and beautiful women; a paradise which has, I think, been suggested and adopted in a somewhat humbler form, by contact with Mohammedan tribes.

The *babalian* (not *babailanes*, as some call them) are merely implorers of divine mercy in case of calamity, and can be of either sex. They answer the double purpose of “medicine-men” and priests, and being usually men or women of recognized ability they are presumed to be direct instruments of the deities. They perform certain exorcisms, such as the “chicken process,” for restoring the sick to health—when a fowl with a ring round its neck is offered (but not sacrificed) as a gift to *Diwata*, so that he may discharge his

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further wrath, if any, on the bird, and release the patient from whatever aches he may suffer. Disease, they believe, is merely the anger of *Diwata* showered upon individuals. Patients are kept in confinement by the *babalian*, who place sun-dried palm-leaves near them to keep friends away. The powers of the *babalian* are not considered infallible. Naturally, the *babalian* becomes a sort of adviser and prophet of the tribe, but the Tagbanouas are so superstitious that even the song of birds or of a lizard, or the yawn of a person, are taken as evil omens.

In the Appendix will be found a short Glossary of Tagbanoua words in common use. Of the written language I have already spoken. The close resemblance to Magindanao, Cuyono, and Sulu can be noticed at a glance. The numerals are borrowed, with slight inflections, from the Sulu language. The particular *ya*, which is so often heard in the spoken Tagbanoua, corresponds to the article "the," and is always a prefix. There are no words beginning with the letters *h*, *v*, *x*, *y* (except *ya*), and *z*.

There are in Apurahuano sixteen letters, of which the three first given in the adjoining table are vowels, the second being given three sounds—*e*, *o*, *i*, according to circumstances.

𐄌	𐄍	𐄎	𐄏	○	×	𐄐	𐄑
<i>a</i>	<i>e—i</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>da</i>	<i>ba</i>	<i>ca (ka)</i>	<i>la</i>	<i>ma</i>

𐄒	𐄓	𐄔	𐄕	𐄖	𐄗	𐄘	𐄙
<i>na</i>	<i>ga</i>	<i>ta</i>	<i>pa</i>	<i>ya</i>	<i>sa</i>	<i>n̄ga</i>	<i>ua</i>

Examples of consonants affected by additional angle above or below—

𐄚	𐄛	𐄜	𐄝	𐄞	𐄟	𐄠
<i>bi</i>	<i>di</i>	<i>mi</i>	<i>bo</i>	<i>do</i>	<i>mo</i>	

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

The last consonant may also be considered as a semi-vowel or a double vowel, and is not varied in any way by the additional angle \rangle , or comma, as other consonants are. The characters are read as shown in the table, and have a double sound when no comma is placed above. With an \rangle angular sign thus placed above each letter they become followed by the vowels *e* or *i*; if the \rangle angle is written under, then the word ends in *o* or *u*. This angular sign is placed at the extreme right of the letter, either above or below it. In the way of punctuation, a vertical line separates a word from another. A certain amount of confusion arises in the attempt to express in Tagbanoua characters words which are not purely Tagbanoua, owing to the lack of signs to represent the following letters: *f, h, j, ñ, g, r, v, w, y, z*.

The Apurahuano women wear brass bracelets and anklets, but the men only bracelets. Instead of earrings, some of the ladies I saw had inserted little bundles of tobacco-leaf in the large lobe-holes of their ears. The ears are perforated with a pointed palm-leaf when girls are seven or eight years of age. Earrings of beads, necklaces of numerous strings, and head decorations are much admired when obtainable; but, as can be seen by the illustrations, the clothing and ornaments of these people were not superabundant.

They have skins of a dark brown, almost black color, with abundance of moles, strongly Papuan features and flattened noses; very protruding upper lips, although both lips are well shaped and not too large; ears well formed and generally with undetached lobes; shoulders well rounded and padded with muscle, and legs of extraordinary muscular chiselling, but not abnormally developed. The inner part of the knee seemed slightly enlarged in proportion to the remainder of the leg, both in males and females, and all walked with toes turned well in. Their toes were frequently much distorted, as is the case with other Tagbanouas we have examined. Their hands were much wrinkled—in young people, too—and they displayed malformed thumbs and fingers considerably distorted from the normal position.

The women were gracefully enough formed when not too fat; in that case the breasts, which were otherwise quite

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firm and statuesque, became pendent. But the arms and legs were well rounded. The terrible (*herpes*) skin eruptions, from which most of the natives suffered, often interfered with their complexion, as in the case of a fat lady whose skin was disfigured all over by patches of dark brown and white. Most people were hairless, except on the scalp, where they possessed a fairly luxuriant growth of wavy, long, black hair (about fifty centimetres long). These ladies possessed somewhat stumpy and flat, but quite nice, feet, which they swung strictly parallel to each other while walking. The eyes were straight and dark brown in color, with bluish-gray instead of white balls. The prominent lips, in many cases, had the appearance of being bunched up and were always tightly closed. Neither the sight nor the hearing of these ladies was very acute, the ticking of the watch being heard by them no farther than four feet. Men could detect it some six feet off. The sight also, on being tested, became confused and inaccurate at an average of thirty feet away.

After they got over their first fright, these natives took much interest in being measured all over, and they firmly believed it was done in admiration of their great beauty. One lady, having undergone measurement, I noticed, suddenly became quite sulky. Having inquired the reason, she remarked that I had measured her friend's forearm and not hers. In comparing the measurements in my note-book I found the omission had inadvertently occurred, and as a reward for her keen power of observation she was instantly restored to her former happiness by having the measurement taken and a looking-glass given to her as a present.

Both men and women file their upper teeth—they grind them with a stone and dye them black with *apag*, which dyeing process, they say, takes about an hour. Both processes are endured for beauty's sake, and they believe that after the torture of undergoing the first operation it preserves—what little there is to preserve—the teeth. Men only file both upper and lower front teeth.

The men seem to have hair more curly than the women, possibly because they wore it shorter, and they displayed a



TAGBANUA WOMEN, SOUTH
PALAWAN



CAPE MELVILLE LIGHT-HOUSE,
BALABAC ISLAND



BALABAC MOROS
(Village one half mile from Melville Light house)

THE WILD QUENEY TRIBE

few slight hairs on the upper lip and chin. The curly headed men possessed a little hair in the armpits.

As can be seen from the photographs annexed, the supra-orbital bosses, both glabella and brow-ridges, were extraordinarily developed, and the forehead in its upper portion projected beyond its lower portion, although it had a flat-tish appearance. The upper lid was entirely overlapped by the brow-ridges.

The pulse beat regularly, but very slowly (fifty-four pulsations a minute), and so faintly that it could hardly be felt, even in persons who were very vigorous looking and (barring the *herpes*) quite healthy.

When standing at ease they always kept their legs slightly separated. They were most graceful walkers, as light as a feather on their feet, their soles resting at each step quite flat on the ground.

Whereas in north Palawan we find some Batacs, in southern Palawan we find none but Tagbanouas, except at Ipolote, in the bay of St. Antonio (south of Marangas), where a very wild tribe of people called Queney is to be found. The Moros call them Bono-bono.¹ They are believed to be a cross-breed of Tagbanouas and Batacs. They are cruel, extremely savage, and will have no dealings with any one. Only a few Tagbanouas well known to the tribe have occasional intercourse with them. The Queneys are clothed like the Batacs, and use a blow-pipe, bow and arrows, spears closely resembling Batac weapons, and also a *badang*, a large knife of Moro importation. Lada is the name of one of their villages, and Pula is their chief.

Alfonso XIII., a former Spanish military port in Malanut Bay (west coast of Palawan), is a place of no great importance except strategically, and, except this, no good anchorages are found in southern Palawan either on the east or west coasts. But mention should be made of Balabac Islands, the most westerly of the archipelago, and separated by the north Balabac Strait (nineteen to sixty fathoms deep) from Palawan, and by the Balabac

¹ Spanish word applied to Mohammedan tribes.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Strait, thirty-four statute miles across from Borneo. Through this channel passes the boundary-line between the northeast possessions and British Borneo. The Mussulman inhabitants of southern Palawan and Balabac call themselves Islam (after their religion), and they pay allegiance to the Sultan of Sulu. Their looks show plainly the infusion of Tagbanoua blood, owing to intermarriage with slaves, and some of them, like the woman represented in the illustration, possess strongly Papuan characteristics.

Balabac is principally known for its dwarf mouse-deer, no taller than one foot, called *pelandoc*, and for its Melville light-house of the first class on its most southern point. This light is supposed to show one white flash every twenty seconds, and is a handsome, six-sided, tapering stone tower, the top of which, standing, as it does, on high ground, is 297 feet above the sea-level. It is visible for a radius of twenty-eight miles.

Balabac has great reefs on its west side, but on the east coast there is a fair anchorage in Kalandorang Bay, where Balabac town and military station formerly stood, with a fort, warehouses, pier, barracks, and handsome government houses. Mount Balabac, 1690 feet high, rises to the south of the bay.

There were some ten Moro settlements on Balabac, and the friars estimated the population in 1897 at some 2000 souls, of whom only some 400 were Christians; but now the Christians have almost altogether deserted the island, and many of the Moros have also returned to the Sulu Archipelago.

Balabac, like Palawan, possesses excellent gums, resins, fibres, and precious woods. Deposits of good coal have been found, and also mercury.

East and southeast of Balabac Islands, in a line north to south, extending from the most southerly point of Palawan to Banguay Islands (off Borneo), are dangerous reefs and shoals, such as Simanahan Reef, Great Danger Bank, Mangsi Danger Bank, Mangsi Great Reef, and a number of smaller ones, on which as little as one and two fathoms are registered. There are deep channels between

DEEP CHANNELS

these reefs, the Nasubatta Channel, of great depth (eighty-eight to 134 fathoms), the Lumbukan and the Middle channels, with not less than twenty-three fathoms, and the Main Channel, the most southern, with thirteen fathoms and over.

	Tagbanoua (Central Palawan)	Aporahuanos	
	Men	Men	Women
	Metre	Metre	Metre
Standing height.....	—	1.597	1.466
Span.....	1.590	1.660	1.475
Length of spinal column.....	0.670	0.633	0.560
Circumference of chest (inflated).....	0.750		
" " (normal)	0.670		
Armpit to armpit.....	0.310	0.327	0.290
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge).....	0.120	0.138	0.130
Length of scapula.....			
Circumference of waist (abdomen normal).....	0.750		
From base of neck to nipple of breast.....	—	0.175	0.187
ARM			
Humerus.....	0.310	0.317	0.263
Radius.....	0.240	0.267	0.233
Hand.....	0.190	0.180	0.166
Maximum length of fingers.....	0.100	0.099	0.096
Thumb.....	0.100	0.107	0.100
Circumference of arm (round bicep).....	0.210		
" " wrist	0.170		
LEG			
Femur.....	0.530	0.497	0.487
Tibia.....	0.480	0.410	0.400
Height of foot from ground to ankle.....	0.080	0.070	0.060
Length of foot.....	0.230	0.251	0.218
Toes (maximum length).....	0.040		
Circumference of ankle.....	0.180		
HEAD			
Vertical maximum length of head.....	0.230	0.220	0.197
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head).....	0.190	0.183	0.173
Circumference of cranium.....	0.530		
Width of forehead at temples.....	0.110	0.115	0.106
Height of forehead.....	0.117	0.071	0.055
Bizygomatic breadth.....	0.120	0.128	0.117
Bigonial breadth.....	0.115	0.108	0.105
Nasal height.....	0.050	0.049	0.045
Nasal breadth (at nostrils).....	0.040	0.042	0.039
Orbital horizontal breadth.....	0.030	0.032	0.032
Distance between the eyes.....	—	0.031	0.035
Breadth of mouth.....	0.050	0.053	0.049
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose).....	0.025	0.020	0.019
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin).....	0.045	0.042	0.041
Length of ear.....	0.060	0.061	0.051

CHAPTER XIX

THE CAGAYANES GROUP AND CAGAYAN DE SULU

WE will now visit the Cagayanes group in the centre of the Mindoro Sea—not to be confounded with Cagayan de Sulu. I visited this group twice, and both times had very dirty weather in the crossing. The currents were so strong in the centre of the Mindoro Sea that, one night, in a terrible gale, we drifted some fifty miles out of our course. On approaching this group great caution has to be practised, for the islands have never been properly charted, and reefs are numerous and treacherous. Besides, many of the islands are so low that in a dark night they cannot be distinguished above the water. Having been much delayed, and fancying that we saw a light on what we believed to be Kalusa Island, we cruised about the whole night in order to wait for daylight to approach Cagayan-cillo.

Kalusa, the most westerly of the group, is a mere flat, low sand stretch with a growth of cocoa-nuts along the beach. The sea is enormously deep in the neighborhood of these islands, as much as 1000 fathoms to the southeast, and 2030 fathoms northeast of Cagayan and east of Sultana Bank.

Cagayan Island, of coral and volcanic rock formation, is the largest and only important one of the group, and with its northerly reef forms two inverted curves, fifteen miles in length from end to end in a straight line.

Ships had not called at this island for a great many years, and we had some difficulty at first in finding the town. There was a very heavy swell on, and when we made our way towards what we believed to be the settlement we

A DANGEROUS HARBOR

were tossed about considerably. It was a terrible pull of some hours before we reached the shore, and when we did, the entire population had sought refuge inside the fort. It took some time before we could induce anybody to come out. We were able to send a pilot out to the ship so that she could find shelter in the smoother water of the eastern bay, but at best this harbor is most dangerous, huge rocks being plentifully scattered amid a white sand bottom, and rising almost up to the surface—some, indeed, above it.

Cagayan is a flat island, the highest point (285 feet) being at its southwest, and with an extension of semi-barren, low hills, some 150 feet high, eastward. The wide beach of white sand on the south of the island is lined with groves of cocoa-nuts.

At the southwest point of the island is a remarkable coral reef, which formerly extended four miles out. Portions of it, the natives say, have of late years collapsed and sunk, but nasty green patches of treacherous water can be seen spreading a long distance from the shore. Where this reef is, the charts show 415 fathoms of water, which is the correct sounding directly you get off the reef.

A Spanish frigate, on attempting to round this island several years ago, ran aground on this west reef. During the night, before she could be got off, the portion of the reef on which she was fast, collapsed, and the ship, with all hands on board, disappeared in 415 fathoms of water. A freight steamer was wrecked in a similar fashion on the east coast, where reefs spread out for some five miles. The Spanish war-vessel *Reina Augustina* was lost in the north part of Cagayan. So the record of the only ships which had called here before us was not encouraging.

Both southern bays, separated by a point of land on which the fort is situated, are strewn with innumerable little islands and rocks of most peculiar shapes owing to erosion from the waves and tide. Some formed regular arches, others resembled magnified mushrooms.

The natives, severed as they are for months at a time from the remainder of the world, are enterprising and grow

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

wheat, Indian-corn, and some hill-rice, enough to support the population—mainly Visayan and speaking a dialect of the Visayan language. The little town itself is of the purely Filipino type, the houses on posts of hard wood instead of bamboo, and some of the better dwellings are handsomely panelled. The streets, except the main street, were strewn with volcanic boulders, and were somewhat irregular; but the church, with its fluted wooden pillars, its solid coral stone walls, and its huge sea-shells for holy water, was quite remarkable in comparison with most other buildings. The school and the now abandoned two-storied convent were spacious and solidly built of stone and mortar, and the latter's façade was effectively decorated with huge shells, each over four feet in diameter. The ancient and barbarous wooden stocks for a number of prisoners were noticeable in the large tribunal. The fort was irregularly constructed, advantage having been taken of a natural rock, and had no particular beauty or interest, but it possibly answered the purpose for which it was built—to resist attacks of piratical Moros. Along the beach, and under the houses, boats were to be seen, with primitive wooden anchors, weighted with rocks, and plaited *nipa* sails.

There can be little cause to grumble about the climate of Cagayancillo, where the inhabitants seem to live to a great age—possibly because of lack of communication with the outer world. No telegraph, no post, no ships, no newspapers! There is absolutely nothing left to kill them.

The old lady whose photograph is reproduced in the illustration was, according to church records, 124 years of age—and she looked it. A neighbor of hers had just died who was 126! The one whom I portrayed seemed quite upset at the loss of her friend, and feared her turn would come next! Her legs were paralyzed, but she seemed in excellent spirits and in the full enjoyment of her senses.

I was struck at this place by the two distinct types of natives one met. One was a marked Malay type; the other had strong negroid features. In the men noticeably prominent cheek-bones with hollow cheeks, well-developed lips firmly set and drooping at the ends; and heavy, thickly set



A WOMAN 124 YEARS OLD (CAGAYANES ISLANDS)



THE FORT AND BAY AT CAGAYANCILLO
(Cagayanes Islands)

1400

MALAY AND NEGROID TYPES

necks may be seen. The ears are remarkably small and well formed, but slightly protruding forward. The lobes are undetached, in the Malay type, and both the length and breadth of the ear are smaller than in the negroid. They possess the stolid facial expression of Malays, and steadier eyes than either the Cuyonos, the Visayans, or Tagalos.

But the two types into which the population can be divided differ mostly in this: one has eyes wide apart, an expanded flat nose, a small bunched-up mouth with heavy lips, a smooth complexion of rich yellowish brown, arched eyebrows high up on the brow-ridges, and typical Malay eyelids. The second type has a blackish complexion, eyes fiery and always shifty instead of soft and steady, placed quite close to a better modelled nose, and a frowning bossy brow. In the first type the eyes are elongated, slanting, and *à fleur de tête*; in the second they are straight, widely open, with heavy, long eyelashes. Both types have a thick growth of hair, jet black, straight, and wiry.

The skull is fairly well formed and spacious in its back part, but square and flattish on the top of the head. In the Cagayan-Malay type the forehead is smooth, serene looking, wide, flattish, and fairly high; whereas in the other type it is low, slanting backward, much wrinkled, with a frowning appearance caused by excessively developed bosses on the lower portion of the forehead, and with heavy eyebrows forming an obtuse angle in the centre, instead of graceful curves as in the first type.

In the Cagayan-Malay type the hands are infinitely more supple and refined than in the Cagayan-Negroid, the fingers long and tapering and the thumb somewhat square-topped, with beautifully shaped rectangular nails. In the negroid type the hands, as well as the feet, are short and stumpy, but well rounded and coarsely powerful, with only three deep main lines in the palm and no ramifications.

Here is a comparative table of the average measurements of Cagayan-Malay and Cagayan-Negroid types, taken from a number of most characteristic specimens:

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	Cagayan- Malay. Metre.	Cagayan- Negroid. Metre.
Vertical maximum length of head	0.217	0.225
Horizontal maximum length of cranium from forehead to back of head	0.180	0.182
Width of forehead	0.121	0.111
Bizygomatic breadth	0.158	0.139
Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0.041	0.046
Breadth of mouth	0.055	0.053
Length of ear	0.055	0.060
Width of ear	0.027	0.031

Northeast of Cagayan are the dangerous Sultana and Nicholson banks which extend from north to south for some sixteen miles. Then twenty-seven miles to the southwest of Cagayan is Kavilli Islet and a sandy spit next to it, and, some seventy or eighty miles off, the uncertain Jessie Beazley Reef, which shows four feet above water. South of this is Tub Bataha, a rock twenty feet high at the northern end and about seven feet high at the southwest end, joined by a neck of sand only two feet above high water. Other rocks, Temerario, and other reefs are scattered on the southwest portion of the Sulu Sea, and in latitude 7° north and longitude $118^{\circ} 30'$ east is the attractive Cagayan de Sulu Island, with its three pointed peaks, Mount Leban the highest, 1105 feet.

It possesses a delightful climate and a fertile soil, on which yams, sweet-potatoes, and tapioca are grown. The vegetation is luxuriant, with great richness of ferns and epiphytes. On the south side of the island are one semi-fresh and one fresh-water lake, evidently filling extinct circular craters; also a third and smaller one. The western lake is entered by a narrow gap, across which is a coral reef with shallow water. This lake, about half a mile in diameter, is encircled by vertical sandstone cliffs over 200 feet high, with luxuriant vegetation upon their summit. The second lake is separated from the first by a sandstone wall, and its level is said to be about fifty feet higher than the first. Birds of beautiful plumage are plentiful, although a great variety of species does not exist—the *calorius panayensis*, a starling with brilliant vermilion, metallic green, and violet feathers, being possibly the handsomest. Blue and white kingfishers, lorikeets, wild pigeons, and sun-birds are also numerous.

CHAPTER XX

THE SAMALES GROUP—THE FANATICAL PEOPLE OF SULU— THE SULTAN AND THE AMERICAN GENERAL

AFTER leaving the province of Paragua—of which all the islands already described make part—the *Balabac* brought me to Ilo-Ilo, where another coast-guard cruiser, named the *Tablas*, called in order to pick me up. She was bound on a long and special cruise of research in the Sulu, Tapul, and Tawi-Tawi archipelagoes, Pearl Bank, and the Pangutarang group, and was in charge of Dr. Barrows, chief of the Bureau of non-Christian tribes—to whom I am greatly indebted for the invitation and privilege of taking such an extended and interesting journey among the fanatical Mohammedan islanders and seafarers. Many of the islands at which we were to touch had never been visited by a foreign ship.

From Ilo-Ilo we proceeded to Zamboanga (on Mindanao), and at 5 A.M. on March 11th left for Jolo, the chief city on the island of Sulu. At nine o'clock we passed between the islands of Baluk-Baluk and Pilas, the first a most peculiar islet with a rounded hill on the north point and a long stretch of flat land with luxuriant vegetation. To the south lies a flat little island, and behind it yet another.

Pilas, which is about four times the size of Baluk, has two peaks, 918 feet and 522 feet high, on its north portion. Westward are several reefs and low islands such as the Puju Bank, Salon Island, quite flat, and Manangal, a triangular island with four rounded hills, respectively 321 feet, 338 feet, 407 feet, and 325 feet high—while to the east is rocky Tagutu with a sand-beach on its southern portion.

When to the south of Pilas, we could see in the distance to the north the Sangboi Islands (Hares' Ears), rising to 851

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

feet and 616 feet. A curious fact in the formation of the islands in this neighborhood was that the highest prominence was generally to be seen on the north, while a long, flat spit extended to the south. Baluk, Pilas, Tagutu, Manangal, and Sangboi all showed this characteristic.

We steered first a course of south 48° west until the centre of the Pilas Channel was reached, then south 6° west until the reef south of Pilas was cleared. A sort of lagoon is to be perceived in the southern part of Pilas, practically dividing the island in two. It has a narrow entrance channel to the east, and two to the west of the island. After that we steered a practically clear course south 53° west direct for Sulu—though we still had islands on the east, such as Mataja, Taikela, Tamuk, Kankuman, Babuan, a flat island with a conical hill 498 feet high, sandy Minis, Lanauan, and Tatalan; the quaint Bolod Islands, one resembling a huge fortress rising to 597 feet on a steep, conical peak, the other of somewhat more regular lines but higher, 643 feet, and the rock of Takut Sangu. All these belong to the Samales group, as well as larger islands of considerable height (1134 feet), two of which, Bukutua and Bulim, lie close together.

To the west we cannot help being interested in Halcon or Wilhelmina Rock, awash at high water, and the reefs of Takut Pabunuan.

On nearing Sulu Island we have before us high mountains in the central portion, and also to the southwest towards Point Silangan. A white beach extends almost all along the north shore of the island. The lofty Mount Bahu in the northern part of the island is not thickly wooded, as one generally expects in the tropics, but even shows signs of cultivation up to a considerable height. Green patches of grass crown its summit.

Just off the coast of Sulu to the northeast are a number of islands, among which is the crescent-shaped Paticolo.

Pangasinan Island, forming a strait with Sulu, is somewhat more attractive than most islands hereabout, owing to the two quaint and precipitous peaks upon it, but be-

PILE-BUILT SETTLEMENT

hind it (west) Kabukan Island is flat and uninteresting. Marongas Island, southwest of Pangasinan, has a most irregular prominence, 285 feet high at its southwestern end, whereas to the northeast it spreads into a long, flat spur covered with vegetation.

We went round the Diangappik Point, a spit of white sand with lots of trees upon it, and we now had, disclosing itself gradually before our eyes, the neat, quite ideal little walled town of Jolo—dwarfed somewhat in its appearance by hills and the high Mount Bahu (2766 feet), towering above it.

Jolo is undoubtedly the prettiest and cleanest little settlement in the archipelago. The houses within the walls are handsome, of whitewashed masonry and wood, with corrugated iron roofs. Steamers of small draught can go alongside a masonry pier, which has a light-house upon it.

Sulu settlements occupy the coast-line on each side of the town, the houses being built on piles in the water. There is also an extensive Chinese settlement pile-built on a rambling jetty, which stretches a long distance over the water. Cocoa-nut groves are numerous, as usual, along the beach, and a broad valley on an inclined plane stretches beyond the city to the east.

Fascinating as it is, Jolo (a Spanish corruption of Sulu) is much better known, and therefore less interesting to us, than its people. These folks are inaccurately called Moros. They call themselves—and we will call them, too—by their real name, *Sug*, or *Sulus*. They are nice people, with curious fanatical notions, such as most nice people possess in a greater or lesser degree, but circumstances have made them very treacherous, and innocent people frequently suffer from their fanatical outbursts.

The American military colony was in a commotion when we arrived. A soldier had been terribly gashed and killed by a *juramentado*. These *juramentados*, as the Spanish word expresses, are religious maniacs, who, after having undergone certain exorcisms in the mosque, proceed to kill any non-Mohammedan and then commit suicide, in order to ob-

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tain a happy existence in paradise. This makes it rather unpleasant for those who do not believe in the Koran, for one never knows when one of these devils may be about and treacherously hack one to pieces.

The Americans had given strict orders that no one should go outside the city without an escort. These *juramentados*, when they run amuck, show a good deal of grit, and I have known of one man actually attacking an entire troop of cavalry, while every soldier was firing at him. The heavy knives and *kris* of the Sulus inflict terrible wounds, and on one occasion in Jolo I saw a number of persons who had been killed by three of these fanatics. One had the left side of the skull cut as clean as with a razor, and the sword had also made a groove several inches deep in the shoulder. Another gash sideways had cut the body in two as far as the spine.

I had an opportunity of measuring three of these *juramentados*—when they were dead—and they interested me greatly. As a type they all three bore marked characteristics of criminal lunacy, and I firmly believe that the *sherifs* or priests select these weak-minded fellows who are murderously inclined, and play upon their credulity until they reduce them to a condition of wild frenzy and incite them to commit murder.

These men had square faces, very flat skulls and low foreheads, cheek-bones low down in the face and so prominent that when in profile they nearly hid the excessively flat noses; weak and small, receding chins, and the square-fingered, stumpy, repulsive-looking hands typical of criminals—as cruel hands and heads as I have ever examined, the animal qualities being extraordinarily developed. Their repulsive appearance was also somewhat enhanced by the hair of the head being shaved clean, and the mustache and eyelashes removed so as to leave a mere horizontal, tiny strip of black hair. The teeth had been freshly filed and stained black; the hair of the armpits pulled out, and the nails of the fingers and toes trimmed very short.

The measurements of these types may be of some interest to criminologists, and I therefore give them in full.

CRIMINAL FACES

	Metre.	Metre.	Metre.
Length of spinal column	0.625	0.650	0.660
From base of neck to nipple of breast .	0.170	0.150	0.180
Armpit to armpit	0.300	0.380	0.340
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0.140	0.170	0.120

ARM

Humerus	0.320	0.330	0.300
Radius	0.270	0.270	0.260
Hand	0.200	0.200	0.185
Maximum length of fingers	0.110	0.110	0.100
Thumb	0.135	0.105	0.105

LEG

Femur	0.500	0.470	0.440
Tibia	0.410	0.390	0.375
Height of foot from ground to ankle . .	0.070	0.070	0.070
Length of foot	0.250	0.255	0.215

HEAD

Vertical maximum length of head . .	0.210	0.210	0.215
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head) . .	0.170	0.180	0.177
Width of forehead at temples	0.131	0.137	0.135
Height of forehead	0.070	0.060	0.060
Bizygomatic breadth	0.120	0.127	0.121
Nasal height	0.050	0.060	0.060
Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0.040	0.045	0.040
Orbital horizontal breadth	0.035	0.035	0.045
Distance between eyes	0.040	0.045	0.040
Breadth of mouth	0.055	0.050	0.060
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0.020	0.020	0.020
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0.037	0.045	0.040
Length of ear	0.060	0.060	0.062

These fellows had entered the market-place with their *barongs* hidden in bunches of fruit—as no Sulu is allowed to enter the place with his weapons. Once in the crowd they slashed about, killing several and wounding a number of people.

This occurrence produced a good deal of uneasiness among the Sulus, and the Americans feared that these murders were only the preliminary of serious trouble. They were. Without in any way criticising the conduct of the Americans, I, nevertheless, personally believe that a good deal of the trouble arose from mutual misunderstanding, and from the

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unavoidable clash of manners so diametrically opposed as the American and the Sulu.

That matters were indeed coming to a crisis was unmistakable. Captain Marshall and I, with an escort of cavalry, made a reconnaissance in the more troublesome villages to which the assassins belonged, on the day of the murders, and the sulkiness of the natives we met was apparent. They would not answer the greetings of the soldiers, did not reply to our questions, had their spears nicely polished and ready for fight in front of their dwellings, and, as we approached, all, with no exception, held their hands on their vicious-looking *barongs* or *kris*, ready to strike on the slightest provocation—or even without.

The Spaniards at one time endeavored to install a pretender—Datto Aliuddin, the Sultan's half-brother—and they built him a handsome house with a tower, a short distance from the town. He was unfit to reign, and Datto Harun was next put up by the Spaniards. He managed to destroy the Sultan's capital at Maibun and compelled the Sultan to retire to north Borneo. But eventually, to pacify the Sulus, Spain had to restore to them their original ruler. The palace—built by the Spaniards in order to have the Sultan in closer touch—was never permanently occupied, and is altogether abandoned now, the Sultan preferring his more rambling abode on the opposite side of the island at Maibun.

Captain Marshall and I visited the villages of Moubu, Tandu, and Yoakanan, northeast of Jolo, and met a cool reception everywhere. We saw on our trail a magnificent banyan-tree, surpassing in size and beauty the world-famous one of Honolulu. Most of the houses were built upon the water, and we came across one or two mosques—nothing so great or elaborately beautiful as the mosques of Egypt, Morocco, Arabia, or India, but mere huts with a bamboo fence around, and thatched with *nipa*. They lacked, too, the familiar minarets from which the faithful are called to prayer at sunrise and sundown in more developed Mussulman countries.

While General Sumner remained in command of the troops in the American protectorate of Sulu, he managed,

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with his patience and tact, to avoid a conflict. I was present at a conference which he had with the Sultan and the leading dattos, or chiefs, in order to suppress the frequent murders and come to a thorough understanding with the natives. It was not devoid of much pathetic humor. The Sultan and dattos had come in great pomp, all heavily armed with *barongs*, silver mounted *kris*, well-polished spears, and with numerous followers flourishing old Remington or more antiquated fire-arms. They indeed looked warlike, but in their speech and manner were puerile and childish. The contrast between the business-like ideas of the very Christian American and the *ne plus ultra* Mussulman way of thinking gave one plenty of scope for reflection. Let me give you some of the conversation at that impressive ceremony.

General Sumner: "There has been trouble in Jolo, and I have come to see about it."

Sultan: "What trouble? Not all Sulus understand the treaty made by the Americans, and we are poor and ignorant. We do not understand why we should pay duty on everything. We never did before. The Sulus are poor, they do not get paid for their work like the Americans, and they do not understand why they should now pay so much more than before for the same things they import."

General Sumner: "We came here to help the Moros."

Sultan: "Please, then, stop the duties for a while. The people are in great distress. Sugar is very dear now and out of reach of the people, and so is tobacco. Cloth has become too expensive and the Sulus cannot weave."

General Sumner: "I have to pay duty on my own clothes."

Sultan: "Americans have money to pay for cloth. I would like to be informed when Americans go about the island, to prevent trouble, otherwise I cannot be responsible if they are killed. The Sulus are different in their habits from other nations."

Much concern, the Sultan stated, had been caused by an American gunboat's hoisting white surveying flags on shore near his palace. The Sulus had torn the flags down and

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fired on the surveyors. General Sumner explained that the sovereignty of the United States gave officers the right to survey these waters in order to secure safe navigation, and that if trouble occurred again, the war-vessel would fire upon the Sulus. The Sultan said the white flags caused cholera among his people—and if the object was to survey the water, why have the flags on land? He begged the general to stop the survey until the cholera was over.

All explanations of the usefulness of charts and maps and of how the surveying was done were answered with entreaties to suspend it for pity of the superstitious and ignorant people. Some Sulus had lost their fathers, others their mothers, owing to these flags being up, and there were folks in other places—Singapore, for instance—as well as here, who ran amuck. But if the Americans must continue, the Sultan must not be held responsible if trouble arose. He will punish his subjects if he knows those who molest the Americans.

General Sumner: "If anybody molests the American navy, they will kill them themselves; they will not wait for anybody else."

Sultan: "If you kill the people, that will be all right."

General Sumner: "That's it! We cannot tell where we shall shoot when we get started. But I have asked the navy to wait till I could talk with the Sultan."

Sultan: "Please do not punish the innocent for the wrongs of the bad people."

General Sumner: "The innocent must get out of the way. The Sulus must learn to obey American customs, or somebody is going to get hurt. When people fight they cannot tell who is innocent. Again, I warn them to stop this juramentado business. We cannot stand having soldiers and other peaceful people killed. The Sultan and dattos must be held responsible if permission is given to these fellows to go juramentado."

Sultan: "But the Sultan and dattos do not know any more than you when these people go mad. When people lose their fathers and mothers, and will even kill their own near relatives—a woman lately killed her mother—



DATTO CAIBI LEAVING THE CONFERENCE



PILE BUILT CHINESE SETTLEMENT

SULTAN BUT NOT GOD

how can you hold me responsible for the actions of these people?"

General Sumner: "Because you are the Sultan."

Sultan: "I am not God, though. I tell you this beforehand. If, however, we know about any one, we will kill him or arrest him. We will endeavor to prevent juramentados."

Datto Calbi: "The other day when a soldier was killed I started down to help, but the other soldiers were going to shoot me."

General Sumner: "They did not know you. When a soldier gets killed the others will kill anybody in sight."

Sultan: "Then all the people who are friendly to you are likely to get killed?"

General Sumner: "There is a list of men in our treaty with you who are paid by the United States to preserve order."

Sultan: "You have taken up Spain's position in these islands. During Spanish times the money was not paid as a salary, but because of the occupation of Jolo. You Americans want to do everything at once. You might go more slowly at it."

The patience and tact of General Sumner and his officers on that occasion were greatly to be commended and admired. The same answers and questions were repeated endless times. Eventually, everybody left the picturesque assemblage in a happy mood, the Sultan being snap-shotted in twenty different poses by amateur photographers, as, on unsteady legs and with dazed countenance, he made his exit from the government building under the shade of an umbrella held over his head by a slave. Other slaves carried his sword, and a betel-nut brass case, a bundle of clothing, and various other articles, while a spare-looking, shambling son—an intensified replica of a depraved father—followed some few steps behind. Only one man left sulky and sullen—Datto Calbi, one of the principal and possibly the worst of the hot-headed chiefs of Sulu Island, if Panglima Hassan—very anti-American—be excepted.

CHAPTER XXI

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SITUATION IN THE SULU ARCHIPELAGO—THE SULTAN'S PROPOSED TREATY—THE BATES TREATY

PERHAPS, to get a clear idea of the American political position in the Sulu Archipelago, it is necessary to explain some points which are not universally known. Without going into the earlier vicissitudes of these islands, we find that in 1836 the Spaniards concluded with the Sultan Mohammed Dimalul Quiram a commercial agreement, giving the Sultan certain privileges regarding duties to be paid by Spanish craft in Jolo, and by Jolo craft in Philippine ports; yet another treaty was drawn up in 1851, and in 1878 a further agreement was signed between Spain and the Sultan. By the treaty of 1851 the Sultan rendered allegiance to Spain, adopted the Spanish flag, obtained freedom of religion, and had hereditary royal rights conferred upon him. He promised to put down piracy and promote commerce; he was to receive a subsidy of 1500 pesos a year, and his three chief dattos each 600 pesos a year.

In 1878 the Sultan and his followers acknowledged Spanish sovereignty and the Spanish flag, but the Sultan was authorized to receive taxes from foreign trading vessels, to issue passports and licenses for guns to his own people, and was allowed the privilege of communicating direct with the Captain-General. His subsidy was increased to 2400 pesos, with 700 pesos to his chief datto, and 600 to four others. Free trade and commerce for vessels of all nations have ever existed in the archipelago until the American treaty was signed.

In 1877, the Spaniards destroyed the Sultan's capital on the north side of Sulu Island, and established the present

HOW THINGS STOOD

little, fortified town of Jolo, but at no time did they endeavor to deprive the Sultan of the administration of the island. The Sultan made his new capital at Maibun on the south of Sulu Island, and the Spaniards established posts at Siassi, at Tawi-Tawi Island, and Bongao Island.

In 1885 the sovereignty of Spain over the group was recognized by Great Britain and Germany, the archipelago comprising all the islands between the west extremity of Mindanao and Borneo and Palawan on the east; Balanbangan, Banganey, and Malawali, as well as the islands in the zone administered by the British North Borneo Company, excepted.

The present Sultanate of Sulu was therefore rather under a protectorate than an annexed territory of Spain, although for three consecutive centuries the Spanish had nominally held suzerain rights over these islands. The Sultan, after the Spanish-American War, applied to the United States for protection, and not annexation.

It was not till May, 1899, that two battalions of the 23d United States Infantry relieved the Spanish garrison and occupied Jolo town and the two outlying block-houses. The arrival of the Americans was greeted in a friendly manner by the Sulus, as a reputation for honesty and fairness had preceded them. The inhabitants believed that their rights and their religion would be respected by the new-comers. The Sultana sent messages of welcome to the American Captain Pratt, who was in command, requesting him to pay a friendly visit to her capital, Maibun.

On the 3d of July, 1899, Major-General Otis, U. S. V., Military Governor, ordered Brigadier-General J. C. Bates, U. S. V., to proceed to Jolo in order to negotiate a treaty with the Sultan of Sulu. General Bates was appointed and constituted agent of the United States military authorities in the Philippines, and was authorized to enter into negotiations between the United States government and the inhabitants of the archipelago, in order to form and control further relations, social and political, between the two coun-

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The Sultan and dattos were apparently under the belief that the Spanish authorities had, before evacuating the archipelago, transferred the full sovereignty of the islands to the Sultan and people themselves. But, as by the treaty of Paris the sovereignty over all these islands was transferred to the United States, this gift was impossible and illegal, and the United States undoubtedly succeeded Spain in all the rights which that country held in the archipelago. But it should be borne in mind that such rights did not practically extend beyond the limits of their military posts, which were few and far apart, and no influence had been exercised in the interior nor over many of the islands of the archipelago, which, indeed, the Spaniards never visited at all.

After a considerable amount of haggling—consisting mainly in futile attempts on the part of the Sulu Sultan to hoodwink the shrewd American general respecting the hoisting and use of his own flag—and after long delays caused by the Sultan's alleged illnesses; after tedious and patient interviews of General Bates with inferior chiefs in order to discuss and re-discuss matters, and listen to petty local jealousies—eventually—and, I must confess, General Bates was too lenient and put up with too much nonsense from the Sultan—the American general, seeing that the Sultan postponed forever his visit to him, proceeded in person to the Sultan's capital.

On August 9th, 1899, the following agreement was proposed by the Sultan—an impudent document, proving that the Sultan and his dattos had a somewhat exaggerated opinion of themselves and their own rights.

AGREEMENT PROPOSED BY SULTAN

JOLO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, *August 5, 1899.*

Article 1. The Sultan can hoist the American flag in his country here in Sulu together with his own, but if the Sultan goes to foreign lands he can fly his own flag to show his rank as Datto of Sulu, but his subjects sailing about need

AGREEMENT

not fly any flag so long as they have written authority from the Sultan.

Article 2. The Americans will give salary to the Sultan, of \$200 per month, payable monthly; and to the big dattos \$100 per month, payable monthly; and to the advisers, people of the lower class, who are in the council of the country, \$50 a month, payable monthly.

Article 3. The Americans are not allowed to occupy any of the islands or any place on the sea-shore of Sulu except by permission of the Sultan and the four dattos—they are the Paduka Rajah Muda, the Paduka Datto Attik, the Paduka Datto Calbi, and the Paduka Datto Joakanain; and they must pay tribute, profit to the Sultan, whatever is arranged. If no arrangement is come to, it is all right, but they cannot force the occupation of same.

Article 4. The Americans will respect the dignity of the Sultan and the dattos and his advisers; above all, will respect the Mohammedan religion; they will not change or oppose any execution of the same.

Article 5. The Sultan and the dattos and his advisers can keep arms for fighting in order to watch the bad people, because it is a caution of people in power, and the Americans cannot oppose that.

Article 6. The Sultan can give written authority to people sailing and trading in all the islands; at the same time, these people have to go to Jolo to ask permission from the American Governor there, and all other nations can trade in the islands by giving notice to the Americans.

Article 7. The Sultan can take duties from trading vessels from any nation coming to the lands of the Sultan or to all the islands. The Americans shall not oppose this, because it is a gift of God to the people of the land.

Article 8. If there is a case of dispute between the American Governor here or the commander of any vessel, the Sultan may communicate direct with the Governor-General of Manila that he may know about it.

Article 9. We will prevent any piracy and give orders that it shall not happen, but if the orders are not obeyed

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we will notify the Governor of Jolo and together suppress it.

Article 10. If any American goes about the country he must notify the Sultan that the Sultan may give him an escort. If he goes without notifying the Sultan and anything happens to him the Sultan will not take any responsibility. It is the same with any soldier living in any place, without consultation and agreement, and if anything happens to him the Sultan will not be responsible for it.

Article 11. If any of the American subjects run away and come to us we will give them up to the Americans, because he may be a convict, therefore we give him back; the same shall be done with our followers who run away to the Americans; they will be returned to us; but if the Americans will pay for them the price that will be agreed to, all right, but if we do not come to arrangement they will be given back at once to avoid ill-feeling.

Article 12. If the Sultan should have any trouble with European nations the Americans will stand by him, because my protection lies with the American nation.

Article 13. In case the American governor shall have any trouble with any of my subjects, he must not at once resort to arms, but must examine into the facts of the case, because we trust and look towards the governor for our protection.

Article 14. The Americans shall not judge any Sulu (native subject to the Sultan), and shall not settle any dispute between the Sulus, and shall not judge any dispute of the Mohammedan religion in Sulu and the different islands.

Article 15. If the Americans should not like to stay in the village of Jolo they are not authorized to sell Jolo to any other nation without first consulting the Sultan. In case they do not agree with the Sultan, they can sell it to somebody else, at the same time consulting the Sultan's wishes.

Article 16. The Americans and the Sultan will hold to this agreement, and we ask for pity sake, because this is what we can fulfil.

THE BATES TREATY

LIST OF DATTOS AND CHIEFS

<i>Title.</i>	<i>Location.</i>	<i>Remarks.</i>
The Sultan.....	Maibun, Sulu Island.	
Datto Rajah Muda .	Maibun, Sulu Island..	Heir-apparent, the Sultan's eldest brother.
Datto Attik.....	Maibun, Sulu Island..	Sultan's youngest brother.
Datto Calbi.....	Tandi, Sulu Island....	Member of Council, who, with Sultan, signed the agreement.
Datto Joakanain...	Patikol, Sulu Island.	
Datto Sakilan.....	Bongao, Tawi - Tawi group.....	Brother-in-law to Datto Tantung.
Datto Tantung.....	Sikubun, Tawi - Tawi group.	
Datto Aliuddin.....	Tungpatung, Tawi - Tawi group.	
Datto Puyo.....	Siassi.	
Datto Amir Hussein	Lugus Island.	
Datto Hadji.....	Zamboanga.....	At present at Landang, Sakol Island.
Datto Hadji Amil-hamdja.....	Cagayan Jolo.....	Located at Pauan.
Datto Kalun (Pedro Cuevas).....	Basilan Island.....	At Gibauan.
Don Candedo.....	Isabela.....	Cuevas's assistant.
Hadji Musin.....	Siassi.....	Representing Sultan.
Hadji Usmen.....	Siassi	Do.
Datto Dacula.....	Maibun (near).....	Personal following of Sultan.
Datto Soog.....	Buallo.....	Do.
Habib Mura.....	Maibun.....	Sultan's adviser.
Hadji Butu.....	Maibun	Sultan's secretary.

Finally, however, after much discussion, particularly on certain points, such as the occupation of Siassi, which the Sultan was endeavoring to have restored entirely to his control, the following more rational agreement was drawn up between Brigadier-General John C. Bates, representing the United States, of the one part, and his Highness the Sultan of Jolo, the Datto Rajah Muda, the Datto Attik, the Datto Calbi, and the Datto Joakanain, of the other part; it being understood that this agreement was to come into full force only when approved by the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands and confirmed by the President of the United States, and to be subject to future modifications by the mutual consent of the parties interested.

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Article 1. The sovereignty of the United States over the whole archipelago of Jolo¹ and its dependencies is declared and acknowledged.

Article 2. The United States flag will be used in the archipelago of Jolo and its dependencies, on land and sea.

Article 3. The rights and dignities of his Highness the Sultan and his dattos shall be fully respected; the Moros² shall not be interfered with on account of their religion; all their religious customs shall be respected, and no one shall be persecuted on account of his religion.

Article 4. While the United States may occupy and control such points in the archipelago of Jolo as public interests seem to demand, encroachment will not be made upon the lands immediately about the residence of his Highness the Sultan, unless military necessity requires such occupation in case of war with a foreign power; and where the property of individuals is taken, due compensation will be made in each case.

Article 5. All trade in domestic products of the archipelago of Jolo, when carried on by the Sultan and his people with any part of the Philippine Islands, and when conducted under the American flag, shall be free, unlimited, and undutiable.

Article 6. The Sultan of Jolo shall be allowed to communicate direct with the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands in making complaint against the commanding officer of Jolo or against any naval commander.

Article 7. The introduction of fire-arms and war material is forbidden, except under specific authority of the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands.

Article 8. Piracy must be suppressed, and the Sultan and his dattos agree to heartily co-operate with the United States authorities to that end, and to make every possible effort to arrest and bring to justice all persons engaged in piracy.

Article 9. Where crimes and offences are committed by Moros against Moros, the government of the Sultan will bring to trial and punishment the criminals and offenders,

¹ It is Jolo in the agreement, but it should read Sulu.

² By Moros General Bates means Sulus.

SULUS AND FOREIGNERS

who will be delivered to the government of the Sultan by the United States authorities if in their possession. In all other cases persons charged with crimes or offences will be delivered to the United States authorities for trial and punishment.

Article 10. Any slave in the archipelago of Jolo shall have the right to purchase freedom by paying to the master the usual market value.

Article 11. In cases of any trouble with subjects of the Sultan, the American authorities in the islands will be instructed to make careful investigation before resorting to harsh measures, as in most cases serious trouble can thus be avoided.

Article 12. At present, Americans or foreigners wishing to go into the country should state their wishes to the Moro authorities and ask for an escort, but it is hoped that this will become unnecessary as we know each other better.

Article 13. The United States will give full protection to the Sultan and his subjects in case any foreign nation should attempt to impose upon them.

Article 14. The United States will not sell the island of Jolo or any other island of the Jolo Archipelago to any foreign nation without the consent of the Sultan of Jolo.

Article 15. The United States government will pay the following monthly salaries:

	Mexican Dollars.
To the Sultan	250
" Datto Rajah Muda	75
" Datto Attik	60
" Datto Calbi	75
" Datto Joakanain	75
" Datto Puyo	60
" Datto Amir Hussein	60
" Hadji Butu	50
" Habib Mura	40
" Sherif Saguir	15

Signed in triplicate, in English and Sulu, at Jolo, this 20th day of August, A.D. 1899 (13 Arabuil, Abril 1517).

(Signed) John C. Bates, Brigadier-General,
United States.

(Signed) Sultan of Sulu.

(Signed) Datto Rajah Muda.

(Signed) Datto Attik.

(Signed) Datto Calbi and Datto Joakanain.

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As it stands, the agreement is as good and fair as was possible to get under the circumstances, the Americans at that time being anxious to avoid fighting the Sulus and Magindanaos, and everything having to be done in order to conciliate these Mohammedan tribes temporarily and prevent them from rising.

CHAPTER XXII

A VISIT TO THE SULTAN OF SULU—HIS PALACE—MAIBUN, THE CAPITAL

I WENT to pay a visit to the Sultan at his residence near Maibun, on the south side of Sulu Island. This necessitated riding across the entire island by a fair trail on which military wagons with four or six horses can proceed. Some dozen people or so had been murdered in Jolo by fanatical Sulus within a few days, and there were grave fears of riots. A great number of Sulus, with spears and *barongs*, paraded about on their ponies on the outskirts of the town.

Colonel Wallace, who was in command, very kindly offered a cavalry escort, and with Captain Marshall, Dr. Barrows, and a party we started out early one morning, passing one or two villages where cholera was raging. On leaving Jolo town one begins a gradual ascent through curious remains of walls made of large bowlders—possibly the ruins of the former capital (1776) of the Sulus, which went by the name of Bowan and was peopled by Illanos or Oran Illano. Some, however, appear to be the ruins of Spanish outer defences of early date.

We first went through a fine valley with a luxuriant growth of teak-wood, which is used by the natives for the piles which they thrust into the sea to build their houses upon. Having ascended some 200 feet over the ridge, we descended through another beautiful valley several miles long and wide, with huts scattered here and there. Cholera was raging everywhere among these people. Agriculturally the country on either side was rich.

As the crow flies the distance from Jolo to the Sultan's palace is seven and three-quarter miles, so if you double that figure you will be near the correct distance by road.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Within a wall of earth and volcanic rock is enclosed a two-storied, rambling wooden house with a corrugated iron roof—and over the front gate a watch-house is constructed, which gives a certain picturesqueness to the otherwise ugly structure, elevated, like all other native houses, on high piles. A great many feminine faces, plastered with white paint, lined the windows of the upper story—the Sultan's harem—at our arrival, while a swarm of children precipitated themselves down the main staircase to witness, at closer quarters, the display of American soldiers.

All were friendly enough, although they seemed puzzled as to what we had come for. On being reassured—messengers running up and down the staircase to inform the Sultan of everything that was being said—the Sultan sent word he would be glad to see us all in a few minutes. We adjourned to a neighboring shady spot—or, more strictly speaking, to a spot with some shade—where Captain Marshall provided us with lunch and refreshing drinks, including actual lumps of ice in each tumbler! Of course the ice was artificial, made by the American ice-plant at Jolo—the temperature that day being well above ninety degrees in the shade.

Now for the Sultan's audience. We all went in anyhow, and everybody shook hands with everybody else, American fashion. The Sultan—a depraved, weak, sullen, conceited, and almost contemptible-looking person—received us with an air of mixed superiority and boredom. He yawned whenever any of the American gentlemen spoke to him, and copiously expectorated reddened saliva, the flow being stimulated by his betel-nut and lime chewing mixture, of which his mouth and lips were reeking in a disgusting manner. Even to the simplest questions his answers were non-committal, and he treated us all as if we had been a band of robbers. Every now and then he turned round to his aides-de-camp and advisers and made personal remarks about his American guests which, judging by the hilarity they caused among his subjects, were decidedly of no flattering character.

Inexcusable as on that particular occasion this was, this

THE CURIO-HUNTER

rudeness is, in a way, pardonable if one can go to the bottom of things. There is no doubt about the American being the most generous and kind-hearted fellow living, but his experience of Eastern natives is still somewhat crude. With the tenderest intentions in the world, he unfortunately bitterly offends folks who do not understand his ultra-democratic ideas nor his rapid commercial notions.

I will not enter here into the delicate question of the liability of American ladies to be misunderstood by these Mohammedans, unaccustomed to the American freedom of women, nor to their exposing themselves to unnecessary insults, through lack of knowledge of local religious customs, and by being thrown into contact with women of a class which—did they only know—they would most certainly avoid and look upon with contempt. Much ridicule and scorn, I regret to say, is unnecessarily cast upon respectable ladies by the natives, who cannot be trained in a moment to civilized ways.

Personally, I believe that in order to uphold American prestige it would be wise to follow one of two distinct courses. Either to demand absolute respect and positively forbid Sultan or dattos to allow white ladies to be entertained by concubines, or worse, instead of by their first and legal wife; or else adopt the simpler plan of conforming to a certain extent with Mohammedan ways and not allowing white ladies even to speak to, much less enter the house of, native chiefs, even in the company of their husbands.

So degrading is, in the eyes of Mohammedans, the sight of a lady entering the house of a strange man that, notwithstanding all that may be told to them of American ways and customs, they seldom recover from the shock, or, at the best, retain a very unflattering opinion of foreign ladies. This, I think, is a great pity.

Then again, the irresistible mania for collecting curios and mementos at all costs does not always raise the United States collector in the eyes of the native. I have known of people who have been entertained by proud and stately chiefs and who insisted on purchasing the cups and coffee-pot, or even the chief's best sword, or the turban which

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

adorned his head. The scorn on the chief's countenance was mistaken by the enthusiastic collector for the refusal of an inadequate offer, and the dollars and cents were doubled and trebled and quadrupled, silver coins being flourished under the chief's nose so that his presumed greed for cash might induce him to part with his heirlooms.

Possibly, were a Sulu to be entertained by President Roosevelt, and to offer, before leaving, to purchase a valued cup and silver spoon in the White House, or the President's top-hat and walking-cane, he would cause, to say the least, some amusement. So does the jovial American—only in a more marked degree; for Americans know the Sulus to be ignorant people, whereas the Sulu expects the Americans to be superior beings and know everything.

Of course, on the other hand, the temptation of such occasions for the curio-hunter is presumably irresistible, and any means are considered good which may attain his end.

The Sultan believed he had quite an up-to-date foreign palace. The most conspicuous articles of furniture on the dirty floor of the spacious nine-angled room were a number of cuspadores of all sizes and shapes, much needed, indeed, for everybody spat.

Slaves crept humbly along the floor to attend to the Sultan's needs, but when they did not creep they seemed on quite familiar terms with the more prominent members of the household. They were certainly well fed and seemed quite happy.

Beyond the articles mentioned, an American sideboard—which was in the centre of the room—a wooden bedstead, a writing-desk, and a number of folding-chairs were all in the way of furniture. A few kerosene-lamps of the cheapest kind hung from the ceiling.

The Sultan's attire was not impressive. He wore a white turban with a pendent fringed end over his left shoulder, and a short, violet zouave with a double row of gold buttons in front and some embroidery upon the shoulders. His trousers were tight-fitting and held up by an ample kamar-band of Japanese crape. Perhaps the richly gold-embroidered slippers distracted the observer's attention a good deal

THE SULTAN'S INCOME

from the Sultan's small-pox-marked face, with its sunken, half-alive eyes and prominent, lascivious lips adorned by a small, drooping mustache. Rings with fine pearls he wore on the small finger of the left hand, and on the second finger of the right hand he displayed a really beautiful pearl of great size and perfect shape.

As long as the audience lasted, chairs and tables and folding-benches were transported—with much ado—by slaves from the upper story to the reception-room in which we were, in order to accommodate the many people who unceremoniously kept pouring in. The Sultan's advisers and interpreters stood behind the potentate, some in white coats and variegated turbans, others with black caps. All were armed with beautiful *barongs* of unusual sharpness, with ivory or silver-mounted handles.

The Sultanship of Sulu is hereditary, passing to the eldest son, but an election may sometimes be made by the chief dattos of the Sultanate. Women, daughters of the Sultan, can be sultanas, but must within a period of seven days unite themselves to a chief. The Sultan bears the title of *Majasari*, which signifies legitimate, and the Spaniards accorded him the title of "his Excellency." His flag showed the Gates of Mecca, red on a white ground.

His yearly income was said to amount to \$15,000 gold. The government was composed of some fifteen dattos, who were mainly responsible for the legislature. The Sultan had two votes, the dattos one each, whereas the heir-apparent had two votes, if these were given on the side of the Sultan, and one if against. There were two representatives of the people, or *manteries*.

The Sultan possessed absolute power over the people, which, however, if excessive, could be restricted by a council of the elders, but, in a way, his government was very democratic. The doors of his palace were ever open, and any one, whether rich or poor, could come to his presence and bring forth his grievances. The dattos were dispersed through the territory of the Sultanate, and in their own locality became practically small, independent rulers.

Besides the dattos, who were the leading chiefs, there were

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the *Panglima*, *Maharajah*, *Naquiba*, *Satias*, *Ulangas*, or delegates, mandarins, and priests who possessed various degrees of power.

The Sultan's government was despotic and claimed tribute from the vassals, with whom frequent wars were carried on.

The modern history of Sulu commences with the Spanish campaign of 1876, and the definite occupation of Sulu Island by the Spaniards. The history of Mindanao is intermixed with that of Sulu, but the Sultan of this archipelago never exercised any actual sovereignty over Mindanao, although he ruled over Sulu, Tawi-Tawi, and a good portion of north Borneo.

North Borneo he ceded to the British North Borneo Company for a yearly payment of 5000 Mexican dollars, and in virtue of a treaty drawn in 1885 this portion of Borneo was ceded by Spain to Great Britain, and free traffic was granted to all nations in the Sultan's dominions. Other treaties, as we have seen, have been signed, but none seem to have been strictly observed by either party.

The Sultan has at different times been in direct correspondence with European powers, and on disembarking in Singapore was saluted by a company of British soldiers and the firing of twenty-one guns. Much deference has been shown him as a recognized ruling personage.

A curious incident happened. The soldiers of the escort had given some Sulu boys three or four small lumps of clear ice—a thing they had never seen nor heard about before. Believing them to be precious crystals of great value, they wrapped them up carefully in pieces of silk and hid them in their pockets. As their clothing was thin, their astonishment was great on experiencing a curious “burning” feeling against their ribs next to where the precious gifts lay, and on discovering, when they opened the handkerchief, that the “precious crystal” had vanished, leaving a wet handkerchief and jacket. Their amazement at this incomprehensible phenomenon was amusing to watch. They became quite perplexed, and for some time the entire assembly was greatly excited by it. The Sultan begged to



MAIN LUN

A PICTURESQUE SCENE

be given some ice, too, and one high personage wished to know how he could preserve his piece, as he wanted to set it in a ring!

At a short distance from the palace was the town of Maibun on the coast, with picturesque houses built over the shallow water in the bay. A number of Chinamen's houses occupied the water-front, and were reached by a rickety platform of planks with unsafe bamboo bridges. These sons of the Heavenly Empire flew a yellow flag over their settlement, and seemed to live on friendly terms with the Sulus, with whom they did much trading in pearls, sea products, shells, and also *copra* (dried cocoa-nut).

Although sullen, the natives were civil enough, the Sultan having sent some of his men with us. The scene was a picturesque one; boys and girls ran about naked, their bronzed skins and beautifully chiselled features shining brightly in the sun, and their arms adorned with heavy, conical, white-shell bracelets. The women—as in all Mussulman countries—had retiring habits and kept away, but the men, who had high cheek-bones, and nasty, small, rounded chins, crowded round in a disrespectful manner, a few of them trying to sell at a profit of 1000 per cent.—and they got it—their *barongs* and turbans. Perhaps one or two individuals who hung about, and had undergone the usual preliminary initiations of *juramentados*, made one feel somewhat anxious for the sake of our unsuspecting American friends—but, happily, although they were incautious to the utmost degree, nothing happened.

We beheld a *plaza* with a high, two-storied wooden house, another large house on piles with low platforms only a few inches above high water; a little hut of bamboo; a low structure within which were a number of gayly attired old women and unclothed children; a few sheds of *nipa* built over their elaborately carved boats pulled on shore; a stable, and a long structure in the distance, in which a number of young girls were sitting on the veranda, their hair tied in a knot, either on the top of the skull, or occasionally behind.

In the bay, which opened due south, were a number of

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reefs, but from three to ten fathoms of water were to be found in the deeper parts of the bay. Innumerable fish traps covered the water where shallow. In front of the Chinese houses were displayed quantities of *copra* drying in the sun, and also neat cubes (one inch) of compressed tobacco for chewing purposes.

In the cool of the evening we returned to Jolo.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SULU ISLAND, ITS PEOPLE, ITS PRODUCTS—MOHAMMEDAN MISSIONARIES—THE TRADE OF SULU

THE inhabitants of the Sulu Islands may be roughly divided into true Sulus, or descendants of the Mohammedan invaders now dominating other tribes; the Bajao and Samales or seafarers; a Malay (mostly Visayan) element evolving from captured slaves, and the Guimbayanos (or Guimpalauanos)—the oldest race, now driven mostly to the mountains.

The Sulu language is a mixture of Magindanao, Visayan, and some pure Malay words, and it is said to resemble Fijian. The better educated people understand Malay, and the writing, when there is any, is in Arabic characters. There are merely three vowels, *a*, *u*, *i*, in their alphabet, and thirty-six consonants. The only article is *in*, and the plural is made by suffixing or prefixing *maña* to the noun. Similarly, a noun preceded by *mag* becomes a verb, which altered into *nak* forms the past tense, and into *mak* the future. In the Appendix will be found a list of Sulu, Malay, Magindanao, and Visayan words.

The Sulus may by nature be rapacious, fond of adventure, and warlike; they are not devoid of certain forms of honor, and are industrious. Their island is well cultivated, and superior in agricultural enterprise to many others in the archipelago. There is no fixed rainy season in Sulu, but the southwest monsoon generally brings heavy, wet weather, which occurs also at the change of either monsoon. The Sulus cultivate rice to a certain extent, but principally *camotes* (sweet-potatoes), tapioca, and fruit, for which the climate is specially adapted, such as *madang* (a custard-apple), *mangustines*, and *rambustines*, oranges, *bolana* (like

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a large plum, white inside), the *durian*, which has a sickening smell but is said to be delicious eating if you can overcome the shock to your nose—I never did—and a most delicious fruit, the *lancey*. Almost any fruit can be grown in this ideal climate of perpetual summer—bread-fruit, bananas, mangoes, etc.

The staples are rice (black, red, green rice, bearded paddy, and other varieties), coffee, chocolate, cacao, corn, hemp, saffron, indigo, sesame, and cotton, mostly for local use; the exports consisting chiefly of black and white *swallo* or sea-slug, wax, *teepye*, or pearl-oyster shells, birds'-nests, tortoise-shell, sea-weed, cinnamon, rattans, various dyeing barks, cassia, pepper, camphor, sandal-wood, and ornamental shells.

The flora is similar to that of Mindanao, and the many species of wood found are valuable, especially teak, which, as we have seen, is plentiful on this island. This tree has a broad leaf which, crushed between the fingers, stains them red. The Chinese gather these leaves and the leaves of the fruit tree called *madang*, and use them to line the cane baskets in which they pack the *swallo* for export. *Narra*, *molave*, *camuning*, *ipil*, *cedro*, and other equally important timbers also abound, and cocoa-nuts, *buri*, and *nipa* palm flourish. Gum mastic and resins of various kinds are also obtainable. The soil is of the richest volcanic nature, and on it anything can be grown, but so far it seems to be devoid of any mineral substance in commercial quantities.

Quite a good breed of nice-looking, sturdy ponies is kept by the Sulus, and trained to a fast amble. The natives seldom gallop. They use clumsy saddles, and short stirrups, which are held tight between the large toe and the next, a mere slit in the conical vertical piece serving as a *point d'appui*. They say that formerly a small breed of wild elephants was to be found on this island—very likely the offspring of Malay or Borneo elephants sent as gifts to the Sulu Sultan—but none are in existence now. Spotted deer and wild hog are common.

The people of Sulu Island enjoy comparative freedom as compared with the natives of other islands of the Sultanate,

ALL MEN WARRIORS

where, owing to lack of communication, the local dattos treat the people in a tyrannical manner.

As in most Mohammedan (possibly also in Christian) countries, the men of wealth and in power often become dissolute. Their religion allows them the privilege of possessing four legal wives—and no more—which arrangement, under the strict rules of the Koran, seems to work well, but possibly the greatest evils of all are the excessive opium smoking and whiskey drinking.

The Sulus are often accused of being dirty, but they are not. They bathe constantly, and their clothes are usually neat and clean.

All able-bodied Sulus, from sixteen to fifty years of age, are warriors and are armed with *kris* (long, wave-bladed sword), which they never on any account leave behind. To disarm them is considered an insult. They also possess old-fashioned fire-arms obtained from filibustering ships which frequently prowled about these waters.

Sulu women bathe often, are submissive, considerate, and, as local beauty goes, fairly good-looking, with great, big, expressive eyes, set in flabby, white-chalked faces. It is possible that Sulu men look upon them as mere blind instruments of pleasure. They own terrible mouths, with teeth blackened and dirty-looking, their lips reeking with the red juice of *buyo*, the betel leaves, *bonga* nut, and lime, of which their mouths are stuffed full.

The general belief is that *buyo* is a powerful stimulant, permitting the body to do hard work on little nourishment or at long intervals between meals, but I will give my own opinion on this subject later. The real reason for its use is a very different one. Used in excess *buyo* has detrimental effects upon the human frame.

Marriages are conducted on the usual Mohammedan principles, somewhat simplified in their ceremonial. Marriage is practically a contract allowing the father of the girl a bonus in cattle and products—which, if satisfactory, concludes the bargain. A *pandita* performs the marriage ceremony. In case of unfaithfulness a man can abandon his wife or turn her into a slave.

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The men wear very tight trousers—black, brown, or striped, with a row of tiny little buttons from the ankle up. Except the richer ones, they mostly go about with bare chests—and these are abnormally developed, having extraordinarily prominent breasts, some men's being almost as well marked as a girl's. The hair is cut short, the skin smooth and dark brown, the forehead slanting; the lips overhanging; the eyebrows tapering and black as if pencilled; the eyes staring, intelligent, but unreliable, like those of feline animals.

The Sulus are proud, dignified, independent, and the general masses quite moral. A life of wild adventure seems to have been from time immemorial their favorite existence. Piracy on a large scale was a profitable and engrossing pastime, and regular fleets of *vinta* (sailing boats), varying in size from four to forty tons burden and possessing magnificent sailing qualities, with bipod masts and rolling sails, carried on successful depredations as far as Bangkok and New Guinea, going down with one monsoon and returning with the other. From the arrival of Magellanes and Lopez de Legaspi on the island of Sebu, wars against these pirates were incessant for 300 years.

Papuans have undoubtedly been imported into this country in considerable numbers as slaves, and strong traces of them can frequently be detected in the type of natives. Records are said to exist of Papuans being actually offered as a present by a former Sulu Sultan to the Spanish Governor of Zamboanga.

It is claimed that these daring navigators extended their raids even as far as Polynesia; and even to this day small expeditions are made to neighboring islands, principally with the object of capturing slaves. The Sulus have been known, not many years since, to attack merchant ships, murder the crews, and sell the booty in different markets. Maybe these piratical habits are responsible for the reputation of disgusting treachery and ferocity which the Sulus have, and for the hatred with which they are regarded, not only by the white people who know them, but also by the neighboring tribes.

PEARL FISHING

One redeeming point about the Sulus is that since they adopted the Koran they have resisted to the utmost all efforts to change their religion. Islamism, it appears, found its way into the archipelago through the sultans of Borneo, by means of holy wars, in which any one refusing to accept the religion of Mohammed was either beheaded or thrown into slavery until he submitted to conversion.

We talk a good deal of our missionaries travelling to distant countries in order to spread Christianity, but few people are aware that Mohammedan missionaries have for centuries past accomplished similar if not infinitely more daring deeds. I found in the most remote parts of the archipelago Mohammedan priests from Arabia, from Asia Minor, from Afghanistan, and even from so distant a country as Bokhara — facts which, when one understands the nature of the countries to be traversed for some thousands of miles on foot or in native craft, not, as our missionaries travel, in comfortable mail steamers and fast express trains, show quite a wholesome and venturesome spirit in these propagators of the faith. Even as early as 1773 many of these foreign *panditas* (Hindustani *pandit*) or priests were to be found carrying on their work in these islands, and, in fact, the Califa of Sulu at that time was said to be a Turk (Arab).

Pearl fishing is one of the most remunerative occupations in the Sulu Islands, and the trade, carried on principally with Singapore, is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese. The trade has of late declined, and although the pearls of Sulu are handsome, their color is rather chalky and their shape seldom perfectly spherical. The Sultan claims certain privileges regarding these pearl fisheries, the finest pearls obtained going by right to him, besides certain percentages and presents from the fishers. There is a small fleet of pearl-fishing boats at Sulu, a Filipino owning three or four boats and the Chinese possessing eight boats. Formerly an English company also existed and seems to have done pretty well. These craft are all of the same type, each of twenty-six tons, and with a crew of seven men, mostly natives of Zamboanga (Mindanao).

Maibun (Mayenbun) and Parang are good localities for

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pearls, Maibun particularly; there are good fishing-grounds also off the islands of Tapul (southwest of Maibun) and of Lagos, separated by a narrow channel from Tapul. The fishing is found to be best in nineteen or twenty to twenty-five fathoms of water, the pearls growing healthier on rocky, gravelly soil, and where a strong current exists as in the channel between the above-named islands. Off Laminusa (east of Siassi) and north and east of Tawi-Tawi, pearls are found, as well as rich banks of *teepye* (pearl-oyster). Pearl-shell, which is worth in Singapore eighty Mexican dollars a *picul*, forms the largest and most valuable export from the Sulu Island, and is obtained by the Chinese by barter from the Sulus.

The two steamers *Mamcon* and *Patani*, belonging to a German company, frequently called for cargoes of shells and brought away from 150 to 300 pair of shells each time, which was considered a good cargo. They fetched an average of four pesetas (eighty cents Mexican) a pound all the year round, and were exported chiefly to Singapore, the leading Eastern market for pearls and mother-of-pearl. No pearls of any value are to be purchased in Sulu, the best being sent by contract direct to Singapore.

Shark's fins, obtained in some quantity in these waters, are prepared by the Chinese, and these, too, are a relatively important item of export.

There are in Jolo some 650 or 700 Filipinos (Cuyonos, Visayans, Cagayanes, and Zamboangans), and they formerly held land, but some lost their cattle and horses by rinderpest in 1900, and the fear which they felt of going inland since the American occupation, and the sudden revolutionizing of Sulu habits, have compelled them to migrate to other islands. The few who had remained had formed an organization for their own protection called the *partido federal*, with Señor Hilario Cruz as a president. These fellows, who walked about armed with heavy sticks, occupied a very unenviable position, because they were a target to Mohammedan fanatics owing to their religion, while the Americans did not allow them to carry fire-arms for their own protection.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE TAPUL GROUP—LAPAK AND SIASSI—THE SEAFARING BAJAO

AT sunrise we left Jolo and its most delightfully hospitable American colony. We passed west of Sulu, on a course first of south sixty-three degrees west, till the Busson Rock and Tulian Island were passed, then steamed south eleven degrees west till we got clear of the Sulade group of coral islets, lying only slightly above water and with a reef extending some distance around them. A curious phenomenon was noticeable here. A long line of breakers in a north-east direction—appearing at first like shallow water—was caused by the two tides, one from the north, the other from the south, meeting and clashing here in this enclosed sea.

Mount Temontangis (2894 feet) and Mount Tulipan (2108 feet) to the northeast of us were very interesting—two volcanic mountains of almost identical conical lines, with flattened summits, as if the top of the mountain had been blown off, leaving a crater.

Kabalian Point, the most southwesterly of Sulu Island, is mountainous, and stretches gradually into a low point, diving into the sea. Tapul Island, in gentle slopes on either side, rises to a central height of two peaks (1676 feet), and is fairly free from trees for three-quarters of its height, those visible being principally low on the water-line. There seemed to be cultivation up to a fair height, and the remainder of the island showed a luxuriant growth of high grass.

Separated by a narrow channel southwest of Tapul is Bulipongpong Island (or Lugus Island), an island double the size of Tapul, but less high, 955 feet at its southwest point being the highest summit.

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Having deviated somewhat to clear this island, we altered our course to south twenty-seven degrees east, heading for Siassi, and obtained a fine view of the long, southwest, plateau-like peninsula (150 feet high) on Lugus, Gondra Island being to the east of it. Two parallel ridges were visible, one on the western, the other in the eastern portion of Lugus Island. Numberless little boats were to be seen off the coast of the pearl-fishermen's island.

At a first glance, coming the way we came, Lapak and Siassi appeared to be one island, and continued to seem so until we entered the channel, not as much as half a mile wide but fairly deep, from four to fifteen fathoms. A broad cone, 1673 feet, rose nearly in the centre of Siassi, and was remarkably free from trees—except for a dark cluster on its summit. The mountain had nice, gentle-sloping sides of a delicate green tint intermixed with brown, quite a contrast to the vegetation-smothered mountains one constantly saw in this archipelago.

Lapak Island had two mounts, one 1010 feet at its northern, the other a two-peaked fellow, 1306 feet, at its southern end, and quite unlike in semblance to its Siassi neighbor. The northern mountain, domelike, was covered with heavy, dark, blackish-green vegetation for two-thirds of its height, and had a similar black cap on its summit, leaving a horizontal strip of faint yellow grass between. A spur, well rounded and grassy, extended north-northeast, forming the Luangat Point.

Between the northern and the southern peak was a flat plain. Little, flat Pandami Island stood off the west coast, as well as Sirun, a rock with a sand beach surmounted by trees to the south, but cut vertically on the north side. Mamakolat Island, 773 feet high, which appeared of a greater size, but not of greater importance, was of a conical shape and lay to the southwest of Lapak, while its southern neighbor, Bubuan Island, a flattish, uneven isle, rose 200 feet above the sea-level. Both Bubuan and Mamakolat stood on an elongated reef, one of a series of three lying parallel, and having a general direction of northwest to southeast. Kakataan Island rose on the westerly reef of this group.



SIASSI



A THOROUGHFARE IN A BAJAO SETTLEMENT

• 1000000

HISTORY OF SIASSI

We arrived at Siassi town—a lot of little roofs and corrugated iron structures. On approaching, the channel between Lapak and Siassi, on which the town is situated, gets very narrow and pretty. Two islands stand on extensive reefs at the southern end of the channel, while upon the water are a number of houses on stilts, with the usual cocoa-nuts peeping over their roofs in the background. Between the town and the mountain lies a flat stretch of open country.

We landed at the formidable-looking gateway of solid masonry supported on four columns, and found ourselves in the main street of Siassi leading to the plaza, which had a market-shed and old, whitewashed Spanish fort, made up of a high building in the centre, and a battlement with two towers, one hexagonal and one quadrangular.

From information given by old Chinese and Sulu residents, this is approximately the history of Siassi: In 1865 the Spaniards arrived with three companies of soldiers and raised the Spanish flag on a tree, at the place where the town is now, which was then a salt marsh. Near was Tausug (meaning Landsmen), the native settlement, located east of the present position. Thick forest environed the place.

In 1882 a detachment of three officers, twelve Spanish soldiers, and thirty-five convicts, began erecting the barracks and other government buildings. In 1889 the fort was practically rebuilt, and a good portion of the land on which the settlement stands has since been gradually reclaimed from the sea. About that same time the Bajaos or seafaring tribe arrived from Musuk and Manubul and built the settlements on each flank of the town. At one time these quaint villages were much larger than at present, but just before the American occupation these folk—ever suspicious of everybody—removed their homes to Sibalung Island and Laminusa, where we will soon pay them a visit. They are now gradually returning to Siassi, being satisfied that the Americans are good and peaceful people.

There are in the entire Tapul group, of which Siassi forms part, thirty-three Filipino Christians, some 300 Chinese, 150 Sulus and about 1500 Bajaos or seafarers.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Since 1887 several little battles and reprisals have taken place between Datto Dacula (now Sultan) and the Spaniards.

In 1898 the Spaniards (one company of infantry, consisting of three officers and forty-eight enlisted Filipinos) evacuated Siassi, and between that time and the appearance of the Americans attempts were made by the Sulus to loot the stores of Chinese traders and the homes of the Bajaos. But these attempts were frustrated by the local Datto Puyo and Panglima Jeramia, who combined and assumed a protectorate over the little town.

The rest we know already. Older history of the place is vague. There are legends of a Dyak chief coming here and establishing himself as a ruler. He was the chief of the Sulu pirates and is said to have had an understanding with the Spanish government. The ruling class claims descent from pure Arab blood, which, however, is a mere legend. They profess to have been stronger in ancient days than now, and the people talk of the numerous *lantacas* (cannon) and guns they once possessed—long before the Spaniards came to fight them; but that is also another legend—very much of a legend.

Each Bajao tribe is controlled by a panglima, who, curiously enough, is always a Sulu datto. This is because these dattos have married into the Sulu Sultan's family, and are given by that ruler, partly as a dowry, certain property, authority, and rights in districts of his sultanate, in order to hold these tribes under Sulu rule. Often settlements of three or four hundred Bajaos are found ruled by a single Sulu chief, who is always looked upon by them as of superior race and birth to their own, and, no matter how disreputable, always commands respect.

The Bajao people, called Oran-Bajao, or itinerant fishermen, are said, according to some authorities, to have come from Johore at the east entrance of the Straits of Malacca. One of their legends relates that at a certain festival in Johore the Bajao had tied all their boats astern of the craft on which was their prince. A storm arose from the land and they were driven out to sea, across the China Ocean, to the Borneo coast. In fact, many Bajao

NOMADIC HABITS

are to be found in northwest Borneo—as well as at Macassar and on Paternoster Islands. To this day the Bajao (and the Sulus, too) celebrate the anniversary of this event—the men and women bathing together in the sea.

The Bajao are found living chiefly in their small, covered boats along the coasts of Borneo, the Celebes, and adjacent islands. Some of the less nomadic tribes settle for periods of time along the coast, or at the mouth of the river, in houses raised high upon the water upon solid posts. Like the Sulus, they are Mohammedans in a rudimentary manner. There are few of them who can read Arabic—even the Koran—and fewer still who can write.

The Bajao generally shifts his quarters with the monsoon in order to enjoy everlasting fair weather and a calm sea on the lee of some island. The chief employment of these people is fishing. They go shrimping with small hand-nets, which they force through the mud. The catch is well washed in sea-water and dried in the sun, after which it is pounded into a paste called *blatchong*—a terribly scented article of diet. They also go after sea-slug, which, as it lies on the sea-bottom, they strike with a four-barbed harpoon heavily weighted at the point. Occasionally, in deep water, they dive for the slugs and catch them with their hands. Black sea-slug is considered the best eating, although *swallo*, of a lighter color, found in deeper water, is larger and is said to fetch a better price (in the Chinese market). White *swallo* is obtained in shoal water and on the dry sand among coral rocks at low water. It is the least valuable of all.

CHAPTER XXV

THE BAJAO OF LAMINUSA—THEIR DEPRAVED DATTO—SLAVERY—AMERICAN BREACH OF FAITH

BOTH Lapak and Siassi are encircled by a broad reef, but it is chiefly to the east of Siassi Island that a shallow and dangerous shoal with rocks and islets extends for some four and a half miles from west to east. Upon it is Laminusa, where one finds a large settlement of Bajaos. I visited that place on March 16, 1903, having reached it through the channel between Siassi and Lugus, and passed Tara, a crescent-shaped island directly off the north coast of Siassi. It was under the rule of Chief Ulankaya Dalis.

Other little settlements were noticeable on the Siassi coast, such as Manta, Punnungen, and Tamangunen—quite a new town, established by Bajaos from Tawi-Tawi who had migrated here.

Laminusa Island was flat, only a few feet above high water, but on the northern beach possessed a few cocoa-nut trees. An extensive city on piles was built upon the sea, and was reflected upside down in the shallow, protected water undisturbed by wind.

We anchored in a channel between nasty-looking, emerald-green water and breakers to the east, and another unpleasant-looking reef just below the water surface to the west. On landing upon terra firma, one was struck by the elaborate graves which were the most attractive objects in the place, having walls of coral stones, either piled in their original rough condition or neatly cut and adorned with upright pieces of wood in four points, or other similar simple ornamentations.

We came upon a fort ninety feet square, with a coral stone wall six feet deep on the north side, but lower to the south,

A WRETCHED SIGHT

it being customary among these tribes when attacking a position to do so where it is strongest, the idea of an enemy turning a position never occurring to them.

We called upon the datto—a miserably depraved creature, so much under the influence of opium that he could hardly keep awake. Garbed in a dirty sweater discarded by some American soldier, he lay under a canopy, with useless legs and pendent arms, head, and lips, his discolored eyes stupefied, glassy, and staring, his skin of a sickly yellow, his hearing and speech dulled. A host of followers crowded round us and their chief—all men armed with fine *barongs* having silver mounts or rare, wood handles, while the handles of others were neatly wound round with *bejuco* or rope.

We tried to make the datto speak. His suite—somewhat ashamed of the appearance of their chief—attempted to make him sit up, and crossed his powerless legs under him while supporting him from behind; but he was as bad as a man in the last stage of drunkenness. His name was Datto Pangiran, and he had a number of sub-chiefs, all Sulus, the number of his fighting men being 700 Bajaos, with some thirty-five guns. The population under him was estimated at 2500 souls.

The room in which we were was very large, with neat walls and a *nipa* roof, and in the centre was a platform reached by two steps, where the datto lay under the canopy. There were drums and numerous spears, and a few metal gongs of Chinese importation. One could not help being impressed by the extreme coolness of these abodes, when one came from the hot sun—we were in latitude 5° 33' 14" north. The floor of thin parallel bamboos allowed a fine view of the shoal water underneath, the evaporation of which was the principal cause of this fresh air. On perceiving something move in the water, what was not my surprise in discovering two gigantic turtles which the datto kept in captivity in a cage under his house. The usual metal cases for *buyo* and lime lay about the floor, and a number of more or less greasy pillows and articles of bedding.

From this place we went to Kabingaan Island, northeast

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

of Siassi, to pay a visit to Amir Hussein (he pronounced it Hussan) at his capital, Tamkapan, which has an estimated population of 1800. For a datto, this fellow was more intelligent than most, with wide-awake, unsteady eyes, nose very flat at the bridge, but very expanded at the nostrils, and a mustache consisting of two hairy curls at the mouth's corners, the hair being removed from the central part of the lip. His lips were prominent and firm, his complexion sallow. He wore a bright-red fez, a cotton shawl thrown across his chest and over his shoulders, and yellow slippers.

He was born in Siassi, and stated that he and all his people were Sulus. He had built himself a fortified house on the summit of a low prominence about three-quarters of a mile from the shore. The interior was panelled off into three rooms, with one square platform screened with mats for sleeping accommodation. To the left of the entrance were the women's quarters. In the central room, in which we sat, the ceiling had been adorned with imported colored cotton fabrics. A wooden Spanish bedstead with baldaquin was perched upon the raised platform which occupied the entire length of the wall opposite the entrance. The two other end rooms were raised four feet above the central room, and had seating benches along the walls. A paraffin lamp and two red-glass globes hung from the ceiling; a writing-desk adorned the room, besides the usual spears, *barongs*, and some fishing implements.

The men were dressed in Sulu fashion, with tight trousers of gay colors, and the single or double row of buttons at the ankle—generally left unbuttoned. The *barong* was inserted on the left side in a broad sash, usually white. These people, although they call themselves Sulus, impressed me as being not pure Sulus, but a cross of Sulu and Bajao. Their faces were elongated as compared to the square faces of the Sulus proper, and their mouths very prominent, with pinched lips.

The women were not devoid of comparative good looks—spoiled a good deal by the custom of blackening their teeth. The datto's wife seemed modest enough, but not overburdened with brains, and attached a good deal of importance



A BAJAO BOAT



BAJAO BOAT WITH ROLLING SAIL

FREEDOM AN ILLUSION

to her personal appearance. She had plastered her face with white chalk, pencilled her eyebrows, and intensified the black under the eyes to give expression. The copious black hair was quaintly tied into a knot behind, and the long end lock, which had been inserted through the centre, was left hanging prettily on one side—rather an attractive fashion.

The datto was just recovering from an attack of cholera when we called on him, many people having died from the scourge both in his dominions and on Laminusa. Besides being in poor health, he seemed to have a grievance against the Americans regarding a number of his slaves—fifteen altogether—who had recently run away and had been freed by the Americans at Siassi, causing him a great financial loss.

That slavery exists in all these islands is an indisputable fact, but to my mind the Americans make a great deal of unnecessary fuss about it. Slavery is nowadays practised in such a mild form, and the slaves are treated so well by the Sulus—a slave sharing the home and partaking of the identical food of his master—that, looking at things from a practical point of view, interference will do more harm than good. It is greatly in the interests of slave-owners to maintain their slaves in good health and not overwork them—a condition which would be most doubtful were all the slaves suddenly freed, as some theoretical dreamers desire. One might with equally judicious reasoning let loose in a town horses which had always been cared for in stables.

Much friction has already been caused by the Americans offering to free slaves who choose to run away and ask for protection from Uncle Sam, no reimbursement whatever being given by the government to the injured owner. Besides, this protection is mostly illusionary, and consists in the slaves merely being told that they are “free,” and left to their own devices or to die of starvation. The freedom acquired, moreover, means confinement to the narrow limits of the American settlement; whereas, while slaves, they could go anywhere at will. So that American freedom for a freed slave is, after all, a mere illusion and a farce.

FREEDOM AN ILLUSION

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The Sulus or Bajaos have never worked for wages, and experience some difficulty in grasping American labor laws, by which the master practically becomes the slave of the laborer. But I think it would be reasonable first to bring the savages to the American level of civilization before giving them a diametrically opposite system—they say that extremes meet—of regulating the labor question.

Slaves have been known to purchase their own freedom and that of their entire family at the price of their life by becoming *sabil*, or running amuck and slaying as many non-believers as practicable.

The sons of slaves remain slaves in the Sulu Islands if they cannot buy themselves out—the average price for an adult male being about fifty dollars gold, and from twenty to thirty for a female, according to strength and beauty. Slaves are captured from other tribes, or debtors become slaves if they cannot settle their accounts; and here is an amusing case which arose in Siassi while I was there:

A woman accused a man of undue familiarity—kissing her and touching her breasts—the latter a terrible insult among Sulus. She reported this to her lover, who became indignant and brought the case before the datto, and the accused appeared for trial. According to the Bates Treaty, when crimes and offences are committed by Sulus against Sulus, the officers of the Sultan bring the offender to trial and punishment. According to Sulu law, the woman, being the accuser and only witness, was allowed to give her evidence, but the accused was denied the privilege of testifying in his own behalf. In cases of a fine—such as this would be—the accuser receives half the amount, the Sultan receiving the other half. This may or may not form a tendency to promote accusations. It certainly would in less savage countries.

But besides these peculiarities of Sulu law, perhaps the most interesting is that the testimony of a woman is always taken against that of a man. In this case the accused was found guilty without being heard in defence and fined 300 pesos, he and his relatives being unable to pay the fine. The custom is, when a fine is not paid, that the accused is

UNNECESSARY FRICTION

turned over to a datto as a slave and becomes his legal property. Now, according to the American treaty, the rights of the Sultan and dattos were to be fully respected. But when this offender appealed to the commanding officer at Siassi for protection against slavery, he was immediately declared a free man and let loose, greatly to the disgust of the indignant datto.

Much as I think slavery should be gradually abolished by educating the natives, this conduct was a sheer breach of faith on the part of the Americans, and certainly not calculated to increase their prestige or honor among those savages. Other cases of a similar character have also occurred and caused friction.

If the Americans, on sentimental grounds, wish to free all slaves, let them by all means do it, but let them pay the purchase price as stipulated by their agreement (Article 10, Bates Treaty), and not stoop to underhand—although possibly cheaper—ways. It must be remembered that in Sulu and the Moro country slaves are far from anxious to be freed, except in cases of criminals, and those few, I maintain, are better under the direct supervision of a datto than at large in some American post depending on unforthcoming charity or upon theft.

Here is another case. A Sulu killed three people and robbed them. According to Sulu law, heavy fines were inflicted—viz., for killing three people, 630 pesos; for robbing them, 105 pesos; making a grand total of 735 pesos. This man was poor and could not pay, therefore he was condemned to slavery. He, too, appealed for the convenient American protection against slavery, and placed the authorities in a very awkward predicament, as Uncle Sam blindly accords his protection to any slave asking for it!

The Sulus and Bajaos are not bad people at heart, and if not constantly worried will, I believe—with the Moham-medans of Mindanao—be the best citizens in the Eastern American possessions. But nagging and unfair treatment—principally the breaking of one's word—is much felt by them and creates a deep desire for revenge.

While at Siassi I heard of one man who is the happy

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possessor of four wives, thirteen concubines, and sixty-six children. He had applied for permission to start a "family colony" in the centre of the island, and wished to have some land granted. A useful man of this kind certainly should.

Perhaps in days to come there will be a good deal of trouble in these islands by the application of the letter of the law regarding the possession of land. Naturally, none of these fellows have written titles to show for the land they occupy—although in the case of Sulus, who are not migratory in their habits, some have been in possession long enough to claim owner's rights. It is to be hoped, however, that no undue advantage will be taken of the natives by oversharp officials, and that Uncle Sam's fairness may blossom out in the end—as it generally does—although often late.

There are deposits of coal on Siassi Island, said to be equal if not superior to the Borneo coal.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE BAJAOS—ACROSS LAPAK ISLAND—A GIGANTIC TREE AND ITS GHOSTS—MANY SETTLEMENTS OF SAMALS

THE Bajaos, like the Papuans, Polynesians, and Melanesians, adorn themselves with a series of elongated, almond-shaped cicatrices—generally a double row—from the wrist to the shoulder on the outer side of the arms. Circumcision is practised both on boys and girls.

When seated, the Bajao crosses his legs and lets his arms droop in the centre, the hands together, unlike the Melanesian, who, like most Asiatics, squats upon his heels with arms balancing on his knees.

The Bajaos possess strong and determined facial features; well-modelled, broad skulls; deep velvety-brown eyes with well-defined iris on yellowish-blue—almost green—eyeballs. Occasionally one notices the discoloration of the upper part of the iris where covered by the lid—general in most other tribes of the archipelago. The eyelashes are short, and but a few stray hairs are noticeable on the chin and upper lip, as well as on the chest and in the armpits. The eyes are slanting, and the jaw-bone extremely wide at the sides—usually as broad or broader than the cheek-bones.

The hands are simply but gracefully and powerfully formed, intersected by few lines, and the fingers thin and long, their points so tapered as to appear like triangles. The nails are good. The Bajaos file their teeth, young ladies filing them in sets of two in the lower jaw.

The weaker sex is fond of ornaments, and bone, silver, or shell rings are sported on the first and third fingers of both hands. A piece of wood is thrust through the lobe of the ear.

I examined three ladies from Lugus Island—most curious

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types, quite negroid, with long and rather curly hair, and lips very prominent. They had a flattish facial angle, and the upper eyelid overhanging so that it at first appeared swollen. These creatures were somewhat repulsive-looking, with faces much marked by small-pox—especially what remained of the nose; with scanty eyebrows, long but uneven and not plentiful eyelashes, Malay eyes, the lower half of the eyeball turned of a yellowish color, owing to some local cause affecting the eye—probably the constant reflection of the sun from the sea while fishing—the upper portion, where under the lid, of a clear bluish color blending into the iris and in most cases discoloring nearly one-third of the upper section of it. The remainder of the iris was of a deep brown. The pupils were abnormally expanded.

These three particular types were very skinny, with pendent breasts and extraordinarily large black nipples. Their feet were stumpy, with not well-defined instep and short toes. They walked with feet quite straight.

Children were adorned with silver or brass anklets, and the men carried, besides a formidable looking *barong*, a useful chatelaine with ear and tooth picks, pincers, etc.

While in Siassi I met the Datto of Simutu—a young man with clean-shaven head, large, expressive eyes, and very decided, quick ways about him. His thin legs were garbed in tight, brown trousers, while his square, powerfully constructed shoulders were squeezed into a short zouave with sleeves tight to bursting-point. A picturesque sash, violet and yellow, was wound round his waist.

The current was so strong in the channel that the ship swung constantly from one side to the other, and once our anchor drifted. Dr. Barrows and I crossed over to Lapak Island in a row-boat on a journey on foot through that island, the steamship *Tablas* being despatched to the other side to pick us up. We entered a swampy, muddy river lined with mangroves on either side, and had it not been for natives coming to our rescue in their canoes we should have had some trouble in making a dry landing.

We walked through a fine, undulating valley, forcing our way through high *cogon* grass. To the north was Shigangan

ANTHROPOMETRICAL MEASUREMENTS

	Cross of Sulu and Bajao from Siam Island		Sulus from Siam	Natives of Lulus Island	Chimp- Bajao cross	Bajao from Laminan Island
	Men	Women	Women	Women	Men	Men
	Metres	Metres	Metres	Metres	Metres	Metres
Standing height.....	1.630	1.500	1.510	1.440	1.560	1.585
Span	1.655	1.580	1.510	1.440	1.585	1.518
From base of neck to nipple of breast....	0.152	0.220	0.200	0.200	0.180	0.178
Armpit to armpit...	0.334	0.280	0.300	0.300	0.350	0.332
Shoulder - blade to shoulder - blade (highest ridge)....	0.145	0.130	0.160	0.160	0.170	0.140
ARM						
Humerus.....	0.306	0.380	0.300	0.270	0.290	0.292
Radius.....	0.255	0.240	0.230	0.220	0.240	0.240
Hand.....	0.193	0.170	0.170	0.175	0.180	0.187
Maximum length of fingers.....	0.110	0.095	0.100	0.100	0.105	0.100
Thumb.....	0.110	0.100	0.105	0.095	0.105	0.105
LEG						
Femur.....	0.502	0.460	0.460	0.430	0.440	0.497
Tibia.....	0.420	0.380	0.370	0.350	0.370	0.390
Height of foot from ground to ankle...	0.072	0.066	0.060	0.070	0.080	0.065
Length of foot.....	0.250	0.210	0.230	0.240	0.240	0.225
HEAD						
Vertical maximum length of head....	0.223	0.210	0.210	0.200	0.227	0.235
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0.185	0.177	0.184	0.175	0.184	0.176
Width of forehead at temples.....	0.135	0.118	0.123	0.120	0.135	0.148
Height of forehead ..	0.069	0.070	0.070	0.060	0.060	0.072
Bizygomatic breadth	0.127	0.112	0.116	0.124	0.135	0.126
Nasal height.....	0.056	0.060	0.065	0.065	0.062	0.060
Nasal breadth (at nostrils).....	0.042	0.036	0.035	0.040	0.045	0.040
Orbital horizontal breadth.....	0.033	0.030	0.030	0.032	0.035	0.033
Distance between eyes	0.033	0.025	0.030	0.030	0.035	0.035
Breadth of mouth...	0.053	0.047	0.042	0.050	0.055	0.052
Length of upper lip (from mouth aper- ture to base of nose)	0.021	0.022	0.025	0.025	0.022	0.024
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aper- ture to under chin)	0.044	0.045	0.040	0.035	0.041	0.042
Length of ear	0.062	0.065	0.070	0.063	0.067	0.056

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Mountain, 1010 feet high, on the slope of which, in a commanding place, the Spaniards had constructed a small fort. To the south was Pandangin Mountain, 1306 feet, while directly between these two mountains, at the extreme north and south of the island, was an elevated grassy plateau.

We came upon a spot where a former geyser existed, called by the natives *Lungaep galap*, or "ghost hole," where up to some ten or twenty years ago—my informant was vague about dates—salt-water spouted out to a great height.

There was a faint trail across the island which led to Datto Dakola's place, but we turned off towards Datto Puyo's settlement. Here again, as on Laminusa, we were first of all attracted by the handsome graves, generally made to resemble the shape of a boat and nicely carved.

Cholera was raging on this island at the time of my visit, and these graveyards—the bodies being plentiful and not deep underground—were somewhat smelly. However, partly owing to a good experience of how to hold my breath for long periods of time, partly by the application of a handkerchief to my mouth and nose, I was able to examine the quaint ornamentations on these tombs.

The men's graves were massive and had no minor ornamentations; on each stood a solid column of black wood, the summit of which was generally a quadrangle with indentations; whereas the women's graves had a flat, upright slab, prettily carved either with scrolls or with a series of triangles at both ends, as well as attempts at a leaf pattern. On young girls' graves, a four-leaved flower with a wave pattern seemed a favorite adornment. The boatlike grave was raised above ground on an ornamented, winged support.

Near this place of eternal rest we found a *nunuk* or "ghost tree," against which the natives burned a kind of incense called *camanian*. A primitive cane platform or altar had been erected, upon which food for the ethereal visitors was served in cocoa-nut-shell dishes. The natives professed to see ghosts (which they called *malun* or *gin*, from the Arabic) constantly hovering near this haunted spot. One, they told me, appeared in the guise of a nice-



SAMAI PIRATES INQUIRING OUR INTENTIONS

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MANAKOBAT ISLAND

looking woman with yellow clothes, but when anybody approached her she vanished.

Beyond a gigantic banyan-tree we arrived at the village—five or six huts—ruled over by no less a personage than Datto Maharajah Abinda Mohammed Aranen Puyo, a pleasant old fellow with white hair and beard, who displayed a gaudy, silver-topped cane. A sash of Chinese silk—yellow, red, and black—was surmounted by a large and much ornamented silver clasp, and was tied into a big knot in front with flowing tassels. A colored kerchief was twirled into a turban, while tight, brown breeches and a European towel around his neck completed his attire. He and his men possessed beautiful weapons, some with handles entirely of silver, others of precious woods set in gold.

Datto Dakola arrived, and seemed sulky because we had not visited him, and then came Panglima Ipa with some friends. They were also much depressed, but principally because of the loss of relations from cholera.

These folks lived in and for their boats. Their graves were in the shape of boats of reduced size—(formerly they actually buried the dead in proper boats)—and boatlike were the carved wooden mortars in which they pounded their daily rice, after it had been freed from skin and dirt by being tossed about in circular trays. The pestles used were seven feet long, and the pounding was done by women. Pearl and shell fishing was the chief occupation of the men.

When the ship arrived we went on board and steamed away at once.

Manakobat Island (773 feet) came next under my observation, a flattish cone of regular lines—quite unlike its southern neighbor Bubuan, which is undulating with a low depression in its north portion, some hundred feet above the sea-level and higher hills on the south. Both its north and south coasts seemed precipitous as we steamed past them, and a great reef extended all round both islands. This had, however, plenty of water upon it. Bubuan had a lake in its west side. In the Sigboye Channel were currents strong and irregular.

Going southward we now gazed on Magpeos, a most pe-

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culiar island, with vertical sides to the south, but a somewhat gentler slope to the north—the whole surmounted by a high, pointed cone. Tagao, a little farther, had no peculiarity except two spurs of land, one north the other south, with an elongated, flat-topped hill, and next to it another, almost semispherical.

Bintulan, Nusa, and Tabawan were islands absolutely flat, of coral formation on extensive reefs, with sand beaches lining the entire coast; Kinapusan, belonging to the same group (to which it gives its name) rose somewhat higher than the others, although quite flat too.

A current running six miles an hour in a southeast direction forced its way through the Sigboye Channel, causing a choppy sea with white-caps. A domelike rock (Tanka la luan), 107 feet high, stuck out in mid-ocean west of Tagao.

Tabawan possessed on its west side a large settlement of Samals. A big reef extended in a triangular shape to the south, and shallow water was noticeable for a considerable distance out at the west point of the island. Several islets lay to the south. On maps and charts one little island can be seen marked due west. But this is wrong. There were not only one, but thirteen little islands, southwest, not west, of the island, directly off the coast.

Four-fifths of Loran Island was flat, and one-fifth, to the northwest, hilly. A neighboring flat island lay to the southeast of it.

Our next destination was south Ubian Island, where we expected to find large settlements. It was really one large settlement subdivided into six, northwest of which were three separate islets—one small, the others larger. On the northeast coast long groves of cocoa-nuts lined the beach, and in mid-channel to the south, between Ubian and Loran, was Manote Island.

As soon as we were at anchor a number of boats came out to inquire our intentions, and Urankaya Sanaui, an old man, came on board with half a dozen fully armed followers. Two more boat-loads came alongside the ship, and in a moment the small decks of the *Tablas* were swarming with these former pirates. Panglima Tattun was among the

SAMAL SETTLEMENTS

later arrivals, and all were entertained to cigarettes, cigars, and ginger-ale, which beverage, with its sparkling qualities, caused great excitement among them.

There were two principal settlements of Samals upon south Ubian—one (under Panglima Utubanin) called Tampakan, the other called Tubedayan. As the island was not very productive, they got all their rice from Tawi-Tawi. A most curious feature of Ubian Island was that no fresh water was to be found, and the natives actually got their drinking-water from the island of Tunbagaan, fifteen miles off, where a creek existed.

At first I believed this to be an excuse for not showing us their wells, owing to their suspicions and superstitions; and, in fact, when Dr. Barrows and I started to walk across the island, the natives were greatly concerned and entreated us not to continue our trip. They first stated that no trail existed, then that there was a treacherous marsh, that bad and cruel people lived on the other side of the island who would surely kill us. As a matter of fact, most of the women had bolted from the village when we landed and had taken that trail to go and conceal themselves.

The Samals professed that no village existed on the west coast of south Ubian. On going around the island, nevertheless, we discovered two very large settlements on the southwest side. We remained the whole night at Ubian. The natives were grumpy and suspicious, and their datto told us that the population had been much scared at our arrival. Most of the people had fled. In fact, we noticed numberless boats hovering about in the distance, evidently watching the movements of the coast-guard cruiser.

It was an undoubted fact, however, that most, if not all, of the drinking water for this large population was fetched over in bamboos and jugs from Tumbagaan Island.

These Samals possessed most beautiful boats, with picturesque colored sails ending in long end tassels. Besides having, like Bajao boats, the bipod mast, these, too, possessed a sail which could be rolled, thus obviating the troublesome work of taking in reefs in squally weather or high wind. They could certainly attain great speed, and seemed to slide

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upon the water easier and faster than any sail-boats I have ever seen.

They manufacture these craft on Basilan Island, where excellent woods are found, and also at Balambing, the stronghold of the Celebes Sea pirates under Panglima Jeimal.

We met the Maharanee Attaola, an old Sulu woman, daughter of Datto Dakola, who had some power over these people. Sullugan was the most northern settlement on south Ubian. We found upon this island a different style of graves—the body being preserved above ground. This was partly because on these low islands of coral formation one strikes water in digging even a couple of feet. Each grave was neatly walled up around with coral slabs cut smooth, and some had a head pillar to the northwest, others not. There were single graves, and composite family graves; those of the better people being adorned with canopies and locally manufactured sunshades of white cotton, also with banners. Primitive but occasionally handsome carvings were noticeable on the coral rock. The dead and living seemed to dwell in harmony side by side, each house possessing an adjoining family grave.

Along the coast, to protect the settlement, several forts with coral walls six feet high were to be seen, but most of them were filled with graves, cholera having wrought great havoc among the people.

On leaving south Ubian and proceeding southwest towards Tawi-Tawi, we had to the north along our passage a number of islands of a flat, coral formation, similar to those of the Kinapusan group, with sandy beaches and some wild vegetation upon them. A great shoal, on which rose Tubuan, Pomelean, and Calendat islands, uninhabited, and a circular coral reef with an eroded rock in the centre, resembling to the naked eye a ship aground, were most peculiarly interesting. On the larger island the sand had accumulated to a great height.

We were now cruising in the Tawi-Tawi group, and flat Tandubas Island was the first of importance—one of a series of seven—upon a long reef that formed a crescent twenty-seven miles long in the southeast portion of the

A MYSTERY

group. The triangular and hilly island of Tandubac (635 feet) could be perceived rising in a semispherical mound in the distance to the northwest above the lower island, while Kalupag and Tigungun, the most northerly isles of the crescent, rose to 590 feet and 420 feet respectively.

On Tandubas, also called Ungas Matata, were two Samal settlements very similar to those already described. The Samal villages, instead of being built upon the water like those of the Bajaos, were constructed some little distance from the water on the sandy beach. These people had evidently come here to stay and had built themselves solid houses of planks with grass roofs—all the doorways facing the sea. The houses were constructed on very high posts. Upon the beach at this place we saw a foreign ship's boat, but how and why it came to be there was somewhat of a mystery. Probably a wreck, possibly worse.

Sekubun, which was the most elongated island to the southwest upon the same reef, also displayed two settlements in its northeast portion, and here, too, as on Tandubas, a few squalid cocoa-nut and a few other palms were grown upon the coral reef. This reef, which extended all along from half a mile to three-quarters of a mile out had at its edge no less than 114 fathoms of water—but that was not extraordinary if one knows how coral reefs are formed.

In the reef between Sebukun and Lataan islands there was the Paragua Channel—extremely narrow but quite deep, giving access to a sheltered bay; but a wider and better entrance into the same anchorage was found between Lataan and Mantauan islands, four to eight fathoms deep.

On passing this channel we got a good glimpse of Mount Santiago, 1161 feet, on Linitian Island (practically joined to Tawi-Tawi), and with it a number of lower hills forming a kind of peninsula in the southeast part of Tawi-Tawi. Linitian was an island only at high tide, the entire coast in that section being a mass of coral reefs.

CHAPTER XXVII

IMMENSE REEFS — THE FOLKS OF SIMONOR — UNFAMILIAR
MIRROR AND ELECTRIC LIGHT—WONDERFUL GRAVES—THE
MOST SOUTHERN POINT OCCUPIED BY AMERICANS

ABOVE a mass of reefs which make the water appear of all colors, fine scenery is displayed to the north on Tawi-Tawi Island, Dromedary Peak, 1941 feet, with three humps of equal height, forming a prominent landmark, while a fourth conical lower peak, rising west of it, extends into a regular chain of rather indented mountains, with yet another notable peak (Thumb Hill, 730 feet) at its southwestern terminus. In north Tawi-Tawi, Batua Mountain, 1283 feet, and Bujimba, 897 feet, are distinguishable in the distance.

This mountain mass, which practically stretches right across Tawi-Tawi from northeast to southwest, possesses grand, sweeping lines against the sky, with low depressions in some sections.

A village upon the west coast of the coral island of Mantabuan and a settlement on Banaran Island, are visible, the reef, three and three-quarter miles, between being almost all above water, with patches of sand, from which sticks out the Sasal rock with a tuft of green. An uncharted islet lies off the south Banaran coast.

As navigation is risky among these islands and reefs, which are not properly surveyed, we had to seek shelter for the night near the Basibuli Reef, the centre of which rises well above water and upon the deep sand deposits of which a good cluster of vegetation has sprouted. A regular maze of reefs lie north, east, and west of Basibuli, not to mention the immense southwesterly reef on which Bilatan Island is situated. Eight little islands and one large are

CICATRICES

to the west of northern Banaran, and a broad reef spreads off that island to a good distance westward all along its coast. A narrow passage, with thirty-six fathoms, lies to the west of the Basibuli, where fair shelter from both the northeast and southwest monsoons can be obtained.

Datto Tata was the ruler of Bilatan when we were there—a most unprepossessing place.

At sunrise we continued our journey to the southwest, along the Bilatan Reef, stretching for nine miles in a southwest direction, with nine islets of sand rising here and there above water, showing some green vegetation upon them.

Manuk - Manka—the most southerly of the Tawi-Tawi group, with Paklahatan settlement—is a mere flat stretch of sand and coral rising some 100 feet above water, with a lot of vegetation upon it. There is a channel two miles wide between it and Simonor Island (north of it), with soundings from forty to 100 fathoms in the centre of the channel, and as much as 250 outside on the east. But we passed east of Simonor between Tiji-Tiji or Sandy Cay Bank, the last islets on the huge Bilatan Reef.

A village of thirty-seven houses and a nice cocoa-nut grove was visible on the east side of Simonor, each house flying a white flag to scare away those evil spirits who bring cholera. This settlement rejoiced in the name of Tubiggin-dannan. Here we found again houses of the Bajao type built over the water. A lagoon with an inlet to the north occupied a good part of central Simonor, with the village of Tongusan on the west of the entrance channel.

The folks of Simonor possess a dialect of their own, and in Bajao fashion adorn their arms with cicatrices caused by fire. Long nails are displayed, and rings of immense size are worn on all fingers of the left hand. They profess to be a race akin to no one, but they are nothing more or less than a degraded tribe of Bजाos with practically identical customs and manners. They, too, file their teeth.

Two distinct types are noticeable in the population. One, the more common, has an aquiline nose—like the Batacs of Palawan—and highly raised nostrils; the other has a rounded nose, not much depressed at the bridge—in fact,

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as races go in these regions, with quite an elevated nasal bridge. Traces of negroid influence were apparent in many instances. I was much struck by the great depression of the chest, even in the most powerful types, and the over-developed muscular padding of the shoulders—which, I think, is caused by the constant paddling when in their boats.

A few of the natives had adopted the tight clothing of the Sulus, but most wore immensely loose, straight trousers reaching to the ankle.

These folks kept their toe-nails beautifully trimmed, their attention being constantly devoted, while sitting down, to the appearance of their lower extremities.

There are three imams, two dattos, and four panglimas at Simonor, Datto Tantung being the principal one and Datto Baghinda next in importance. The panglimas were Hussein, Ugasa, Abdurrahim, Asmawil. The dattos were Sulus, Tantung—a man of powerful features, long, shaggy hair and slight drooping mustache and beard—being quite a character in his way. He wore a red fez with a black tassel, and had a steel umbrella-rod with an ivory handle for a walking-cane. He was dressed in a pair of cheap, European-made, pink flannel pajamas, with a Mauser pistol slung to his belt, while his feet were presumably aching inside discarded American military boots.

Altogether four settlements existed on Simonor—Tubig-gindannan, Tungasan, Tampakan, and Obol.

Maharajah Ismail, an old, one-footed fellow with drooping lips, was the chief of the latter village, where Datto Baghinda, a young man who displayed a golden devil on the top of his fez, and a son of Tantung, were the most interesting men we met among the better folks. They came on board with many followers, and exhibited a mixture of rudeness and politeness, their constantly changing facial expression being a composition of sulkiness, jealousy, amusement, impudence, and fear. Their piratical racial traits came prominently to the fore—a bouncing manner and loud-toned speech, rapid inquisitiveness, and a bluffing tone of ostentatious honesty.

An amusing incident happened, when I played a practi-



SAMAL BOAT, SHOWING SAIL ROLLED UP

A PRACTICAL JOKE

cal joke on these haughty and impudent barbarians. They had been treating everybody on board *de haut en bas*—the dattos evidently doing this to impress their own folks. They had appropriated the most comfortable chairs to sit upon, leaving the American officers standing; and I must say that these American gentlemen behaved with remarkable patience and good-nature, such as no Englishman would have ever displayed towards natives. Meanwhile, these seafaring folks—wonderful readers of human nature—took advantage of it, and swaggered about as if the ship belonged to them. Night was coming on.

I led the chief datto and a number of his men into my cabin, where it was so dark that they could see nothing, and having explained to them that by the mere snapping of my fingers I could produce light at will and make them see as many people again as were present, they received the statement with undisguised merriment. The uproars of laughter were soon changed into exclamations of terror, when, on my turning the switch, the electric lights flared up and they perceived in a large mirror as many again of their folks as had come into the cabin.

As these proud people were neither familiar with mirrors nor with the electric light, and as each time I snapped my fingers with one hand (and, of course, unsuspected, turned the switch with the other) the lights went up or down, my Samal friends became, one and all, so terrified that as soon as they recovered their senses they slammed the door open, dashed like lunatics upon the deck, and scrambled overboard, pellmell, into their canoes.

The amusing part came the next morning when we landed. The natives would approach and converse with my American friends, but no one would come within several yards of where I was—the natives looking at me in perfect awe. Once or twice when I pretended to snap my fingers, there was a general stampede.

Perhaps of all the islands of the Tawi-Tawi group, Simonor was the most weirdly interesting. Great excitement prevailed when we landed, the natives—evidently suspicious of our intentions—turning out in great force armed with

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

their spears and swords, these mostly of the Borneo pattern, and imported.

The two points which impressed one in this place were the astounding birth-rate—the beach being simply swarming with naked, semi-scared children—and the mass of elaborate graves which formed the essential part of these settlements. In a way there must be a certain charm in possessing one's own grave handily attached to one's house, and in having so close by what remains of those one loved—duly encased in coral rock, but on sanitary grounds things might possibly be improved. Cholera was bad when we landed, and the numerous new graves with canopies and flags and sunshades bore full testimony to the terrific mortality of late.

“One hundred and six have succumbed within a few days,” Hadji Harun—a high-priest in a brilliant yellow robe and tasselled turban—told us, after a computation. This man was here to protect the Sultan's interests.

“Do you see those white flags over each house? Those are to scare cholera away.” Each house had one or more.

The hadji showed us a mosque—but would not let us go inside—quite an imposing structure with spiral, carved, wooden columns. The roof supports and rafters were also handsomely decorated, as were the sides of this temple of worship, which could only be reached by a ladder. A big drum was used to call people to prayer.

For variety of graves this spot was supreme. There were some above ground, others below. Single graves and composite graves. Rustic graves of coral rock in its natural form piled up anyhow, and others elaborately beautiful with really extraordinarily artistic carvings upon them. Each grave possessed an upright slab or pillar, called *okil*, to the northwest (the direction of Mecca)—these uprights being generally some two yards high, and most elaborately ornamented, principally with a leaf pattern. They were flat or else pillar-like, according to the sex of the deceased. In the first case, the edge was in graceful curves, the summit generally in a series of semicircles. The panglima's tomb, made of limestone, was really beautiful, had a massive quad-

BONGAO

rangular head-pillar and tricuspidal end slab, and showed intrinsic artistic merit. All the graves—unlike those of the Lapak people—were rectangular, the rock being cut and carved with great geometrical precision.

Farther was the maharajah's tomb—who had only just died—a really imposing affair of immense proportions, enclosed in a temporary frame of hard-wood. One feature of these graves was that the greater the man the more spacious his place of rest. The entire grave was covered by a cotton canopy in red and white stripes, and no fewer than five sunshades on high bamboos—three white and two yellow—with ornamental fringes, decorated the tomb.

Datto Tangtun lived at Tongusan in the northeast of Simonor. His settlement had but twenty or thirty houses, some quite large and handsome. One only of these was built upon the sea, the others stood far back among the cocoa-nuts on the coral and sand beach. The place stood at the north side of the entrance into the lagoon, and possessed an intrenchment of coral stone. Here, too, were numerous graves—many very recent, with yellow and red sunshades on high sticks.

The natives were armed and never kept their hands off the handles of their swords; but taking things all round, they were jovial enough—and certainly the nicest of all the Simonor people. They were much depressed by the great mortality among them from cholera.

Hadji Harun took us into his house, a very spacious abode on piles, over the sea. There was a platform raised two and a half feet above the rest of the floor, and occupying two-thirds of the entire length of the house, and on this was the usual contingent of boxes, knives, and more or less greasy pillows under a central canopy.

After the innumerable, dreary, long, flat, nasty-looking reefs, one could not help being attracted—when proceeding towards Bongao—by the impressive, rugged, volcanic mountains on that island. We experienced a strong current in a northerly direction in the Simonor Channel, our course being north one-half degree west, then northwest three-quarters of a degree west, and farther north three-quarters of a de-

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

gree east—this to avoid Sanguisiapo Island on a reef of white sand.

Bongao, seen from the south, appears almost like a punch-bowl formed by a deep depression caused by a volcanic commotion between precipitous Mount Vigia (1151 feet) and a peak to the east of it, 717 feet high. Southwest is another peak, 872 feet, and south-southeast Pajor, 620 feet—a very pointed hill.

As the settlement lies to the north of the island, we rounded Papahag Island, which forms two narrow entrance channels into the Bongao anchorage, and eventually entered the well-protected harbor, landlocked on all sides. The tiny settlement lies on a point, and possesses a small pier to which ships of eight to ten feet draught can make fast.

Nine large wooden buildings with corrugated iron roofs were prominent, amid half a dozen smaller ones; there was a meagre cocoa-nut grove—but the vegetation some way off the settlement was dense, almost impenetrable. The Spaniards established a small military post here in 1881, and constructed a little fort. A garrison is kept in this lonely spot, the most southerly point in the archipelago occupied by Americans.

Barring the garrison, the population was neither numerous nor attractive; some thirty-five Filipinos, Tagalos, Visayan, Zamboangans—mostly discharged Spanish soldiers; thirteen Chinese, *plus* five Japanese young ladies of doubtful character.

I was much interested in a number of covered boats scattered over the bay and in groups along the entrance channels, which were the floating homes of the nomad Samals. They appeared and vanished at a moment's notice, and no one was ever certain of their mysterious movements. The natives of all this portion of the archipelago were extremely unreliable and slippery. Some, like Datto Maullana on Tatang, have shown great independence, and have refused to obey American orders.

Sanga-Sanga Island, north of Bongao, really forms part of Tawi-Tawi Island, from which it is separated merely by a narrow and shallow channel only navigable in canoes or

PICTURESQUE EARTHENWARE

small boats. In its northern portion, however, this channel expands into an almost circular lagoon. There are no regular villages on Sanga-Sanga, but merely single houses scattered here and there along the coast. The natives are under Panglima Cangan.

The people speak Samal and they call themselves "Bangao," in distinction from the natives of Sulu, whom they call "Sug."

The pottery used by these folks was picturesque, the cooking-stoves on their boats being sensibly constructed of unglazed terra-cotta, red, with a frieze, and bold, angular ornamentations of black and deep red. Vessels and cooking-pots had neat bands of half-circles in two colors, or vertical parallel lines, or rows of superposed angles; some again displayed the lozenge pattern, radiating from a central point, and all were singularly graceful in shape and nicely turned, but not always properly baked. They were very brittle. The cooking-pots were glazed in their lower portion with a deep-green varnish. Inverted angles, red and black, and dots were favorite ornamentations, too. These pots and vessels varied in size from three inches to ten or twelve inches in diameter. Large, green, glazed earthen jars were used for carrying and preserving water in their boats.

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to perch on the bamboo outrigger in order to prevent turning turtle; but a similar process is necessary on any fast-going craft in a gale.

No iron nails are used in the construction of these boats, which are either riveted with wood, or most ingeniously and tightly laced with *bejuco* or other untearable fibrous vines. The rollable square sail is used here, too—a most excellent device in squally weather.

The chief of the pirates was Panglima Jeimal—a fellow of negroid features, with an extremely dark complexion, who possessed considerable magnetic powers and ample lack of conscience. The next in importance was Panglima Maojur.

Jeimal professed faithfulness to the American flag, which he displayed upon his roof; but his sincerity remains yet to be proved. Possibly, were the neighboring garrison at Bongao (fourteen miles off) withdrawn, a good deal of the allegiance would soon wear off. He was very civil to us—although rather haughty, I thought—and received us in his beautiful home—an immense place crowded with men whose countenances inspired little confidence, and women of doubtful morals. The latter had made themselves attractive, as they thought, in a ghastly manner by smearing their faces with white rice-paste, and painting their eyebrows in a straight, heavy, continuous black line that ran across the brow-ridges and ended in bold, inverted angles. Expression was added to the already expressive dark eyes by blackening the under lid, and the lips were touched up; the jet-black hair hung in two long, graceful locks at each side of the head. They were not reserved in their manner.

Ample evidence that much debauchery took place in all these houses was presented by the number of brass and wooden vessels, drinking-cups used in their feasts, and of musical instruments, among which was the highly ornamented *gabban*—a coffin-like instrument, suggested, I think, to the Sulus by the Spaniards and eventually copied by the Samals and Bajaos. It had sixteen keys upon it made of different-sized pieces of *ipil* wood, each producing a different note when tapped upon by a hammer, which hammer was artistically carved in the shape of a bird. A string in-



SAMAI HOUSES BUILT ON THE SEA, TAPUL GROUP



SAMAI'S WATCHING OUR LANDING

Nov 11

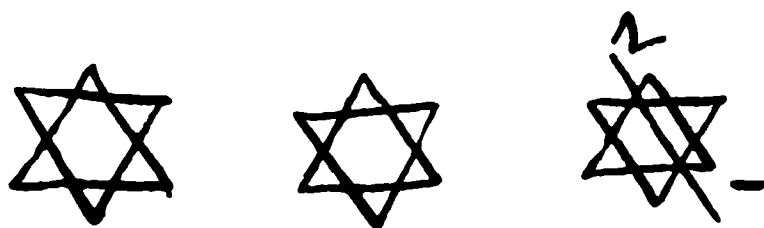
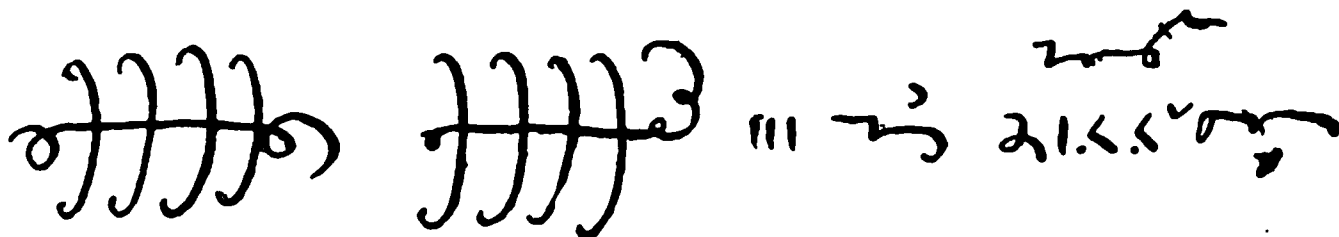
BABIES INNUMERABLE

strument like a violin—also not purely Samal—was played in doleful notes held on for an interminable time, and with variations of a chromatic scale, while the *gabban* was thumped wearily on one single high note. Then there was the set of brass gongs, an instrument on the principle of musical bells, imported from Singapore.

Huge conical baskets were used for storing away rice, and ample supplies could be smelt and seen of dried fish, possibly to be used when on their expeditions.

Ingenious lights were made from plaited *buri* held in a cup of either glass, porcelain, or brass. Large shells were used for water.

Amid a deafening racket of excited voices there slept peacefully, in a hammock for two, a pair of twin babies, only a few days old, a double arrangement of sticks upon which it was suspended being calculated to give the hammock a gentle swinging, side movement as well as an up-and-down motion. In another corner, another sleeping baby. . . . Heavens! there were swarms of babies of all sizes everywhere in these houses! Above each hammock upon a card or piece of wood was a charm with an inscription, scrolls, and certain mystic signs—one very much resembling the masonic star of inverted triangles. Here is the reproduction of one:



THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Weapons were numerous, and so were strong chests in which treasured objects were kept; their sails and articles pertaining to their vessels were stored away in convenient places.

There were some thirty large houses built on piles upon the shallow reef—some 150 yards off the shore. The gabled *cogon* roofs were ornamented with carved cross-beams back and front, projecting high above the roof summit. The floors were made of split cocoa-nut palm; the walls of solid wooden boards. Some of the houses were divided into two or three rooms inside, and possessed an outer kitchen with the usual fireplace—a square wooden tray with a layer of ashes and a great number of earthenware cooking-pots.

Curiously enough, these people obtained their drinking-water from the jungle no less than two miles from their settlement.

We went from house to house, balancing ourselves on creaky bridges, preceded and followed by a rabble of these pirates—our friend Adela to the fore. Out of business hours these fellows seemed pleasant enough, although I did not see a single face there I would care to trust. Indeed, a government report which describes Jeimal as a “pirate, a liar, and a thief,” and his people as untrustworthy and only to be controlled by mere fear, is, I think, not far wrong.

These pirates nurse a tender hatred for the people of Simonor, and they do not yield allegiance to the Sultan of Tawi-Tawi, but they recognize the higher authority of the Sultan of Sulu.

It may be recollected that, in 1900, these fellows murdered three American soldiers and wounded a fourth, for no reason whatever except thirst of blood.

A good deal of smuggling, I think, is carried on by these people with the coast of Borneo, and one thing that is certain is that a garrison of a few soldiers stranded without means of transportation on an island fourteen miles away is absolutely unable to repress whatever escapades these adventurous seafarers elect to indulge in.

The appearance of the coast-guard cruiser in the neighborhood of their stronghold caused quite a sensation, and may

A COSTLY OVERSIGHT

have accounted for the civil manner in which we were received.

I left Bongao in the afternoon of March 19th, and passed out of the bay through the channel south of Papahag Island. Having rounded the southern part of Bongao, we were now in sight of the strange Sibutu Islands, with one peak 500 feet high standing against the horizon line—the rest a flat, densely wooded, elongated island separated by a deep channel from a row of rocks and islets upon an immense coral reef of ovoid shape, twenty-three miles long by eight miles wide, and with a central lagoon. This reef is in its turn separated on the west by another deep channel, 107 to 150 fathoms deep, from two other elongated principal reefs (including Meridian Reef)—all these reefs of the Sibutu group having a general direction from north to south.

These worthless islands are of no importance whatever except that through an oversight they cost the United States government one hundred thousand gold dollars. In the Paris Convention it appears that the demarcation line of the new American possessions was marked through the Sibutu Passage, east of these islands, leaving this group out. It was subsequently discovered that these reefs had formed part of the former Spanish dominions, and Uncle Sam ratified the treaty by purchasing from Spain, for the above handsome amount, these jewels—the most southerly (latitude $4^{\circ} 1' 11''$ north), and certainly the most God-forsaken islands of the entire archipelago.

Sibutu Island itself is seventeen miles long and about two and three-quarter miles wide. A shallow lagoon is enclosed in the reef to the south of the island where the reef extends southward for four and a quarter miles, and is three miles wide, with an islet in it 120 feet high.

The channel west of Sibutu, stretching from north to south, is two and a half miles wide, and as much as 100 to 205 fathoms deep in its northern portion, and from seventy-three to ninety fathoms in its southern. The western side of the channel is formed by an immense oval reef enclosing a large lagoon in the north, and by the islets of Tumindao, Sipankat, Omopui, and others, rising from 100 to 190 feet

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

above the sea. There is a current both ways in the two channels west and east of this reef, the strength varying according to the tide, of from two to four knots an hour. In 1903 there were two settlements of nomadic seafaring tribes on Sibutu.

CHAPTER XXIX

SANGA-SANGA ISLAND—TAWI-TAWI AND ITS PEOPLE—THE DANGERS OF ANTHROPOMETRY—THE BAY OF DOS AMIGOS—PEARL BANK AND ITS PHANTOM POPULATION—STRANGE VEGETATION—THE PANGUTARAN GROUP—SAMALS

BONGAO Island appeared most picturesque from the southwest, west, and northwest, with its high, vertical, columnar formation. Deep shadows were cast between the more prominent angles, in the deep grooves and in the many indentations.

We were now on our way to the north coast of Tawi-Tawi, and had to go round Sanga-Sanga Island—flat and sandy in its southern portion, but of coral and volcanic formation in its northern half. It was thickly wooded. An erosion mark could be seen all along the coast several feet above the sea-level. The island rose altogether but a few feet in the centre above the water-line. Along its north coast, particularly, Sanga-Sanga appeared extremely low, with stunted vegetation, the coast-line being much cut up into little islets, with channels between.

The small, flat island of Tusan-Bongao lies at the mouth of the narrow channel separating Sanga-Sanga from Tawi-Tawi. Here, again, we found most luxuriant vegetation, with gigantic trees down to the water's edge, *molave*, *narra*, *ipil*, and many other valuable woods being abundant. This coast was rocky.

We passed eastward between the islands of Sipayu and Tawi-Tawi, and had to the north six small, flat islands, the two central ones much elongated and joined by a coral reef which further surrounded them. Tinakta, Baun, Ka-

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bankuan, Sunalak were the names of the principal ones.

On the Tawi-Tawi coast was Teclena village sheltered by hills cleared of forest by fire. One large hut with eight or nine more modest abodes lay in a depression between hills. Some were thatched with *cogon*, others had open walls altogether. Behind them towered the three humps of Dromedary Peak which we had already observed from the south.

The natives were greatly scared when we landed, and ran *en masse* into the large house, wherein evidently lived their chief. They were Bajaos.

Farther northeast upon the Tawi-Tawi coast we found (March 21st) another Bajao settlement called Butun, where the nomads of the sea had arrived only two or three months before. They were busy clearing patches of land of trees in order to raise their crops. The local Datto Maolano, an old fellow of well-cut, refined features, was a Sulu, his grandfather having migrated and settled in the northern part of Tawi-Tawi at Bas. That settlement, however, which possessed a *kota* (or fort) and a plantation of cocoa-nuts had since been abandoned, although one more village, called Tunhugun, was to be found farther up the coast, under the rule of Datto Sawaldi.

Datto Maolano looked upon us with great suspicion, and answered every question we put to him with one or more lies. He and his people had never seen white people, nor was he anxious to become acquainted with them. Following the diffident custom of his own folks, he went and sat himself on a high tree which had been felled, resting his back against a huge branch, while his attendants—by him instructed—duly formed a semicircle behind him. This was evidently to guard himself against a possible attack of ours from the rear. He put on airs to an unbearable degree, and spoke, I thought, rather impertinently to my American friends. He regarded himself as a "big man," and so did his Bajao supporters—a subject upon which I proceeded at once to disillusion them.

While the datto puffed away in grandeur—in tight black

A DISILLUSIONED DATTO

clothes, a zouave with numberless little buttons, and a broad sash—I produced my camera, which—unknown to them—at once caused a sensation.

“What are you doing?” they inquired, with intense curiosity.

“Oh, I am only looking to see how small the datto and you all are,” I replied. “Come and see for yourselves.”

The first Bajao who was made to look through the finder of the camera, and saw his chief and friends reduced to the size of mosquitoes, gave a yell of surprise and fear. He looked a second time, rubbing his eyes to ascertain whether they had deceived him, and when he told the datto how small I had made him, that haughty individual assumed a sickly look of disgust. There was a mixture of awe and hilarity in the crowd at the strange phenomenon, described in vivid colors by the Bajao observer to an encircling crowd of tribesmen—but the datto forbade any of his people to look through the camera again.

This was merely a small tribe of pirates, like those we have seen elsewhere, with slight local variations caused by intermarriage and climate. They possessed Malay-Negroid features and extremely flat noses—the upper two-thirds of the nose being so flattened as to form almost a perfect plane with the cheeks. Like other Bajaos, they squatted on their heels while resting, and they wore big trousers—except the datto, who wore his ancestral Sulu attire.

The women were not attractive. Their drooping eyes showed but little intelligence, their facial features were weak and unimpressive; the hair was worn combed up and twisted into a knot on the top of the skull; a short fringe was cut straight across the forehead, and two long tufts of hair hung by the side of the face. They wore short coats and wide trousers like the men.

A favorite ornament on men’s coats—short zouaves—was a design of parallel lines of silk cord with a loop and a little button all along the seams under the arms and above the shoulders.

There were at this place two wells of good water—only

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

one foot below the ground - surface — filtered, no doubt, through the coral and sand from the sea.

The houses were not elaborate, nor had they anything very new to us. Terra-cotta stands to support a torch of resin, tall, cylindrical drums with sheep-skins held in great tension by *bejuco* lacings, the usual quadrangular axe, as found in all the Sulu Islands, a few bamboo and cocoa-nut vessels for water—and that was about all in the way of utensils and furniture.

I was very anxious to get some anthropometrical measurements of these people, and I went into the home of one of the leading men, followed by a considerable crowd of curious folks. To avoid the usual suspicions and allay their fears during the process, I took all tape measurements first. Somehow or other the natives, after the camera surprise, were much frightened. I was alone in the house, and just as I produced my steel caliper to measure their skulls, my American friends, who had remained outside, shouted to me that they were going on board, and in a jocular fashion proceeded on a race down the slippery hill on the top of which the house stood. This *contretemps* was unhappily mistaken by the suspicious natives for some mysterious signal to do them harm, and when I placed the caliper around the head of the datto's brother the Bajaos, in a dangerous outburst of excitement, drew their vicious-looking knives and brandished them over my head and above my arm—clearly meaning that if I injured their chief they would kill me. The man's son was in a most hysterical mood.

I nodded in assent, and signed to them to keep their *barongs* over my head and strike if I hurt anybody. I then continued my work. I think the annexed measurements taken on that occasion will be found all right.

After a while, their fears abating, and giving way to hysterical friendliness, they put their knives back into their respective sheaths, and patted me on the back, saying I was their friend, and I duly took advantage of this to measure as many specimens as I could. Naturally, I had to use some judgment and avoid taking certain measurements which might again arouse undue suspicion.

SAMAI (KAYO) AND SAMI AND H. P. S. 1900



DANGEROUS ANTHROPOMETRY

	Sulu-Samal. Metre.	Tawi-Tawi Bajao. Metre.
Standing height	1.570	1.520
Span	1.520	1.555
Armpit to armpit	0.290	0.310
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge)	0.160	0.175
From base of neck to nipple of breasts	0.160	0.145
Distance from nipple to nipple of breasts	0.170	0.205
ARM		
Humerus	0.300	0.290
Radius	0.250	0.245
Hand	0.180	0.185
Maximum length of fingers	0.095	0.100
Thumb	0.100	0.105
LEG		
Femur	0.410	0.450
Tibia	0.390	0.365
Height of foot from ground to ankle	0.060	0.075
HEAD		
Vertical maximum length of head	0.235	0.230
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0.150	0.145
Width of forehead at temples	0.115	0.115
Height of forehead	0.060	0.065
Nasal height	0.055	0.055
Nasal breadth (nostrils)	0.040	0.055
Orbital horizontal breadth	0.030	0.030
Distance between the eyes	0.030	0.030
Breadth of mouth	0.060	0.050
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0.025	0.020
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0.040	0.035
Length of ear	0.060	0.065

The north coast of Tawi-Tawi is undulating and thickly wooded, rocky in many places, with no extensive sand beaches. The Dromedary Peaks seen from the north appear abrupt and of a similar formation to the vertical volcanic rocks of Bongao.

There is only one safe harbor in the northern part of Tawi-Tawi, and that is a bay called Dos Amigos, entered between the Tokankai Point to the west and Lamunyan Point to the east. On Tokankai Point stands a low hill with immense trees, and its base is covered with dense vegetation. Mangrove-trees fringe both points right down into the sea. The

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

entrance into the bay is very narrow. According to certain maps there is here a town established by the Spaniards and named Tatan, but this is a mistake. There is no town of any kind in the bay, nor even the remains of one.

A Chinaman once came here in order to cut timber, but he found it difficult to remain long, for Dos Amigos Bay is about as lonely a place as one can find. The bay forms an angle, its entire length being one and three-quarter miles, one arm from north to south, the other from west to east, with a ramification northeast. It has two smaller bays or arms at the elbow on the south side, where a hill (200 feet high), with plenty of trees, is a landmark. It affords a fair anchorage from thirty-three to 124 feet deep, the deepest soundings being at the mouth of the harbor, but the navigable part of the bay is extremely narrow, as there is shallow water with a sticky mud bottom near the banks on either side.

The northern portion of the bay is not more than one-sixth of a mile broad from land to land, and slightly broader where it forms the elbow—the best anchorage being found here with sufficient turning room in forty-six to twenty-nine feet of water. A small island is to be found at the end of the northeast arm. At the end of the harbor is the lofty Mount Batua, 1263 feet—a densely wooded mountain extending east and west in gentle slopes and with a flat summit.

We landed in the east end of the bay and found two small streams of water. There was also a faint trail among huge ferns—some over twenty-five feet high—with fibrous stems of great solidity. They had immense inverted leaves, also very fibrous, and extending in graceful curves, but with edges like a fine saw. There is a considerable amount of gutta-percha on Tawi-Tawi, produced from the trunks of trees of the genera *Ficus elastica* and *palaquium*. Unfortunately, the natives fell the trees recklessly in order to obtain immediate large quantities of sap, instead of selecting big trees and tapping them regularly, which would give them a more constant and eventually more remunerative supply.

GUTTA-PERCHA

I do not know whether the best gutta-producing tree, *Dichopsis gutta*, has yet been found growing wild in the Sulu Archipelago, but closely allied species exist, flourish, and are numerous in Tawi-Tawi, particularly where the soil and climate seem most suitable. Undoubtedly, if it does not exist yet, the best gutta-tree could be planted and would flourish on Tawi-Tawi, and I believe that in this line, if rational methods of cultivation and production were employed, much wealth would be obtained from the island. The expense of planting gutta—after the ground has been cleared—is but very small, and the returns, after six or seven years, from seventy-five per cent. to one hundred per cent. larger than the original outlay.

I think that large fortunes will in the future be made in these islands by the production of gutta, but I also think that some sensible measures should be taken to protect those gum-trees which already exist from being mercilessly cut down by the natives. It is, of course, an irresistible temptation for natives to get a big sum down for a tree, instead of getting a constant yearly income from it, and I do not see how the evil is to be stopped unless the forestry officers are sent about travelling among the islands and get acquainted with the natives and the interior of the country. Giant rubber vines are found in many parts of the Philippines.

The gutta trade is at present entirely in the hands of Chinese traders, who export the product to Saindakan and Singapore. The methods of extraction are the most rudimentary, and involve enormous waste. The product is placed in a dish and left to macerate in salt water, stirring being necessary to complete the operation. This leaves the gutta-percha in a plastic form, needing further to be suspended in a windy place to dry—but the process at best gives but impure results.

While rowing about in the bay we saw several crocodiles floating to and fro with their bulgy eyes and noses just above the water. The place was swarming with them.

A five hours' pitching passage north 48° west, in a somewhat heavy sea brought us to a most extraordinary place called Pearl Bank—a row of sixteen or more small and low

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islands. The largest, on which we landed, rose to a bump not more than forty feet high in the centre, and to another lower bump in its eastern portion. Each of these islets was encircled by a neat, white, sandy beach.

Taya and Zan islands stood on an almost circular reef, which in its turn was surrounded by another from five to ten fathoms below the water surface, and this was encircled by a yet younger third reef of uneven formation, with eleven to eighty fathoms of water upon it. Directly off the edge of this outer reef great depths were registered, from 100 to 350 fathoms to the east, and 130 to 400 fathoms with no bottom to the north.

We had to wade on shore, and landed on a most beautiful beach of deep, white, coral sand with red grains, strewn with beautiful shells of all kinds and many-colored corals. Enormous blocks of fluted red coral were beautiful, and so also were the branches—like those of a tree—of delicately white coral, sponges, etc. The vegetation—what there was of it—on this desolate island was most curious, a species of palm with spiky leaves, growing in a spiral and overlapping one another all round the trunk, being most remarkable. The leaves in the lower portion gradually dried up and fell off, leaving neat rings one inch apart round the stump. In growing up, this palm shot out regular branches at right angles, either two or three at intervals of three feet, and each branch had a cluster of leaves at the point only. The summit retained the form of the younger palms, in spiral formation, with the spiky leaves all round. Some of the oldest palms of this species were even as much as twenty feet high, and, curiously enough, these let out roots into the ground at the sides from a height of three feet up the trunk. This palm bore a fruit like a large pineapple. Several other varieties of wild pineapple were to be found on this island.

Then we encountered the *bidoeng*-tree, which was so common in Palawan and the Calamianes, and a lot of mangrove-trees with their octopus roots resting in the water, especially on the borders of the large central lagoon to the north. A lot of large timber and innumerable cocoa-nuts had been washed on shore, but no cocoa-nut trees—the first sign of

PHANTOM INHABITANTS

permanent human settlers—were to be found on the island.

All these islands formed a regular circle upon the reef, leaving a patch of placid water in the middle. White coral sand extended far out; then volcanic rock was also noticeable.

We were much surprised to discover that the centre of the island had been cleared of vegetation—it had been burned; and on crossing the island in seven different places, in order to find out whether any inhabitants lived here—as we suspected—we came upon a well dug into the coral rock with slightly brackish water two feet below the ground surface. This well was curiously made—a cylindrical shaft with a horizontal tunnel several feet long with water half filling it. Near this we further discovered a mat and a primitive basket, which had recently been used; also the remains of a fire.

This discovery led to another thorough search for the phantom folks of Pearl Island, and on the north coast we eventually came upon fresh footmarks of several men, a woman, and a little child. They had evidently been running to and fro dodging us—and although we spent much time, exertion, and patience in trying to find them, we were unable to discover their hiding-place. The footmarks appeared like those of some semi-savage tribesmen, and much resembled those produced by the flattened feet of the Tagbanouas of Palawan, or by some such other semi-negroid tribe. How these people ever got here is somewhat of a mystery, and they must certainly have lived in a very dejected condition on wild fruit, roots, and fishing. They possessed no habitations and no boats. This island is called Tahao by the Bajaos and Sulus.

In a heavy swell and howling wind we continued our cruise to the neighboring island of Laparan, eighteen and a half miles north 71° east of Pearl Bank. We hailed a boat of Bajaos off the islet of Dokkan to obtain information, and after a good deal of parleying they brought their skiff alongside the ship. She was a lovely boat, twenty-two feet long and four feet wide, decked over so as to stow away live

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fish in the bottom of the boat, which was filled with seawater and formed a regular tank. She carried a picturesque sail of canvas and plaited *nipa*, with long end tassels of grass called *jambul*. On the two side-projecting platforms a quantity of fish, split and prepared, was being dried in the sun, and in the centre of the boat was a large iron vessel resting on one of the usual earthenware, high-colored stoves. Fish was in process of being boiled.

The crew consisted of three men and one child. When asked their names they were much concerned, and consulted one another what to answer; and whatever answers they did give to any of our questions were as obviously as possible direct and detailed lies. They paddled away, as they lied, famously, their way of propelling being the more interesting of the two achievements. They held the top of the paddle with the right hand and gave it a rotatory movement with their toes, the broad paddle being held vertical in the water. It worked on the same principle as would the propeller of a steamer were it placed with its blades horizontally instead of upright.

The stern of the boat was finely ornamented with carvings, and aft, each boat, in the islands of this group, possessed a sort of triangular, upright splash-board, most effective for preventing the sea from coming on board in rough weather. It frequently had two removable wings at the sides which were only put up in very dirty weather.

The outrigger, too, was most cleverly built on a slightly different pattern—in two pieces of bamboo inserted one into the other, the one forward being bent upward. A bipod and occasionally tripod mast was used. Ornamented with carvings were the supports of the outriggers, strengthened by a double series of most scientific lacings and fulcrums; and on the upper arms extending out were forked supports on which the sail, mast, and paddles were set at rest when not in use. They were also used for drying fish and clothes in the sun.

A great many pearls were to be found near this island, but they were in too deep water for the natives to dive without apparatus.

BALAMBING, THE STRONGHOLD OF THE CELEBES SEA PIRATES



100

LAPARAN

On the northeast-east side of Dokkana sand-beach and an inlet into a large lagoon were to be found, and another shallow opening into the sea on the opposite side of the island could also be seen. A sand-bar lay across the latter. On either side of the lagoon, however, the entrance was very shallow and had a sand-shoal extending far out into the sea.

Laparan was quite a large island, five and a half miles long and three miles wide, flat, with the coast-line covered with mangrove-trees. Rice, corn, and coffee were grown in sufficient quantities for local consumption, and the usual valuable woods were plentiful, if one could only get at them; while tropical fruit of all kinds grew wild and luxuriantly. Fishing was the main occupation of the seafaring people now established there, what little trade they had being in sea-slug, pearls, and mother-of-pearl.

We then passed between Deoto Bato and Laparan—a somewhat unsafe channel for ships of more than ten feet draught. There were numerous reefs across it, some of our soundings, as we carefully felt our way through, being three fathoms and less, even in mid-channel between the two islands.

On reaching Cap Island we altered our course, which had been north 51° east, into a south-southeast direction, Cap Island stretching in a triangular shape from north to south. It possessed a fine beach both in its northern and southern extreme points, and a luxuriant growth of mangroves right into the water along its central portion. Cap Island was uninhabited, and the vegetation was so thick that it would have been difficult to cross it.

On charts, east of Cap Island is marked Sail Rock, but it is wrongly placed some three and a half miles north of its actual position. It is not more than fifty feet high (not seventy feet). It is a rugged volcanic rock 180 feet in length, which, having been uplifted in some commotion, shows itself above the water, carrying upon its summit a cap of coral rock—hence its name. Thus the upper portion of this quaint obstruction is of a bright reddish violet color, whereas the rock itself is of the usual rich volcanic brown. We

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

passed to the south of it, where there was plenty of water. From the most southern point of Cap Island, Sail Rock will be observed at bearings north 70° east. Deato Bato should be at south 78° west on a line with the southern end of Cap Island. Cap Island is called Tababas by the Samals, and is thickly wooded on the east side, but shows a sand-beach on its southern portion.

In approaching the Pangutarang group, we first struck Malikut Island, a mere sand-spit with some little vegetation, the sand extending far in a northwesterly direction. There were from five to nine fathoms of water both east and west of it.

North Ubian was the next place we visited—again a long, flat island of coral formation peopled by Samals, who said they had lived here since the time of their great-grandfathers. They carried on a small but constant trade with Jolo. There was a population, all counted, of some 200 souls, under Maharajah Paklawan and the two panglimas, Mohammed (Mahamud, as the Samals pronounce it) and Balad. Also one imam, called Miti.

Ubian Tangutaran, or Luangbunah, in the southwest of the island, possessed some thirty spacious and handsome houses, constructed over the water—with roofs of *cogon* and walls of solid and often carved wood. The settlement stood in a shallow bay, well protected, but with not more than two feet of water. There was deeper water in the channels. At the entrance of the bay had been erected two high pyramids of wood with a bunch of white flags flying on the summit, and numerous other white flags could be seen on the tops of trees all round the settlement and on houses. This was to prevent cholera spreading, but, unfortunately, it was raging fiercely when we visited the place, and many were dying daily.

These Samals had a fleet of forty fine boats. A small settlement was said to exist farther inland in a secluded spot. Whether caused by former intermarriage with the aborigines of these secluded islands—possibly a negrito race—or whether originated by climatic conditions and mode of life, some strong peculiarities were traceable in the type of these

PANGUTARANG

people. Many of the children possessed fluffy, almost curly hair, and the men shaggy heads of hair. They all showed an abnormal development of the lower jaw, extremely broad at the sides of the face, while the facial angle in profile was extremely flat, as can be seen by the table of facial angles of the numerous tribes of the archipelago, given in this book.

Going north of north Ubian we crossed the Pangutarang Passage, leaving to the south, besides north Ubian, the three flat islands of Tikul (eighty-seven feet high), Kunikulan (sixty-seven feet), and Usada, the latter a somewhat larger and almost circular madreporic island with a central lagoon—the inlet being to the west. All these islands, including Basbas farther south, have risen on the same crescent-shaped coral reef which has a depth of water upon it varying from one to nine fathoms, but deeper in the centre of the semicircle.

There were a few houses on the southeast side of Pangutarang, and we hailed a boat which had come from Jolo to ascertain the whereabouts of the larger settlements. There were four of them—all of Samals. There was fresh water inland, but conflicting evidence was given as to its quality, some saying it was excellent, others swearing it was brackish. Amir Hamza, a native of Sulu, was the chief datto, appointed by the Sultan; whereas Panglima Tutungan had it all his own way in the southern portion of the island.

Pangutarang is a triangular island about ten miles long from south to north, and seven miles wide at the southern part. It is quite flat, but with a deal of vegetation upon it. Pandukan to the east of it is also of a similar character, elongated, and joined by a long, narrow shoal to Kulassein Island, north of it.

CHAPTER XXX

BASILAN ISLAND — THE WILD YACANES — THE ROMANTIC DATTO, PEDRO CUEVAS

HAD I sufficient space at my disposal much could be said of many other fascinating little islands, such as Kapul (1022 feet), a three-humped island; Butinan, 722 feet; Guyangan Island, Bolod, and other islands of the Samal group which I had an opportunity of seeing during my cruise. But perhaps Basilan, the largest of the archipelago, will interest the reader more than any of these, because of its romantic history, its remarkable chief, and its curious inhabitants.

I approached Basilan from the southwest. The southern portion of that island is densely wooded and undulating. In the centre are high mountains with graceful slopes and well-rounded summits, the principal of which rise to 2970 feet, 3348 feet, 2940 feet, 2165 feet, 1204 feet; and a regular chain of hills from 700 to 800 feet, directly south and southwest of Isabela.

On our track we passed the picturesque rocky island of Lampinigan, shaped in a semicircle with a peak at each end, and then entered the narrow channel between Malamaui Island and Basilan. One could not help being impressed by the immense size of the trees on this island.

On approaching Port Isabela, formerly a Spanish naval station, one saw a few patches cleared of forest and now under cultivation.

Port Isabela lay in a well-sheltered spot on the east of the southern part of the channel, and was screened on the east by low hills, and on the north by Malamaui Island, rising in the centre to 538 feet. Malamaui Island was densely wooded, and a great number of cocoa-nuts, as well as a stunt-

THE YACANES

ed species of palm, could be seen along the beach to the southeast of the island. There was also a village of some sixty or seventy houses. At the western mouth of the channel was Panusuhan Island—a mere islet, fifty or sixty feet high, with a tuft of trees upon it.

We entered the channel at sunset, passing between Panusuhan and the reef of sand just above water to the east, marked by a beacon. There were from thirty-three to sixty-two feet of water in this central channel, but in the southern one, between the reef and Basilan Island, the reef extended right across, and there were only sixteen feet of water. In front of Isabela there was deep water, from thirty-three to fifty-nine feet everywhere, and the bay was encircled by mangrove swamps.

The town looked neat enough, a low, white building on posts over the water—formerly the hospital—being prominent, and a line of corrugated iron roofs standing high up against the background of dark-green trees of the hill. Some sixty or seventy feet above the sea-level was a small fort used as quarters for the American garrison, and this fort commanded both the west and the northeast entrances of the channels of approach. It had four bulwarks, and was entirely surrounded by a moat with a drawbridge. At the entrance of the Pasahan River were a small dock and workshops, as well as other government buildings—but everything was rather in a state of abandonment and bad repair.

I was much gratified to find here an enterprising gentleman—Dr. J. G. Beebe—who was busy constructing a saw-mill in order to develop the timber trade, for which there seemed to be a golden opening. His scheme seemed practical, and it is to be hoped that other American gentlemen of equally sound views may receive every help in putting the immense resources of these forests to some practical use.

I left the coast-guard cruiser *Tablas*, as I wanted to meet the romantic chief, Pedro Cuevas, who lived on the opposite side of the island, and also to make certain studies of the Yacanes—a somewhat wild tribe living in the interior of Basilan.

The Yacanes are people who keep much to themselves,

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

are suspicious of everybody, treacherous, unreliable, and given to fighting whenever a chance occurs. They are seldom to be seen about, their haunts being high upon the mountains. They have marked Malay features—slanting eyes, *à fleur de tête*, skin of a deep brown, and wavy black hair of a fine texture and rich blue-black color. They have a few hairs on the lips and chin, but none on the jaw. This tribe, too, like others we have examined in the Sulu Archipelago, possess stumpy hands, with short, stiff fingers and thumb, ending in a triangular phalange, the webbing between being very high. Their feet, although coarse, have abnormally long toes—almost like fingers—which, in comparison with the clumsiness of the hand, are quite pliable and supple.

Curiously enough, although the type is degraded, there yet remain signs that these people came from a good stock—formerly much more refined than at present—or else how could one account for the prettily formed and chiselled ears with undetached lobes.

The Yacanes live principally on *camotes*. They are hunters, and of nomadic habits, constantly changing their whereabouts. They do a considerable trade in wax, honey, rattan, almacega, gum, copal, etc., with the coast people, and at one time they possessed many cattle, which have of late all died of rinderpest.

As the people keep to themselves they have preserved their racial features, except for the corrupting influence of constant intermarriage. Occasionally, of course, extraneous influence can be traced, due, no doubt, to marriage with slaves seized from other tribes. This, however, is not common. They profess to be Mohammedans, although to a rudimentary belief in the Koran are added a vast number of superstitions of their own. They revere—almost worship—certain trees.

They were formerly given to constant pillaging and murder, but have been somewhat checked in this by Datto Pedro Cuevas, who has continually fought them. The coast inhabitants, nevertheless, can by no means be induced to travel in the interior, such is their fear of the Yacanes.

READY FOR DEFENCE

Their characteristic weapon is the *pira*, a sort of scimitar, but they now possess a good many old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles. Spears are also used.

One of the peculiarities of the suspicious Yacanes is that, when visiting a stranger, they cannot be persuaded to enter the house. They sit on the doorstep and in an attitude ready for defence or retreat in case of attack.

The Yacanes are very wiry and have great powers of endurance. Boys are everything in the family, the girls being merely considered for what they can fetch in marriage. A man often indulges in two or three wives, but never more than four, according to the rules of the Koran. Men and women wear large trousers.

YACANES			
	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height	1.593	HEAD	
Span	1.678	Vertical maximum length	
From base of neck to		of head	0.220
breast nipple	0.163	Horizontal maximum	
Distance between breast		length of cranium (from	
nipples	0.196	forehead to back of	
Armpit to armpit	0.328	head)	0.185
Shoulder - blade to		Width of forehead at tem-	
shoulder-blade (highest		ples	0.131
ridge)	0.158	Height of forehead	0.070
ARM		Bizygomatic breadth . . .	0.131
Humerus	0.316	Maximum breadth of jaw	0.125
Radius	0.263	Nasal height	0.060
Hand	0.199	Nasal breadth (at nos-	
Maximum length of fin-		trils)	0.039
gers	0.110	Orbital horizontal breadth	0.032
Thumb	0.120	Distance between eyes . .	0.031
LEG		Breadth of mouth	0.055
Femur	0.466	Length of upper lip (from	
Tibia	0.403	mouth aperture to base	
Height of foot from ground		of nose)	0.020
to ankle	0.068	Lower lip and chin (from	
Length of foot	0.260	mouth aperture to un-	
		der chin)	0.045
		Length of ear	0.063

In the pleasant company of Dr. Beebe, and travelling by native *vinta* with two men paddling hard, we started on a voyage of several hours, first through the northeast channel between Malamaui Island and Basilan, and then along the north coast of the latter island, in order to visit Pedro Cuevas

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at his residence and capital on the opposite side of the island.

We paddled away from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., and landed at the mouth of a river, among numberless heart-shaped fish-traps, the bay at the mouth of the stream—some 200 yards wide, but very shallow—being lined with mangrove swamps; dozens of monkeys were playing about on the higher branches. A few houses, some on piles, others directly on the ground, but all of plaited bamboo and *cogon* grass, stood near the landing-place, where Datto Pedro had also a small shop. Bato-Bato (which means “rock-rock”) was the name of this place.

The valley of the Gibuan River, where Pedro's settlement lies, is very beautiful; flat, and with plenty of water—screened by a mountain mass to the southwest, by a conical high peak (1959 feet) to the south-southeast, by a hill at the entrance of the bay at the river mouth, and by four other mountains, one on each point of land, on the north coast.

We walked some distance along a good trail to Lamitan or Gibuan, the capital of the datto, a place consisting of two or three shops and a few modest residences. We met Pedro in the street, and he greeted us cordially enough, although he seemed reserved. He asked us to adjourn to his house—a two-storied building walled with whitewashed wooden panels. The rooms inside were modestly furnished—a looking-glass in a tarnished gilt frame, and a dozen new Vienna cane chairs, suspended from the ceiling, were all we saw.

Datto Pedro seemed worried. He did not quite understand American ways, and he, who had from the first been loyal to Americans, felt bitterly some petty, irritating lack of judgment on the part of some official or other. He seemed suspicious as to the object of our visit. The mere mention of the census which was being carried on under the instructions of General Sanger sent him into ironical fits of laughter.

“You Americans are curious people,” he said. “I suppose you will try to count the birds in the forest next!”



TYPES RECRUITED FOR SERVICE IN THE CONSTABULARY FORCE



PLAYING A CEBBA AND NATIVE VIOLIN

4444

DATTO PEDRO CUEVAS

On my explaining that I was a Britisher and not an American, and that I had merely come to have the pleasure of meeting him, he presently cleared up and became quite communicative. Some chairs were taken down from their high perch and offered to us, and one of his girls—he had five daughters and two boys—was ordered to make coffee for us.

“I am very ill—I shall soon die,” said Pedro, in Spanish, half-recovering from a terrible attack of coughing, and wiping his wet eyes, nose, and lips with the back of his hand. “You have reached here just in time to see me.”

“Datto Pedro, drink some water, and tell me your wonderful history,” said I, as soon as the old man had regained his breath.

“I am a Tagalo by birth,” said the datto, slowly and faintly. “When I landed here I had great trouble, as I had to fight the Yacanes. I gradually conquered twenty-six of their villages, and these savages are now my best friends; but, mind you, they are treacherous people and need to be held with a hand of iron. We have cleared a lot of forest land, and we grow sugar-cane, maize, rice, and an excellent quality of hemp. All our animals have died. Yes, we have had no luck of late. I am getting old and worn, and none of the other dattos in the island have any power worth mentioning. They are Sulus. Datto Assan, uncle of the Sultan of Sulu; Datto Sabudin, Datto Indal, Datto Jong—but Datto Calun—” he said, proudly, as he struck himself upon the chest—“that is what the natives call me—rules over them all.”

In fact, Basilan Island is politically absolutely separated from the Sultanate of Sulu, and has been so since the year 1876. This, I think, is extremely fortunate for the Americans, and I believe that if the Americans will treat Pedro Cuevas fairly, and tolerate, within reason, the laws and customs of these people, they may eventually remove the now-existing distrust and even inspire respect among the population. There are few Christians in Basilan, and although Pedro Cuevas was formerly a Christian himself, he has adapted his religion and manners to suit Moham-medan theories.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Pedro Cuevas's early history borders on romance, so extraordinary it is. When a young fellow he was captured with a band of ladrones in Cavité province, and a heavy sentence having been passed upon him, he was conveyed to the penal settlement of San Remon (near Zamboanga). He organized a daring escape with six others, and they took to the hills. The Spaniards tried in vain to recapture them. Spies in disguise were sent out, whom Pedro duly captured and returned, bound, and with compliments, to the Spanish authorities.

Eventually he and his companions, Silverio, Sabran, Tavio, Basilio, and Santulan—all dead now, Pedro was telling me with a sigh—crossed the wide strait in a *vinta* and landed on Basilan Island. By surprise and strategy they captured every town and village except the Spanish naval station of Isabela. Every Spanish attempt to capture Pedro failed. The Sulus sent some four or five hundred men to Basilan, and this force was about to attack Isabela—where the garrison happened to be unduly weak. Pedro immediately sent word that he and his followers—if assurances were given of future pardon and liberty—would fight the Sulus and help the Spaniards—conditions which were accepted. He then came between the town and the Sulu contingent and kept the enemy off. On Don Remon Larracochea and a Spanish lieutenant going out as hostages into Pedro's camp, the datto was persuaded to visit the Governor, and from that time became a stanch and loyal friend of the Spanish, who fully recognized his services.

Datto Calun, or Calong, a Sulu, disputed the rights and power of Pedro, and constantly opposed him. He even proposed to settle the matter by a personal fight between them, which was accepted, and Pedro mortally wounded his opponent. The conqueror, who had been nominated a datto by Sultan Aliuddin, then assumed his adversary's name, by which he is better known to the natives—who number in all some 1500. This was in 1882, and in 1890 the Spanish government promised him a yearly allowance of 600 Mexican dollars—a promise which was never fulfilled.

PEDRO'S GUN

The old datto is of middle height, but bowed by age, his limbs wiry, but restless, his eyes discolored and weary; but a light came back to them when—having found a sympathizer—he was telling me some of his hair-breadth escapes.

“I must show you my *scopetta*. It has been my best friend all through my life, and when I die, I want it to lie by my side in my grave.”

Pedro took me to his bedroom, where, by his bedside, was an old, double-barrel, muzzle-loading gun, so worn and broken at the muzzle that the edges were sharp as a knife.

“You see, you can use it as a bayonet when you have no more powder,” said the datto. “I captured it from the Spaniards in my younger days. It has killed many people”—pff—“indeed it has,” soliloquized Pedro, in a sort of reverie—“people who stood in my way—for Pedro has never been known to turn his back. But now I am old and worn, more worn even than my poor *scopetta*”—he gave it a fond embrace—“and I shall soon die. My chest is weak, one lung gone. . . .” Another severe attack of coughing seized him.

“Oh, you will live a thousand years yet,” said the jovial Dr. Beebe, reassuringly.

But the old datto shook his head and coughed and coughed—a snappy sort of a cough—and, screening his mouth with his trembling hand, expectorated a lot of blood. The doctor and I looked each other in the face and the doctor made a most significant gesture.

I bade good-bye to this fellow—one of the most remarkable among the natives I met in the Philippines.

I also bade farewell to Dr. Beebe, who returned to Isabela, while I chartered a *vinta* to proceed across the Basilan Strait to Zamboanga—a distance of fifteen miles as the crow flies. It was getting dark when we—two Moros and myself—put off, and, as is usually the case when you want to sail anywhere, the wind, which had until then been favorable, suddenly shifted, at the moment we most needed it, and turned into a head-wind. So down went the sail, and

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

recourse had to be made to paddling—and as the sea was getting up pretty high we kept close to the Basilan shore. This being the time of the change of monsoon—when for a period of weeks the wind is capricious—a favorable breeze did eventually arise, and by tacking about we at length sighted the Zamboanga lights. We had some little trouble in the centre of the strait, owing to the strong current in mid-channel which drifted us considerably out of our course—a long way beyond (west) Presidente Bank and Santa Cruz Island. But there was a fine moon above our heads, and my two boatmen sang weird songs of their land—interrupted occasionally by refreshing shower-baths from dashing waves into which we had run.

My skiff, though small—about sixteen feet long—was wonderfully seaworthy, considering the difficult sea we were on; and for want of other amusement I analyzed the five sections into which it was divided, the three central ones covered over with movable decks of split bamboo, the sections aft and forward being left open and forming a well for the paddlers to squat in. I had a fine opportunity for studying the marvellously practical fashion in which the outriggers were lashed—in a slightly different mode from that of the Bajao—upon a series of double arms, the lower being four feet long, the upper only extending two and a half feet from the boat's side, and serving to strengthen the lower arm at its weakest point just beyond half its length. Astern, the outriggers were supported by a straight arm of hard-wood, whereas the two central supports were curved downward at the end and firmly braced, the one aft—where the strain was greatest and most constant—being laced tight to a secondary horizontal bar above it.

Near Santa Cruz Island we unhappily bumped on a rock, on which we stuck fast for a considerable time, our combined efforts—when we had all jumped into the water—not being sufficient to lift the heavy boat and get her off. But eventually we moved off again, and at last, at midnight—or after six hours' unsteady navigation—I arrived safe and sound in Mindanao, glad—indeed, very glad—to have completed my visits among the innumerable smaller islands

IMPORTANT JOURNEY REMAINS

of the Philippine and Sulu archipelagoes, with their perplexing tribes.

There now remains the most important portion of my journey across the larger islands—among the weirdest and most interesting people of the archipelago.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE ZAMBOANGA PENINSULA—POWERFUL DATTO MANDI—
THE SAMAL-LAUT—THE ILLANOS—MARRIAGES, PUNISH-
MENTS, AND FUNERALS

ZAMBOANGA town itself is too well known for me to go into a lengthy description. In Spanish days it was a flourishing city with solidly built houses and a spacious fort, but the town was set ablaze when the Spaniards evacuated it, and although the fort and a few houses of masonry and wood remain standing, little is to be observed of its former grandeur. American civilization bangs one in the face as soon as one lands, in the shape of drinking-saloons with their unattractive signs—and, indeed, the industry of the place seems at present confined mostly to vile beer and deadly whiskey of dubious origin.

Zamboanga has no proper harbor, and in bad weather steamers have to move over to Caldera Bay, on the southwest coast, or to the Masingloc River, four miles to the southeast, an anchorage protected from all winds. There is a fine pier at Zamboanga, to which moderate-sized vessels can moor.

There is a delightful club for officers upon the sea-front. I, being the guest of the Commanding-General Sumner, had most comfortable—quite luxurious—quarters. But such comfort is the exception, and a stray traveller might not fare so well. Of course there is a church, and others are to be found in suburban towns, such as the one at Tetuan, which used formerly to be a fort.

There are a number of Filipino villages in the extensive plain—well cultivated into rice-fields—in which Zamboanga lies among innumerable cocoa-nut groves. The Filipino population is divided into Spanish, Chinese, Japanese, and now young American *mestizos*, Tagalos, Visayans, and crosses

THE ZAMBOANGA PENINSULA

of the above with Magindanaos, Samals, and Subanos, which form the main population of the peninsula. The Subanos are said to number 90,000, the Mohammedans some 8000; but perhaps the new census may throw some more light on the subject. The Christians in the province number in all between nineteen and twenty thousand. But most interesting of all is the Mohammedan settlement of Magay, adjoining Zamboanga to the west, where numberless *nipa* houses and beautifully carved boats are to be seen upon the shore.

There are three principal highways running out of Zamboanga—the Tetuan Road along the east coast of the peninsula, the Santa Maria Road in a northerly direction for fifteen miles towards the mountains, and the Jesu Road to the northwest leading to the San Ramon farm—formerly a Spanish penal agricultural colony of considerable merit. It was founded in 1870 by Lieutenant-General D. Ramon Blanco y Erreras, Marquis de Pedra Plata. About 9000 full-grown cocoa-nuts are still there, from which the principal revenue is derived; but, although numerous, they did not appear particularly healthy. Otherwise the place is in a terrible state of abandonment, to say the least. There are the saw-mill and distilling plants wrecked and ruined, and in a huge shed the untransportable remains of smashed machinery from Glasgow, which must have been of great value. The storehouse and superintendent's dwelling were in better preservation. High grass and reeds smothered everything—labor, I was told, being difficult to procure. Some cotton (a tree variety) and hemp were raised, but nothing approaching the scale in Spanish days. Copra (cocoa-nut) was dried in the sun, or by a gentle fire under a bamboo grating, on which the nuts were placed. A stockade of posts ten to twelve feet high formerly existed at this colony.

I think that, were this farm run on a practical basis, it should prove a very profitable concern, but it is probable that before the Americans can work any of their schemes successfully they will have to bring down to their proper and fair level the now ridiculous wages which are paid for unskilled Filipino labor.

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A good road exists between San Ramon and Zamboanga, or it is quite a pleasant trip by sea in a launch, the coast-line being bordered—almost all along—by *nipa* houses and neat fences and cocoa-nut groves in two or three parallel rows, with open stretches of high grass, and with more varied vegetation as one approaches Zamboanga.

One night, as I was riding with General Sumner, I was amazed at the gigantic size of the bats which flew in great numbers above our heads—some, I was told, were from three to four feet span from tip to tip of their wings; some even larger.

One should not leave Zamboanga—the chief town of Mindanao—without meeting Datto Mandi, a fellow of considerable power in this province. He is said to be the son of a Spaniard and a Magindanao, and his facial characteristics display the strength of character of the former race and the shrewdness of the latter. Possibly events, and the abnormal amount of intrigue which ever goes on in a revolutionized country during the disturbed stages of transition, have influenced Americans somewhat against this man, but so far as I could judge he seemed to me as strong a man as they could have at the head of the Mohammedan tribes—for only a strong man of Mandi's type can have any absolute control over them.

Mandi was made a datto by the Spanish government for services rendered during the Sebu campaign in 1894-95. He seems to have been held in respect by the Spaniards, who brought him to Spain and presented him at court, when he received decorations for loyalty, and the cross of honor for valor; also the badge for civil merit. From the very first, Datto Mandi offered his friendship to the Americans, saying that—now the Spaniards had gone—their rule was the best thing for his country, and in 1899 he even went so far as to ask General Bates to allow him and his men to capture Zamboanga and hand it to the United States—which facts, I think, should not be overlooked through petty rancor and spite. I found him very manly and civil in manner, with plenty of common-sense, and as honest as one can expect him to be in the circumstances.



A STREET IN THE PIRATES STRONGHOLD

11/11/11

LAZY CHRISTIANS

Mandi's uncle is the Panglima Gondun, a warrior pirate, whose association undoubtedly strengthens the datto's hand to no slight degree.

One of the leading accusations thrown at Datto Mandi by the Americans is his proclamation liberating all slaves within his jurisdiction—which, as might have been expected, turned into a mere farce, because the slaves would on no account be liberated and refused to leave their masters! They had been well fed and clothed and had no worries of any kind, and did not wish to change their position. This little joke on Mandi's part seems to have greatly annoyed some touchy officials. In Magay itself—where Mandi lives—there undoubtedly are plenty of slaves, and slave-trading occurs daily within ten or twenty miles of Zamboanga—if not even in that town itself—but personally I do not see exactly, with the power at hand, how it is going to be suppressed without doing more harm than good, as before stated.

Since Zamboanga was turned over to the United States authorities in 1899 by Isidore Midel, there have been no signs of insurrection, as the factions in town are too numerous—the semi-piratical Mohammedan tribes in particular showing themselves law-abiding and peaceful, and grateful for American kindness; whereas the civilized Christians bring spiteful accusations against Uncle Sam of sending doctors to poison wells, produce cholera, and so attempt the wholesale destruction of the masses. Cholera, as a matter of fact, has raged terribly in the province since 1902—when it was brought over from Negros Island by Mohammedan traders from Sibuguey Bay, who often ply to Dumaguete.

These Christians are lazy and unreliable—spending their entire days in gambling and cock-fighting. Their coconut groves and rice-fields are mortgaged to Chinese, from whom they have borrowed money at usury to indulge in their favorite vices, and their crops are uncared for owing to drought and scarcity of *carabaos*. Yet with poverty rampant, the natives will not work for the Americans for such wages as seventy-five cents to one peso (Mexican dollar) a day, although they were formerly glad to get from the Spaniards wages of from ten to twenty cents (Mexican) a

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day. Little or no skilled labor is to be had. The government offers one dollar (Mexican) a day for the loading and unloading of vessels, and such men as carpenters and masons, who received in Spanish days seventy-five cents to one peso a day, can now only with difficulty be got for two and a half to three pesos a day. These inflated wages have had a most demoralizing effect upon the population. There seems to be a prevalent idea among Christians that manual labor is dishonorable. The trade is entirely in the hands of Chinese and Chinese *mestizos*, who do what little exporting is done to Manila and Singapore. It consists mainly of cotton, hemp, rice, coffee, tobacco, sugar-cane, nutmegs, cloves, rubber, and gutta-percha. Zamboanga is not a manufacturing community. They say that rich coal-beds exist within fifty or sixty miles of Zamboanga.

The province is thickly wooded—especially on the mountains—*narra*, *molave*, *ipil*, *teca*, *tindalao*, *galantas*, and *yacal*, of excellent quality, as well as *batilinan*, *cubi*, *amugois*, *guijo*, *agutud*, *panao-balao*, *lumbayao*, *lauaan*, *pagatpat*, *malacayua*, *bacanan*, and *tagal* of various degrees of goodness all grow here. Abundant and delicious fruit of all tropical kinds is obtainable.

The municipal government which was established by the Americans in 1901 does not seem to work smoothly. In the municipal code—a condensed wisdom of ages—the natives do not seem to get a sample of American fair government, but a dose of misrule and abuse on the part of unscrupulous native officials. Misrepresentation is rampant, and the natives seem to have some difficulty in grasping what the code is all about. According to a government report by Captain Clarke, 10th Infantry, the crime in the province is now about the same as in Spanish days, but the natives show reluctance in appealing to the American or municipal authorities for protection. Were an American judge stationed permanently in Zamboanga, that would have, I think, quite a beneficial effect by leading to immediate punishment for crimes. It must be recollected that to the population of Zamboanga—at best a hopeless mixture of breeds—is to be added a considerable percentage of crim-

ENGLISH OR AMERICAN

inal parentage, owing to the neighboring penal colony established by the Spaniards.

Catholic priests still exercise a strong influence over the Christian population, and their schools are preferred to the American. Some parents seem anxious to have their children taught the catechism and enough English to secure big government salaries for doing no work—otherwise they are indifferent. A few young men and girls would like to learn without study; others—you can count them on your fingers—are really anxious to be instructed and work hard. The results are generally dubious. Many master enough American words (not English, you will agree) to shout at passers-by a twangy “Good-mannin’! Good-afternunn! Hello, Jack, how a’ you? Why, sure! Say here!” and such other expressions, but when such a degree of perfection is attained in the tongue of their conquerors, few care to go, and fewer still can go, farther. Now that such an able man as Dr. Barrows is at the head of the educational department, it is to be hoped that he will turn his efforts to establishing practical trade, industrial, and agricultural schools—if schools they are to have at all—which, I think, would be more welcome to the natives and undoubtedly more beneficial to the country, and the first important step towards the development of the untold richness of these islands.

I was very glad to hear that a sensible “Moro school” was started in 1902 at Magay, with English instruction and industrial training. The pupils have their handiwork sold for them, and the proceeds, less value of material, are handed to the child. This, I think, is an excellent scheme, and much encourages sound industry and love of work.

To return to Datto Mandi, or Datto Rajah Muda Mandi—as he likes to be called—he is the powerful chief over the Samal-laut, some 3000 of them, the latest arrivals in Mindanao. His power extends from Sindangan Bay to about twenty miles beyond Buluan.

Who are these Samal-laut? They are seafaring folks who were vanquished by the Spaniards in 1848, 1858, and 1864, driven away from Balanguinga, Simisa, and other small islands close by, and scattered on the coast near Zamboanga.

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They are now settled, and seem to be fairly good citizens. Socially they are to be divided into three classes—viz., *dattos* and subordinate chiefs; *marlica*, or free men; and *ipun* or *scheh*, or slaves.

Here, as in the Sulu Archipelago, debtors who cannot settle their accounts become the slaves of creditors, unless they can supply a relative as bond till the debt is paid—an excellent custom to promote honesty or to get rid of tiresome relatives. The widow of a debtor, if childless, is only expected to repay half the amount due; but should she have children the full amount is due. A slave woman, if good-looking, is liable—in fact, almost certain—to become a *sandil* or concubine; but although these people are called barbarians, in such cases the honor of the men prompts the master to proclaim the woman free, before witnesses, in order that the children of his own blood may not be slaves. Very quaint and most complicated questions of rights and quarrels arise when slaves of different masters wish to wed, the matter of compensation being difficult to settle.

Mr. Christie, in a government report, gives a lucid and interesting account of the Samals. We have already heard of the legend of Salingay Bungsu of Johore and his storm-scattered expedition, when some of the crews of his fleet landed on Tawi-Tawi, others at Nawan, the present situation of Zamboanga; and it seems quite certain that the tribes who prefix Samal to their local name—although now speaking different dialects—all came from the same stock. The Subanos, it would appear, inhabited the Zamboanga Peninsula previous to the landing of the Samals, and, as far as can be gathered from confused and conflicting legends, the Subanos were quite powerful enough to dictate terms until eventually conquered by the more numerous race.

We find the Samal-lipid, some 150, who profess to have come from Parang (Sulu Island), a purely fishing tribe, the women only weaving cloth on hand-looms, and mats of *pandanus* leaf, and making rough pottery. The Samal-uan, with other tribes with whom we are already acquainted, are gypsies of the sea, live months at a time in their boats, and have many points in common with the Bajao. The

SUB-TRIBES • OF THE SAMALS

Samal-utangan (or possibly Samal-Obitangan, from the name of the island) are a sub-tribe in transition from a nomad to a stationary life. They have built houses, possess hand-looms, and drive a brisk trade in resin for torches, gutta-percha, beeswax, fish, chickens, coarse pottery, and salt obtained by evaporation of sea-water. This last tribe acknowledge the authority of the Sultan of Mindanao, and they pay occasional tribute, called *tutulungan*, on certain festival days, such as Mohammed's birthday. They were at one time the carriers for the rulers of Sibuguey.

The Samal-bitali (River) are cultivators, and resemble the Samal-nawan or Zamboanga Samals. *Samboangan*—as pronounced by them—means the long poles that they carry in their boats and drive into the silt in order to tie up their boats to them when not in use. The name, distorted by the Spaniards, was eventually applied to the town.

Then there are a number of Yacanes—evidently a branch of the larger tribe now found on Basilan. They, the Samal-laut, and the Sulus seem to have fraternized to a certain extent in several districts and islands off the coast.

The Samal-laut and also all other dialects are of Malayan origin, many words bearing great resemblance to Malay and also to Sanskrit, while many Arabic words have been introduced with the Koran. Mr. Christie gives a long list, but here are a few:

<i>English.</i>	<i>Malay.</i>	<i>Samal-laut.</i>	<i>Sanskrit.</i>
Cotton	kapas	gapas	karpasa
Appearance	rupa	lupa	rupa
Sugar	gula	gula	guda (sweet)
Water-vessel	kindi	kindi	kundi
Angry	murka	murka	murkha
Wisdom	budi	budi	buddhi
Learned	pandei	panday	pandita

Other tribes, such as the Illanos—the fishermen and traders—who migrated from Malabang, are to be found on the peninsula, and they have now taken to doing some cultivation; and then we also find some goo warlike and rapacious Sulus who give a great deal of trouble to the inhabitants, chiefly to the Christians and the Subanos. They live by fishing and trading—the latter done in a summary way,

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murdering people and enslaving the rest — and keep the Subanos in perfect terror.

The form of marriage in the Mohammedan tribes is, with some little variation, the same as in all Mussulman countries. First comes the *anihil* (an appropriate name if rejected) and *patampal*, or proposal and acceptance, the *anihil* being a sort of trial expedition with gifts to the prospective bride's home, undertaken by a middle person. If the gifts of betel-nut, money, tobacco, and jewelry are accepted, and only the kerchief in which they were enveloped duly returned, the latter part of the performance—the *patampal*—comes off, to the relief of the bridegroom. Next comes the *panda*—a family gathering of all relations, at which more gifts are showered from relatives of the groom on the girl, her father, mother, and brothers. After this comes the actual marriage, performed by an imam or priest, and for three days the groom remains with his wife. He is then called for and carried away to his former home or to a new house.

To prove a young man's worthiness as well as his affection for a girl, fathers have been known to compel a prospective son-in-law to live and work in their homes for indefinite periods of time—a system apparently not objected to. Fifty cents gold is the price paid to the priest for his services, so marriages are cheap enough.

Polygamy, to the extent of the usual four wives allowed by their religion, is practised, and maybe Uncle Sam will eventually attempt to suppress it; but perhaps, before taking such a step, he may be asked to suppress the many *queridas* left behind in every town by American soldiers—a system which does away altogether with the responsibility of supporting children. In Mohammedan polygamy the children are legal and supported, whereas in consequence of the more civilized laws there is a vast class of wretched outcasts overflowing the country.

The punishment for adultery is severe on a Mohammedan woman. Upon two witnesses proving her sin, she or the family must pay a heavy fine to the husband, and in case of non-payment she descends from the position of wife to

PUNISHMENTS

that of slave and can be sold. No woman can procure a divorce for her husband's adultery; but if this offence is proved against a man, he has to pay double the fine which would be inflicted upon a woman, and the money goes to the injured husband or the girl's family or the head man of the tribe. If he cannot pay, he becomes the injured man's slave—a most unenviable position. He is generally sold, if not killed in the act, which is the most frequent punishment administered to the offender. A similar fate awaits any one assaulting a young girl, but fornication by mutual consent is overlooked.

Criminal cases are heard by a council of elders in a public consultation, called a *bichara* (meeting), and decided by the head man of the tribe—usually the datto—whose judgment is final.

A heavy fine is inflicted for murder, and is divided between the family and those who tried the case; and if a crime is committed while in a state of intoxication, the law inquires as to whether the man was self-indulgent or drunk through the hospitality of others. In the latter case, the hosts share heavily in the fine. For theft, the culprit is fined twice the amount of the value of the stolen goods, *plus* a second fine to the datto, with the option of slavery for himself or his children.

When a man is dead, he is washed and cleansed outside and inside by ample ablutions and by compressing the stomach, and then a white cloth is wound round the corpse—or, in cases of poor people, a mat is used. The eyelids are gently opened, and the body, with a handful of earth by its sides, is placed inside a coffin, care being taken to rest the head towards the west—the direction of holy Mecca. As we have already seen in the Sulu and Tawi-Tawi archipelagoes, elaborate canopies—varying according to rank—with decorations of sunshades and banners are placed over the coffin, and sandal-wood water, if obtainable, is sprinkled on the grave. The family of the deceased is expected to sit up for several nights to pray and chant, and in cholera-infected settlements I have frequently heard *agun* (gongs) being sounded wearily night after night, to the tune of dole-

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ful chanting, in order to mourn over the death of a relative. Although said to occur, I never saw orgies take place at a man's death.

The people are fervently religious—in a sort of way—and look up with awe to any one who has been on a pilgrimage to Mecca. He receives the honorary title of "hadji," and is ever held in great respect.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE SUBANOS AND THEIR WAYS—HUMAN SACRIFICES—THE MOHAMMEDANS OF THE COAST

IN the central part of the Zamboanga Peninsula—in what was formerly known as the Kingdom of Sibuguey—live a pastoral race, the Subanos (with the Calibuganes), scattered upon the mountains and in secluded valleys, in little settlements or in isolated houses, hundreds of yards apart. Their houses are on piles six or eight feet high, with roofs of sago-palm leaves and floors of *pugahan* or *anibong*. Their storehouses are hidden away upon the mountain-side. In them they keep their food and valued articles.

According to Mr. Frank Redding, Mr. Christie, and Mr. Williamson, who have given most interesting government reports on the subject, these Subanos are under local rulers called *timuhays*, who occasionally assume the title of datto, and are mere agents appointed by the Moro ruler over these weaker tribes. They are, in a way, subject and pay tribute—*siwaka* or *pamuku*—to the Mohammedan tribes of the coast, who impose on these people to no slight extent.

The *siwaka* is a tax levied in kind upon each married couple for three years after marriage. After that they are liable to the *pamuku*, a gift sent by the Sultan to a family, for which they are expected to return to the Sultan goods amounting to double the value of the gift or the gift itself and half its value. The tax-collectors are called *panguku* and live among the people. Then there is the *bubuhi*, or perpetual annual tax. Raids are made for slaves, and contributions extorted, so that these mountain folks are in abject poverty.

Unlike the Mohammedan seafaring tribes, the Subanos are agriculturists by nature, and would indulge their propensities to a considerable extent were they not robbed of

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the proceeds of their labors by the coast people. Their methods of cultivating the ground may be crude, if you like, for they possess no animals, and ploughs are unknown, a pointed stick with which to make holes in the ground for planting purposes being about all the implements required, for, indeed, the climate and rich soil do all the rest. They cultivate, to a certain extent, hill-rice, sugar-cane, tobacco, bananas, hemp, *gabi* (a tuber), yams, and *lumbiya*, or sago-palm, from which sago-flour is produced.

The sago-palm—not unlike a shortened cocoa-nut—flourishes in low land. It is plentiful in the valleys of the Siey and Sibuguey rivers, and is found in four species. *Pugahan* and *anibong* also give sago of an inferior quality, which is said to produce a rash upon the skin of people eating it. The *lumbiya* tree, when felled, is cut into sections, each of which is cut in two. The inner pith, of a creamy, soft appearance with cross fibres, is removed from the outer growth of hard wood, which is a couple of inches in depth, and consists of fibres irregularly bound together, not forming concentric rings as in most species of palm. These sections are carried to the bank of a stream where a matted platform is constructed over the water, and on this the pith is laid and trodden upon by naked feet, water being poured upon it at intervals. The juice dripping through the fissures in the platform is received in a vessel below—usually a canoe—and, the moisture being evaporated, the sago-flour is dried in the sun. The Subanos eat it either boiled in water or cooked in fat, with an occasional sprinkling of sugar-cane juice to flavor it.

Rice grains are separated from the cluster by a similar trampling process on a hardened mud platform—an occupation for men—after which women and children do the rest with the familiar wooden mortar and pestle.

A fresh clearing is made by burning every year, a less troublesome process than destroying the new vegetation, for trees are said to be sparse in that part of Mindanao.

Roasted Indian corn is much relished by the Subanos, but rice is generally boiled in coarse earthenware pots of Moro manufacture or, nowadays, in cheap German iron

THE SUBANOS

vessels obtained by barter from the coast tribes. Rice is stored in the husk in cylinders, three or four feet in diameter, of tree-bark, sewn up and lashed with rattan, or else in bags and baskets of plaited vegetable fibre and *nipa* leaves. The women also manufacture on their own weaving-looms cotton and hemp fabrics for home use.

The gutta-percha industry might be greatly developed were less destructive ways used. Here, as on Tawi-Tawi, the trees are felled and circles a foot or so apart cut round, into which the sap oozes and is scraped out at certain periods. Perhaps one of the most useful forest products is *balete*, a resin largely used for illuminating purposes.

Notwithstanding their subjection to the Mohammedan tribes of the coast, the Subanos have laws and customs of their own. They are not quarrelsome by nature—settle their own disputes when they do quarrel—and can live in peace even when several families dwell under one roof. The men are said to be moral, and considerate to their women and children. A wife is socially the equal of her husband—and she, too, is thoughtful and true to him. The children are taught obedience and respect to their parents and elders—a respect which almost borders on worship, as it does with many savage tribes. Polygamy is not recognized—in fact, looked down upon—and seduction or prostitution heavily fined (in cloth or agricultural produce).

Mr. Redding puts down the Subanos as accomplished and unscrupulous liars, timid almost to the point of cowardice, superstitious to the highest degree, suspicious, and deceitful; but this, I think, is more towards strangers than among themselves, these traits being noticeable under similar circumstances among more civilized people than the Subanos. But, says Mr. Redding, rightly, they possess a physique of iron and extraordinary endurance. They are supple, with pleasant faces of a lighter and yellower complexion than the Moros, flat noses, broad features, teeth filed horizontally with a stone, so as to give their outer face a concave appearance, long, black, straight hair, and well-modelled and rounded arms and legs. Mr. Williamson, who has lived two and a half years among them between Punta Flecha

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and Buluan, estimates their number at 8000 souls. Mr. Christie puts them down as of Malayan origin.

They possess a language of their own, but no characters to write it with. The tribes, however, living near Moham-medan settlements, have entirely adopted their language and clothing—the exaggeratedly large pants and tight-fitting jacket, the women's clothes resembling closely those of the men in shape, but brighter in color and more elaborately ornamented, with a *tapis* tied round the waist by a sash or cord. The men wear a turban; the women a kerchief tied behind the head.

The women seem fair-complexioned and graceful, disfigured somewhat by their front teeth being filed down to the gums. They occasionally wear a switch of fibre dyed with lemon and other juices mixed with iron, to impress the spectator with an appearance of more abundant hair than they actually possess.

From childhood the Subano is taught to endure pain—and here again we find the strange practice of cicatrices caused by burning as ornamentations upon the arms and chest of men, an abundance of such scars going a long way, it is said, towards winning the heart of a Subano woman. The girls, too, undergo a somewhat painful operation of ear-lobe extension, practised by inserting a coil of *nipa* leaf in the aperture, which is gradually made larger and larger until the hole has reached a diameter as big as a shilling or a twenty-five-cent piece. It deforms the ears terribly, and often tears them altogether.

Hunting wild hog and deer with spears, and fishing, either with traps or hooks, are indulged in, *dalat*, or mud fish, being plentiful in the streams.

The *pes* and spears with tempered metal heads are the weapons which they manufacture in a crude forge, and which are generally carried by Subanos.

In addition to the reed flutes—which are typical musical instruments of the tribe—the Subanos have now adopted the *agun* (metal gongs) and a guitar with strings of hemp fibre.

Totemism, in a crude form, is the extent of their religious

MEDICINE-MEN

belief, and little altars decorated with green boughs—such as we shall find among the Indonesian tribes of eastern Mindanao—are frequently found in or in front of their dwellings. They have medicine-men—not unlike the *babalians* of our friends the Tagbanouas—whom they call *balian*. These are supposed to be in communication with deities—*diwata*—a king and a queen *diwata* ruling above male and female minor *diwatas*, one for each sex on earth. Sick persons are said to be sometimes cured by these *diwatas*, through the mediation of the *balian*, who begin by sacrificing a cock, then spit upon the patient and flourish a stick round him. A cock is also sacrificed before planting rice and after the death of an individual.

Perhaps most interesting of all are the *catapusans* or orgies following marriages, funerals, and festivals. It is well known that Subanos perform certain incantations to escape sickness and disperse hovering evil spirits, and that after a funeral a pig's blood is shed, but much discussion exists upon the question whether human sacrifice is practised by Subanos. Although rarely performed now, it is not improbable that until quite lately it occurred frequently.

Mr. Emerson B. Christie, who visited the district for census purposes, gives a very interesting and apparently accurate account of two human sacrifices which had lately taken place. The Subanos he met were those of Point Quipit and those near Buluan, and he describes how the entire *rancheria* (farming settlement) to which the deceased belonged goes into mourning, the men tying a white kerchief round the head, and even leaving behind their weapons. Marriages are postponed, debts are not collected during that period, and no one is allowed to enter the house of the widow and children, who must stay in-doors till long after the burial of the deceased. An orgy is then arranged, and among the Subanos of Siukun it begins thus, says Mr. Christie:

“About a hundred days after death *pangasi* (beer made of fermented rice mingled with sugar-cane and other indigenous plants) is ready. The *balian* and the widow meet at night in the widow's house, while the ~~remainde~~

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population remain at a respectful distance. The *balian* sacrifices a chicken and then severs a piece of hemp fibre to symbolize the fact that the settlement is now liberated from the restraints of the mourning for their fellow-tribesman. Then the *aguns* are sounded, and everybody crowds around the huge, glazed jars of *pangasi*."

Now, these handleless jars, let me tell you, are three to four feet high, with some slight ornamentation. They are imported from China, and imitations are also obtained from Borneo. The Subanos value them highly. At the feasts a number of straws are inserted in the mouth of the jar, through which the oft-diluted liquor is avidly sucked up by the assembled guests.

Mr. Christie says that in his journey he heard persistent tales of human sacrifices in honor of dead *timuhays*, and he is convinced that such sacrifices have taken place within the last few years. He gives the names of his informants, who were eye-witnesses at the ceremonies.

Timuhay Pogud Gubawan (Sibuguey Bay) related that two years ago he was present at a *balu-balu* (in Magindanao *balu* signifies widow, widower), or human sacrifice celebrated at Siay in honor of the father of Timuhay Bantas. Several Subanos corroborated the account, and Datto Nanung, of Siukun, gave the following narrative of an elaborate affair.

When he was in the Sindangan district, representing a relative datto, a certain Timuhay Lajahgunun died, and after the usual mourning of a hundred days a human sacrifice was decided upon. Datto Nanung, as the lord of the region, was invited, and, as is customary, received the privilege of striking the first blow. The Subanos had assembled in great force in glaring attire, and the subjects of the dead *timuhay* had taken a ceremonial bath in preparation for the coming event. On being led to a shed erected for the occasion, the datto perceived the victim, a slave, surrounded by armed Subanos. Contrary to expectation, the poor wretch was not bound. Silent, tearless, and stolid, he sat cross-legged on the ground, and two Subanos sat on his knees to prevent his escape. The datto, being requested to strike the first blow, gave the

THE MAGINDANAOS

victim a very slight (he says) wound with his *barong*. At the sight of blood, the feelings which had been repressed during the mourning period broke forth into wild beating of gongs, brandishing of spears, and frantic yells of joy. Amid a diabolical din everybody whirled round and struck the victim a blow—even the women and children taking part in it—with sharpened sticks and bamboos.

With the sacrifice of the slave and the end of the mourning the Subanos gave themselves up in their frenzy to ample libations of *pangasi* and other rejoicings. The next day the daily occupations were resumed.

Subdivided into many tribes are the Magindanao¹ proper, or Mohammedan settlers—black-faced fellows with a yellowish tinge to their complexion, prominent cheek-bones, quick, shifty eyes, and jet-black, straight hair, both men and women having small and well-shaped hands and feet.

Although these folks are also semiaquatic in their habits, spending almost as much time in or on the water as out of it, they generally construct their habitations on land, and are given to agricultural pursuits on quite an imposing scale. They are principally found near water, such as the sea-coast, the river-banks, or lake-shores.

Their facial characteristics and languages vary considerably in different districts, but not so much their customs and manners. They are all manly and very warlike, quite brave, and most independent in their manner. The Sultan of Mindanao—called by them the Maguñgan—is the recognized ruler of the Zamboanga Peninsula, with various dattos representing him in different districts, who are practically small, independent rulers. A good contingent of hadjis are scattered over the country, mostly men who have drifted here from Arabia, Bokhara, and Afghanistan.

One hears much about the infamy of these “Moros,” as they were commonly miscalled by the Spaniards and also now by the Americans; but, personally, I took a great liking to them. Their wonderful knowledge of navigation, their pluck and keen sporting instincts, their practical and

¹ *Gi* in Magindanao to be pronounced

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

cleanly habits appealed to me, and I think—as I have already stated—that when the Americans have learned to understand and appreciate these men, they will find them by far the most intelligent, most faithful, and reliable people in the archipelago. I am not making this statement at random, but am speaking from extensive personal experience, which no other white man has ever had among these people, as will be seen later on.

Unlike other Mohammedans of especially seafaring proclivities, these men wear tightly fitting jackets and trousers, the latter with a seat of ample proportions. The women are garbed in large trousers, but a jacket so tight that it shows every line of the breast and arms. The *sarong* is also worn by them, and shifted from one position to another according to requirements, and sometimes to screen the face from the sight of strangers. Silk is occasionally used for these clothes, but generally cotton fabrics (from Germany or Manchester) of brilliant colors—yellow, green, or red. In their homes, however, most of the clothing is discarded by both sexes.

The architectural lines of Magindanao houses closely resemble those of Sulu homes, raised from three to eight feet above the level of the ground or water. Fronds of *paguhan* as well as *nipa* are used for thatching roofs, and inside, slung from the rafters, spears and vicious-looking *kris* of various degrees of beauty attract one's eye. Chinese gongs are usually to be seen about, and the characteristic canopies, under which, upon pretty, many-colored mats, lay cylindrical pillows and flat mattresses. The sleeping-quarters generally occupy the entire length across one side of the house, or one end. One or more large canopies with side curtains are to be seen, one family occupying each canopy.

The Magindanaos are great traders and hagglers, good-natured and jolly in the extreme when you know them well; happy-go-lucky, with a keen sense of humor and a most unusual amount of sound sense. The Magindanao looks upon civilization as utter nonsense—he is not far wrong—and, anyhow, he has the courage of his own opinion, which I think is something to be admired. He feeds on meat and



DAIJO MANDI



MOROS

1401

A FORGE

fish, chickens, eggs, oysters, shrimps, and mountains of rice, either boiled or made into cakes. Cocoa-nut oil is used, too, for cooking purposes, but the forbidden deadly pork he will neither eat nor touch nor look at, which, no doubt, accounts for his brightness of intellect and wonderful digestive powers.

Except those depraved by contact with foreigners, Magindanaos do not indulge in intoxicants, and only such people as dattos are given to smoking opium in excess—a vice acquired from the Chinese. Even the pipes used by them are of Chinese manufacture.

With the exception of their knives, swords, and spears, and an occasional brass betel-nut box, there is little that the Magindanao manufactures himself. His forge is possibly the most interesting device I ever saw among these Mohammedans. Two large parallel bamboos, eight to ten inches in diameter, and some six feet high, are solidly fixed upright about twenty inches apart. Each has a piston-rod, and the escaping air at the lower aperture of each is carried by a channel into a common exit-pipe to which they are joined. Each piston, of course, has a valve attachment to let in air. A man or boy sits above and between the two cylinders, and with a swing of the body forces up and down one piston at a time, so as to produce a continuous draught through the escape-pipe blowing into a charcoal fire. A hammer and a pair of tongs of the most primitive design and a grinding-stone are the only tools used by a local blacksmith, but the result of his work is marvellous. From an old file or steel bar a magnificent *kris*, a sword of finely tempered steel with a curved, wavy blade, will be turned out, worked to perfection, of extraordinary sharpness, and with a beautifully polished blade, often inlaid in gold or silver or with graceful ornamentations engraved upon it. The handles, too, of ivory or precious hard-wood, mounted in valuable metal, are real works of art for their beauty of line and practical design. From the curves in a blade, its shape, and the number of waves in a *kris*, men of one tribe can tell at once from what part of the country another man comes.

Weird beyond words, with a quaint rhythm, is the music

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

of these people, the outcome of their fanciful, fiery temperament. The Magindanao is a born musician, although, if you do not happen to appreciate his talents, you might wish he were a dead one. Of course, in musical notes he gives vent to his feelings in his own way—which is not ours—but his plaintive songs, in a soft, not inharmonious voice, are not unpleasant and do not lack a certain amount of poetical feeling. Such is not the case with the words of the songs—generally improvised, and fortunately forgotten as soon as they are sung. At the death of relations much doleful chanting with the monotonous beating of the *agun* is kept up day and night, and at weddings more festive and brighter melodies—which in character reminded me somewhat of the music of Arabia, certain parts of Persia, and Beluchistan—are indulged in. The melodies are ever very simple, with no variations and flourishes, but invariably sung with abundance of feeling.

These tribes use the long, vibrating notes of the *agun* for signalling purposes. The approach of the enemy or of a shoal of fish, the death of a parent or the wedding of a sister, all have distinguishing beats on the brass gong and are understood by those familiar with their sounds code.

The *gaddan*, or xylophone, such as we found in the Sulu Islands (copied from the Spanish instrument), is frequently to be seen in Mohammedan houses in Mindanao, and also an instrument on the same principle made with a number of Chinese gongs of graduating sizes; but I never heard Magindanaos who succeeded in doing more than making hopeless discords upon these imported instruments, which were quite perplexing to their musical capabilities.

The same remarks may be applied to the religion of the Mindanao Mohammedans as to that of the Sulus. It is but a crude and simplified form of that religion, the principal points of which show themselves strong in practical ways, such as the total abstention from eating pork, the constant ablutions, their fondness for running streams, and circumcision, which is practised in both sexes. But beyond this the average Magindanao knows little or nothing about the Koran. I very seldom saw any one make the salaam tow-

SIMPLIFIED KORAN

ards Mecca at sunrise and sunset, nor any one except hadjis recite the five daily prayers—so typical of other Mussulman countries. And these hadjis, as we have seen, are not natives, but mostly foreign religious adventurers—a cross between a missionary and a trader—at best unscrupulous scoundrels.

One finds but few and humble mosques (*mezid* or *masjid*), except possibly in the larger villages, although we shall see some among the Malanaos (Lake Lanao). Many villages, however, possess a *langar*, a modest place of worship, where on Fridays passages from the Koran are read by an imam. Although the reverence of these barbarians for the Koran seemed unbounded, I seldom heard of or saw a Magindanao who could actually read and understand that sacred book.

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TRAILS TO LANA O

and generally in sets of two, such as the Dos Germanos and the Ganassi peaks. Malabang is an open roadstead of considerable depth and width, but with no protection against southwest winds.

The Spaniards had built three octagonal block-houses of masonry, ingeniously loop-holed, on the banks of the stream; and access to these could only be obtained across a draw-bridge. The river is shallow and tortuous, with an estuary through a beach of black volcanic sand and ashes.

The river winds across the flat valley from its sources, some magnificent springs of clear, crystal-like water which forces its way through volcanic rocks. But no one is allowed to drink this deliciously pure water until it has been distilled and boiled and made most unpalatable—for everything that is unnatural is good, according to modern science—and hence arise numbers of dysentery, typhoid, and fever cases among those who take scientific care of themselves.

One mile and a half from the beach, upon the high rock from which gurgle the cool springs forming the river, is the very handsome Spanish fort in castellated style, with towers and ingeniously loop-holed walls and floors—a most impregnable place against attacks of savages. The American military post, with its neat *nipa* houses, looks nice and comfortable; and quaint enough is the so-called Moro market and the native town, the pride of Colonel S. R. Whitall—to whose patient efforts it owes its tidiness.

The country around Malabang is pretty well open, up to the foot of the undulating plateau. There are, in the vicinity of Malabang, some thirteen Mohammedan settlements with a total of 3600 warriors, and each settlement possesses one or more stone forts with a considerable number of *lantacas* and guns. One trail joins Malabang to Ganassi on Lake Lanao (fifty kilometres). Another trail of the same length starts from Lalabuan. An excellent military road has now been cut by the Americans, joining Malabang to Camp Vicars on the heights above Lake Lanao.

Now, the troubles between white people and the “ferocious Moros,” as the Spanish called these Mohammedans,

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

arose as early as 1577, from the necessity of opposing raids, outrages, piratical expeditions, and because of differences of religion; but although the Spaniards occupied a few points upon the coast, the treaties concluded on many occasions were constantly violated. In 1630 General Don Sebastiano Hurtado de Corcuera conducted a temporarily successful campaign against these tribes, but it was really not until 1860 that a definite and permanent occupation of Mindanao was decided upon—a local government was created, the island divided into six districts, and a military and political system was adopted.

In 1887 a campaign against the Sultanate of Buhayan, Bacat, and Kudaranga was conducted by General Terrero, and in 1891 General Weyler determined to occupy several strategic points on the coast and interior, and also to send an expedition from the north to Marahui on Lake Lanao. The Mohammedans of the east and west coast of Sibuguey Sound and Dumanquilas were reduced to submission, and those of the Pulangui (or Pulanhya) River brought under control; but those of Lake Lanao remained in complete independence and arrogance. Forts were built at Baras and Malabang on the south coast, and two expeditions started, one from the south, one from the north, towards the lake. They reached Lanao and fought bloody battles, but eventually the Spaniards had to return to the coast.

The conquest of the Malanaos was, nevertheless, not abandoned. Governor-General Blanco carried on systematic operations and constructed a wagon-road from Iligan (north) to Marahui, protected by a number of block-houses. Two small armored launches were brought up in sections and launched in order to patrol the lake, and in 1898 the Spaniards seemed to be making good progress towards conquering these barbarians, when the Spanish-American war broke out, the little war-vessels were sunk by their crews, in deep water, and the lake again abandoned. So that when, in 1899, the American troops occupied the coast points such as Iligan and Malabang, the Malanaos were left in undisputed possession of their own beautiful country—absolutely unhampered—and became more arrogant than

GENERAL CHAFFEE'S PROCLAMATION

ever; and it was not till 1902 that the Americans advanced as far as, but not farther than, Lake Lanao.

Naturally, the sudden exit of the Spaniards was regarded by the Malanaos as a complete victory for themselves, and, owing to the unfortunate manner in which it was worded, the proclamation of friendship sent to the Lake Mohammedans by the American division commander, General Chaffee, created a feeling exactly contrary to that which was sincerely intended and expected. The proclamation read:

"TO THE MOROS OF LAKE LANAO

"Under the treaty of Paris between Spain and the United States, executed in the year 1899, the Philippine Islands, including the island of Mindanao, were ceded by Spain to the United States, together with all the rights and responsibilities of complete sovereignty. Among the rights thus acquired by the United States is that of commerce and free communication throughout these islands by its civil and military agents and by all its citizens when engaged in lawful pursuits. The responsibility of the government to protect its citizens and agents under these and all other conditions, and to insist upon the full recognition of its power to do so by all the inhabitants of the Philippines, native and foreign, will not be disputed by any enlightened government or people," etc., etc.

Now, if one can bear in mind that the Malanaos had never heard of Paris nor of any treaty; that they had never considered themselves conquered by the Spaniards—and quite rightly, too, for they never were—it seemed preposterous to them that people who had never conquered them should cede their land to another nation whose name the Malanaos had equally never heard before. And this by a treaty which they knew nothing about. The sincere but unhappily expressed promises contained in the American proclamation were thereupon considered a mere base stratagem to invade their beloved country without fighting, in order to rob the natives of land and homes.

This lack of tact was particularly unhappy in coming

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

at a moment when the Malanaos were least inclined to believe any promises of any kind from strangers. Had a letter been written—not such a letter as would appeal to a civilized politician, but one couched in simple language suitable to the comprehension of Malanao brains—much of the fighting in the Lanao region could have been avoided. Naturally, no personal blame should be attached to the division commander for his unfamiliarity with the ways of every tribe in the entire archipelago, but when the interests of a large country are involved it seems strange that no one was employed who did know.

Colonel (now General) Baldwin's expedition was a natural sequel to this proclamation; and the bloody battle of Bayang will ever be remembered as a magnificent bit of work on the part of officers and soldiers of the 27th Infantry and 25th Mountain Battery, but as a sad day to all American hearts on account of the great and unnecessary loss it entailed in the American lines. Besides, the defeat of the Malanaos on that occasion was only partial, and a series of misunderstandings and intrigues necessitated a fresh expedition, which in 1903 became inevitable.

The Malanaos had constructed around the lake forts of great strength—principally those of Bacolod and Calahui—which they believed impregnable. The Sultan of Bacolod was perhaps the most troublesome chief, although in his correspondence with the Americans he had since 1902 professed friendship towards the United States, and had no desire to fight them if his rights were respected. "Any intimation to the contrary is false," he invariably reiterated, "and does not express my sentiments."

The Americans assured the Sultan that he would in no way be molested, but that, on the contrary, help and friendship would ever be offered him in every way. The Sultan, when approached on the subject of a visit from the American commander, recommended him not to call for three months, and advised him to come around the lake by way of all the other Malanao tribes; this in order that he might see what effect the American visit had upon his neighbors, and also that he might have time to strengthen his fortifications.

ORDERS TO SHOOT

In June, 1902, the Sultan and his adviser, the Panandungan—a man of fanatical ideas and violent disposition—sent a warlike letter to the commanding officer requesting the Americans to return to the coast. “You must follow our religion and customs, or you will be to blame. This letter,” it said, “goes to you burned in six places to indicate that it means war.” Next day a most friendly letter followed—a circumstance which well shows the childish capriciousness of these people. Another insulting letter arrived in July. It read: “We ask you to return to the sea, because you should not be here among circumcised Malanaos, for you are not like us. You are marauders, and we do not want to follow your religion. You eat pork. If you do not wish to leave this region, come here and live in Bacolod under the Sultan and Panandungan, who will practise circumcision upon you. If you do not come here, we will come to you.”

Captain John Pershing, who was then in command at Camp Vicars, replied in firm but most tactful and civil terms, attempting to conciliate the unbalanced Bacolod people, and even employed agents to visit the Sultan to explain verbally the friendly feelings of the Americans. Everything that could be done to promote good feeling was tried by Pershing, and forbearance, patience, and unbounded tact were ever used; but more insulting and friendly letters in couples came at intervals from the Sultan and the Panandungan.

Other local rulers, like the Sultan of Ganassi, had always proved themselves stanch friends of the Americans, and had attempted to act as intermediaries and to conciliate the unruly Sultan. However, matters seemed to grow worse every day; attempts to cut up American soldiers were constantly made—so much so that it was forbidden to proceed along the Malabang road without a strong escort, and at Camp Vicars the sentries had orders at night to fire on any one approaching the camp, without calling out the usual “Halt. Who goes there?”

In September, 1902, owing to Pershing's tact and the splendid behavior of the Americans, most of the dattos around the lake approved and affirmed the American treaty, but the Bacolod people desired war.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

There remained nothing else to do but to show definitely that the Americans would stand the insults of the Moham-medan chiefs no longer. A council of war was held at Malabang, and Captain Pershing, who had considerable experience of the lake region and its inhabitants, was intrusted with the command of the expedition, which was to explore the entire west shore of the lake, where the troublesome chiefs were.

The expedition consisted of Troops A, G, L, 15th Cavalry; Companies C, F, G, and M, 27th Infantry; two gun sections (Vickers-Maxims) of 25th Battery, F, A, and two mortar sections of the 17th Battery, F, A, united under the command of the senior artillery officer, Captain McNair.

A pack-train of mules and native ponies was provided for the transportation of rations, forage, ammunition, and medical supplies, the commissary's and quartermaster's arrangements being very commendable for the perfect smoothness with which every detail ran. The hospital corps was under a very energetic and able surgeon, Lieutenant R. U. Patterson. Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Chamberlain accompanied the expedition as a spectator.

On April 3d, in the company of Captain Pershing, who had come for orders to Malabang, and with an escort of cavalry, I rode to Camp Vicars, some twenty-four miles, where we arrived late at night.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE OUTPOSTS ATTACKED—THE SIEGE AND ASSAULT OF BACOLOD—GREAT PLUCK OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS—NARROW ESCAPES—THE SURRENDER OF CALAHUI—THE ESCORT “JUMPED”—CHOLERA IN CAMP

ON April 5th, at 7 A.M., all arrangements being completed and the troops being reviewed by General Sumner, we moved out of Camp Vicars—a most impressive sight as the long line of blue-shirted soldiers, the splendid pack-mules, and the cavalrymen moved slowly up the hill towards the lake. Camp Vicars is, I think, 2000 feet above the sea-level; Lake Lanao about 1500, and from the highest point between the two a magnificent view is obtainable of the distant sea to the south, and the immense sheet of placid waters of the lake on the north. There were high mountains to the east, but no great heights were visible in a northerly direction.

Before us on the north shores of the arm of water in the southwest portion of the lake could be perceived, upon a prominent ridge, the fort of Bacolod, surrounded by immense trenches apparently of recent date, judging by their bright-red color—and upon the fort a number of huge standards of war—red, white, and blue—flew gayly in the wind.

We descended in a single file along a narrow and slippery trail, with high and stifling grass on either side—well above my head on the back of a tall American horse—and we proceeded over undulating country with every now and then great tufts of bamboo. At intervals we got glimpses, from the higher points, of the lake with its pretty little islands in the southwest. We passed several abandoned forts with stockades of live bamboos, and we left to the west the Ganassi peaks—one of which displayed a huge landslide.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Led by a datto in variegated clothing, bright-yellow turban, and a scarf artistically draped on his left shoulder, his legs doubled up on a native saddle with its uncomfortable stirrups held between the big toe and the next, and a crowd of attendants in similarly bright garments and kerchiefs tied into a stiff cylinder upon the head with a knot behind—we came to a friendly *rancheria*. The houses, made of split bamboo, with *cogon* roofs, were hardly raised above the ground. They were flying the Stars and Stripes. This was the Sultan of Ganassi's place—the Sultan a personal *amigo* of Captain Pershing, and a very jolly and honest-looking old man. He, too, came out gayly dressed in yellow of the most bilious tints, somewhat relieved by blue ornamentations at the ankles. A few semi-naked boys—slaves and attendants—walked behind him carrying a long spear and betel-nut boxes; whereas a stalwart devil of great muscular development was intrusted with the Sultan's sword and its collapsible scabbard held together by a string, which, severed in the impetus of striking, does away with the process of unsheathing the blade.

Pathetic beyond words was the sight of a number of men and women waving large flags over fields in order to drive away the grasshoppers, of which millions hopped about everywhere. A long ditch had been cut at right angles to the line of direction in which these insects travelled, too broad for a grasshopper to jump over and too deep for one to jump out of it again. Driven quickly towards it, millions of grasshoppers found themselves at the bottom of the ditch, where deep holes had further been dug at intervals of three or four feet; into these the surplus was swept every now and then, and destroyed by fire.

What with the swarms of grasshoppers; what with the cholera which raged in this region, and what with the astounding display of American soldiers pouring down the hill-side, the natives who squatted about in front of their houses as we passed seemed greatly concerned.

We encamped the first night on the ridge of Madumba, on the point of which an abandoned fort with a luxuriant growth of bamboos was to be seen. Dr. Patterson and I rode

ATTACKS UPON OUR OUTPOSTS

on alone to this fort, and several Malanaos who were hidden inside came out and were treacherously trying to get behind us, with the evident intention of cutting us up. I warned Dr. Patterson, and he covered them with his revolver. We obtained from this point a fine view of the Bacolod fort, now, on seeing the American force approach, fully decked with war-flags. We could faintly hear the distant fanatical yells of the natives, chanting their war-songs, and suddenly along the shores of the lake glittered in the sun hundreds of brandished *kris* and *campilan* blades. It was an invitation—a challenge to come on.

The Americans made their camp upon the ridge, among graves of freshly deceased—possibly of cholera—and not deeply buried corpses, somewhat highly scented as the horses trod upon and removed what little earth was on them. Still, for safety against the natives—I mean the living ones—this was decidedly the best spot. The night was not a peaceful one. Attacks were made upon our outposts, one native actually creeping to within two yards of a sentry and firing point-blank at him. The arm of the soldier was so smashed that immediate amputation was necessary. The brave Sergeant Waller, meanwhile, who had received a terrible gash in the shoulder and who had carried his companion to the hospital-tent, entreated the surgeon: “Do not mind me, sir; he needs you more than I do. I can wait.” There was constant fusillading during the night in order to keep treacherous natives from approaching, and it was feared that the plucky devils would attempt to “jump” the camp.

On the 6th we continued towards Bacolod, but not by the shore-trail, where an ambush would have been easy, and where the natives ran about excitedly, spears and swords in hand; but by a steep and difficult trail upon the hill-side—a long but cautious *détour*. A fort upon a prominent hill, from which we expected to be fired at, showed no signs of life, but by way of precaution a shell or two was dropped into it, and several shells were sent ahead of us in the forest to clear it of the enemy.

On passing another fort we were fired upon at close range,

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

and the Americans immediately replied with a fusillade. But a kitten, with wide-open, green eyes and pointed ears, was the only living thing which, at the unusual sounds of the rifles, peeped over the wall to see what it was all about, and, evidently enjoying the fun as much as everybody else, took a promenade up and down upon the fortifications, wagging its tail in contentment and stretching its numbed limbs upon this sudden awakening from sleep.

Constant firing was kept up by snipers from the hill-side in front as we advanced. We were now nearing the impregnable Bacolod, and the chanting in chorus of the fanatics who had found refuge inside sounded weirdly savage. Our artillery occupied a position some 900 yards from the Bacolod fort and began shelling its bomb-proof roof. The Vickers-Maxims did most excellently, and each shell was landed straight home.

I was sitting against an ammunition-box watching the proceedings when a Remington bullet from the enemy grazed my arm, fortunately only causing some slight damage to my coat, and having recoiled from the iron case against which I was leaning, had still sufficient strength to go through a soldier's leg. My American friends took advantage of this jokingly to remark that the Bacolod people must surely have some personal grievance against me, the only civilian—as that was the first bullet which came to us from the fort.

The Malanaos fired a good deal, but not very straight, and sniping went on from the hill-side around us. By means of mortar-fire, the bushes and subsidiary forts were cleared as much as possible of the enemy. The sight of the soldiers and their horses, of the wonderfully useful mules all crowding up the hill-side, and of the gayly attired and palisaded fort down below, with its huge surrounding trench and long escape trenches towards the mountain-side, was relieved by the placid waters of the lake in the background. Behind were the hills of Camp Vicars, upon which the heliograph kept flashing for news. Every now and then the Panandungan—the Malanaos with us recognized him—appeared like a jack-in-the-box upon the roof of the fort and waved



THE SIEGE OF PORT BAIDIE (LAKE LAVA)
(Captain Pershing the American commanding officer in foreground)

1401

IMMENSE ESCAPE TRENCH

his sword in sign of defiance, and when war-banner after war-banner of his was knocked off by American shells, he generally peeped out and brandished his sword, shouting words which apparently signified an invitation to come on.

Well, we did. After shelling the fort the entire afternoon we descended to besiege the enemy's position. A terrific rain-storm burst, the rain coming down in bucketfuls. The mountain-side became very slippery for our animals, and some of them, although led, slipped, and were precipitated into ravines. We were all drenched to the marrow of our bones. Company C (27th Infantry) of the advance-guard went forward and, supported by the rifle-fire of the troops on their flank and by the artillery, occupied a second ridge about 350 yards from the fort. This involved some difficulty in crossing the immense escape trench which the Malanaos had made all along the ridge-side. The sappers, under Lieutenant Peek, cut a passage in the soft earth, which, however, was so slushy and sticky in the torrential rain that many, myself included, fell and were trodden upon by our horses in attempting to run down the steep slope, so as to be carried by the impetus up on the other side, leading our horses. The result generally was, as in my case, that, contrary to expectation, one got stuck in the mud at the bottom of the incline, the horse sliding behind at a great pace, and tumbling over one.

Once on the ridge on which lower down, at the point near the lake, the enemy's fort stood, the Americans (Company C, supported by Companies F and G) kept advancing until they were 250 yards from the fort, keeping up all the time a fusillade on the loop-holes in the stockade. The natives answered briskly with rifles of various patterns, as could be judged by the different sounds of bullets whizzing past our heads—among which the snappy whiz of Mausers could easily be identified. Occasionally they let slug into us in quantities from their *lantacas*, and they succeeded in doing some damage. A bullet killed a mule and made a deep dent in the loins of a man who stood behind it. Others received slight wounds.

Great excitement prevailed when the huge, seven-pointed

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

flag on a tripod mast collapsed, and more still when a second was hoisted and immediately blown up by an American shell. Company F taking the position of Company C, this latter was then ordered to proceed to the eastward with its left resting on the lake shore; Company G, which had now come up, was deployed above the fort (north) at close range, while Company M occupied the west ravine with part of Company C, practically surrounding the enemy's position.

A number of natives attempted to escape and were killed, but in the evening the Americans had to abandon the two flanks for the sake of precaution, and during the night a great many of the enemy escaped by the lake.

The night being a clear one, Dr. Patterson and I, for want of any other excitement, proposed to creep down and inspect the fort at close range, right to the edge of the big trench. The long escape trench (fourteen feet wide, twenty-five feet deep), which went north from the fort, was protected by a small trench running parallel to it all along. In this we proceeded peacefully until we reached the edge of the big, encircling trench, and we were examining the stockades of the fort on the other side—only some fifteen yards off—when from the loop-holes which commanded this trench a brisk fire with Mauser rifles was opened upon us. We lay flat at the bottom of the trench for some twenty minutes, while the enemy amused themselves by using us as a target. The snappy Mauser bullets whizzed past along our heads and backs—some most unpleasantly near, for the trench was only about one foot deep—and it was with some relief when the firing temporarily ceased that we crawled—under a parting volley—back into camp.

During the night a *lantaca* and several Remingtons, on the hill-side commanding the American camp, kept firing at us, and with some success. Lieutenant Deems's guns, with both Captain McNair's, moved into the centre of the line north of the fort, the Vickers-Maxims firing occasional shells. Troop A was held in reserve behind the slope of the hill. This was the first position, but we changed from time to time during the siege till the final assault took place, the

FEARLESS OLD MAN

American contingent remaining encamped behind a firing-line of Companies G and F.

Some pathetic incidents took place. An old man, trembling, and with a hand partly shot off by a shell, was captured as he was endeavoring to escape, and was brought into camp. He seemed fearless when interrogated, and bore himself with manly dignity and calm, notwithstanding that he must have been in great pain. He would give no information about his people in the fort, except that many, he said, had been killed.

Upon the lake dozens of boats could be seen cruising about in the distance, especially from one of the islands, where the women and many of the men had taken refuge, and the sharp-shooters upset several canoes and their astonished crews with well-directed shots at 900 yards.

A flag of truce was waved from the fort, and firing having ceased (on April 8th), the Panandungan, in his gaudy clothing, appeared again upon the roof of his fort and seemed much interested in inspecting the damage done to it by the Americans. He hailed us to come near, and the two Filipino interpreters approached. He had a great grievance and wanted the American commanding officer to proceed alone under the fort—possibly so that he should be treacherously shot. He was requested to convey his grievance through the interpreters.

“Well,” he yelled, excitedly, “if the Americans want to fight us let them fight, but tell them to fight like men. While American soldiers are besieging my fort I see them down by the water-side eating up all my cocoa-nuts. This is infamous, and is not war!”

This message having been conveyed, he rapidly hauled up another great war-banner—blue ground with a red border, with a white line parallel to the mast—and as quick as lightning disappeared. At 2 P.M. another white flag was brought up by a little child, who placidly walked on the top of the fort waving it as if playing with other children. The last war-flag having collapsed, he was attempting—evidently instructed from down below in the fort—to tear it down with one hand, never, however letting go the flag of truce.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

The Panandungan again came up and made ridiculous demands, so that hostilities were resumed. He would not surrender, and insisted on the American commander approaching the fort alone—which was out of the question.

We had cholera in camp, and one American died that afternoon; others were taken very sick. Precautions were used, such as boiling water; but it seems rather strange that it never struck doctors in the tropics that those who are generally attacked by it are the hardest drinkers, not of water, but of whiskey. From that day we had deaths from cholera every day, mostly among the packers. One fact was certain, that although the Americans were ordered to drink boiled water only, they got cholera badly; whereas the Malanao camp-followers, some hundreds of them, who invariably drank plain unboiled water from the lake—I did, too—never got it at all. But maybe the doctors would call this a miraculous escape, and the first fact an incomprehensible occurrence. Naturally, in camp there is very little opportunity to boil the water properly and in a cleanly way, and the taste of it, when thus made wholesome to drink, was enough to make anybody sick, Irish as it may sound.

It was not till 2.30 P.M. of April 8th, or after three days of siege and continual shelling, that an assault upon the fort was decided on. Naturally, with the strong force at his command, Captain Pershing could, had he wished, have easily taken the fort the very first day, but the loss of life in a hand-to-hand fight with these fanatics would have been appalling; and by holding the Malanaos under fire in the fort longer the chance of surrender was increased. There was at least a hope of weakening them to such an extent that if an attack after all became necessary the resistance from within would be reduced and the chances of loss on the American side lessened. Then another reason was that a supply pack-train was expected on the 8th, without which it would have been unwise for the force to move. So that, although criticisms regarding this delay have been made by the usual busybodies, it really showed sound military judgment and common-sense on the part of the American

STORMING THE FORT

commander—who never lost sight for one moment of the principle of inflicting upon the enemy as much damage as possible with as little to his own side.

Well, in the afternoon of the 8th, under cover of infantry fire, our advance began—the firing Company F to the west, Troop L in front to the north, having Vickers-Maxims at seventy-five yards from the fort; Company C to the north of the covered subway leading from the fort to the lake, and Company G southeast of the fort.

A number of obstacles in the shape of deep and treacherous pits and a maze of pointed stakes were encountered on approaching the big trench. Then there remained to cross the chief obstacle of all, the big trench thirty feet wide and thirty-five feet deep. A glance at the excellent plan of the fort, drawn by Lieutenant Peek, will show how marvellous were the defences of this place.

A bridge of bamboos was hastily made by the engineer, Lieutenant Peek, and as it could not be made of sufficient strength for its great length, a lot of brush and branches of trees were thrown into the bottom of the trench to minimize the fall of those who in the assault might be precipitated into it. The mortars, from a height 1500 yards off, in the meanwhile kept up a well-aimed fire, as did also the Maxims at seventy-five yards. Detachments of Company M and Troop A now carried the bridge down and succeeded in throwing it across.

Sergeant G. I. Marik, of Troop A, was the first to run across, then Corporal Ludke and Sergeant Samuel Hafer; Lieutenant George C. Shaw, with Company C, quickly followed; but alas! the bridge gave way and several men tumbled down into the deep trench. As can be seen in the illustration—taken at that moment—one portion of the bridge stuck some way down the tunnel, and by means of this the plucky Americans rushed and climbed like cats up the steep wall.

Meanwhile, the besieged, with their *campilans*, dashed out from covered trenches and squeezed through loop-holes. Sergeant Hafer had one arm cut off clean by a sword cut, and the other smashed by an American bullet. Sergeant

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Marik was severely wounded in the ankle by slug, and Lieutenant Shaw received a slight wound; but many narrow escapes occurred. One, which is represented in the illustration, happened when the storming-party entered the fort. The fighting chaplain, C. Damon Rice, was among the first to enter, and was looking around for snap-shots with his camera when, from a covered passage, the fanatical Panandungan leaped out waving a *kris*. We shouted to the chaplain to look out, just as the Mohammedan was about to slash him in the back—a blow which, by a miracle, the chaplain managed to avoid. I was fortunate in taking a snap-shot of the man in the act of striking the snapshotter.

A little farther, plucky Dr. Patterson was kneeling, bandaging the terrible wounds of Sergeant Hafer, when the Panandungan raised his vicious blade to strike at him; but Dr. Patterson—a powerful man—struck him such a violent blow in the chest that the fanatic was next seen flying down into the deep trench. Before he had time to reach the bottom he had been pierced by innumerable Krag bullets.

Private Cosser, of Company C, had a close shave, too. He was looking down into the trench when two Malanaos sprang up from behind out of a covered underground passage and slashed at him furiously. One man he knocked down into the trench with the butt of his rifle, the other he shot dead, but he himself received six wounds. In the mean time, from the only aperture in the shell-proof roof soldiers were attempting to shoot those who still remained inside. It was impossible to go inside without being cut to pieces; and as, even then, they would not surrender, a lot of grass and wood were quickly conveyed across and lighted and thrown inside—other fuel being poured upon it with due speed.

Amid hurrahs the fort was now ablaze and we retired across the trench to await events. The powder magazine blew up and with it went the solid roof of the fort, the flames shot up, and a tall, gloomy black column of smoke.

That was the end of impregnable Bacolod!

THE CONSTRUCTION OF FORT BACOLOD

When we entered again shortly after, in the smouldering fire were some thirty charred bodies and old *lantacas* swung upon wires close to the loop-holes; others lying flat at rest on a bed of ashes—twelve guns in all, and some large Spanish cannon. The construction of the fort inside the big trench was most interesting.

Angular at three corners but rounded on the fourth, it had a battlement of earth and stone between strong facings and revetments of bamboo, inside and out. This wall, fifteen feet wide at base, ten at summit, which supported a substantial shell-proof roof made of bamboo and mud, had its main entrance to the east duly protected by a traverse. Outwardly it was fifteen feet high on the north side, but only about six on the southern. The well of the fort was about fifty feet square. Two diagonal tower-bastions, with inner and outer palisades of bamboo, were evidently constructed to command and protect the northern and southern ditches of escape.

Now, one question presented itself at once to the observer—the question how these gigantic trenches were made; and the mystery was heightened by the fact that not an ounce of earth removed from them had been thrown over. Personally, I believe that advantage had been taken of earthquake cracks—earthquakes are extremely common in these regions—and that the natives had merely enlarged and completed the work done partly by nature. On the west side this seemed very apparent. Furthermore, they had also evidently caused the torrential rains to wash away the surplus earth from the trenches into the lake. But the work was astounding, all the same.

Besides the north and south trenches—the northern one fourteen feet wide, twenty-five deep, and 1800 feet long, leading up into the hills; the southern, thirty feet wide and five deep, leading to the lake—there was another passage to the east, also leading to the lake. This, of peace, was connected with the fort by a kind of ingenious slide—a long, pointed arrangement—a sort of trapeze arrangement—from one side to the other.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Having captured this, the strongest Mohammedan fort in Mindanao, there yet remained some minor forts to capture; one called Calahui, three miles distant, being also considered of great strength.

On the 9th we destroyed the cannon and *lantacas* captured in the fort. On the larger ones the superstitious natives had for luck fastened astride animals, such as small goats, the carbonized skeletons of which were still tied with wires to the pieces of ordnance.

We then left camp and travelled northeast down a valley and up the mountain-slopes on the other side—very hot work in the middle of the day. Calahui fort displayed war-flags in its turn, and some shots were fired at us during the advance. The same tactics were employed—the enemy being shelled with mortar-fire at 1500 yards, and Vickers-Maxims being used at closer ranges. During the night the firing-line and the Maxims fired at intervals of half an hour upon the fort, the well-directed shells often penetrating through the loop-holes and smashing the bamboo palisades.

The fort, not unlike Bacolod, stood on the lake-end of a peninsula-ridge, with precipitous slopes to the water on the east and south, while on the west was a big trench connected with the lake. Surmounted by an immense bird of carved wood, a red flag with a blue border flew in the centre of the fort.

Having bombarded the place for some twenty hours, we perceived on the 10th an American flag waving from a tall bamboo on the hill-side to the east, and after a long time, seeing that it was not fired upon, a child was eventually sent forward carrying the Stars and Stripes, while a number of Malanaos followed, cautiously at first, and then gayly down the incline of the hill. They came into the American camp, the leading men displaying umbrellas that were white and checked, or in white and red sections.

Captain Pershing and I went to them. They seemed cheeky and boisterous, and asked the Americans to cease firing on the fort. The people inside, they said, wished to be friends with the Americans. Then they said there was no one inside the fort. All had gone. In fact, each time

A FORMAL OATH

that a shell burst into the fort I saw the datto wink to his companions, evidently in ironical amusement.

Captain Pershing rightly suspected treachery. Another lot of natives, also preceded by the Stars and Stripes, carried by a child, came into camp and said the fort was empty. The datto undertook to lead us into the fort.

Dr. Patterson, myself, Leon the interpreter, and Lieutenant Gracie, with Company M Infantry, went to the fort, preceded by the gay procession of natives, and we came to the immense ditch, thirty feet wide and forty-five feet deep—the foot-bridge having been destroyed. This fort, having water on two sides of it, it would have been impossible with the means at hand to surround it. The Malanaos were held as hostages while we went into the fort. The natives laid two bamboos across the ditch, and upon these one had to balance one's self, a hand-rail made by a third being held by one man at each end. The illustration of the datto preceding us into the fort may give a better idea of the situation than a description.

Having got inside and found no one, Pershing released the hostages under oath of allegiance, which they took in a quaint manner. A piece of *bejuco* was held by Pershing and by each datto, who, prompted by the interpreter, repeated the formal oath. This done, the *bejuco*, while held in tension by the two parties, was cut with a sword, and this form of oath was quite as binding as one upon the Koran.

Ampuan, one of the chiefs, told us that twenty-three people had been killed in this fort and the bodies taken away during the night, and many were wounded who had escaped, both from Bacolod and Calahui, and found refuge on the islands of the lake.

Among the leading chiefs killed at Bacolod were the Panandungan and the following Rajahmudas: Diumbla, Sampurnan, and Dalumancup; and Dattos Macasara, Mara, Magurumba, Cabugatau, and Sansayu—the two latter belonging to Maciu. Sixty-nine *sacopes* or soldiers also fell.

The interior of this fort, too, was quite interesting, though not quite so perfect for defensive purposes as Bacolod. It

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

had a powerfully built wall in tiers on its north side, strengthened with palisades and forming a shelter, roofed with bamboo and mud. Bamboo, so elastic and fibrous, is a splendid material to serve as a protection against shell-fire. All the small-arms had been taken away by the enemy, but a large cannon remained suspended on belts of wire and chain, and a number of drums, cooking-pots, water-jugs, bags of grain, red circular pillows, brass tea-pots, lamps, shields, and two smaller *lantacas* were also suspended in braces from the ceiling. A few scared chickens and a little, green parrot were all the living things we found inside. A number of flags, red with white and black borders, were heaped upon the ground, and it was to be hoped that these flags of war had waved for the last time over these forts.

Outside the wall on the north and the palisade padded with earth on the west were rifle trenches, and on the north side, where the position was commanded by the higher hills behind, a parapet. Rifle-pits were also to be found, and a six-foot deep snare, which the natives, in their hurry to depart, had not finished roofing.

A very sad affair occurred. The escort of a pack-train was "jumped" by Malanaos, who had hidden behind rocks, and three American soldiers were terribly cut up with *campilans*. Some had their arms cut clean off and further amputation was necessitated. Corporal Reid, who was terribly wounded all over, died a few minutes after being carried into camp by his companions. Lieutenant Mangum, who was also attacked and slightly wounded in the fingers and leg, had a miraculous escape. A Malanao with his drawn *kris* attacked him, and the American officer fired four times with his thirty-eight Colt, but his cartridges did not explode.

The fifth shot went off and hit the fanatic in the loin-cloth, in the ample folds of which it remained embedded without doing further damage. In attempting to avoid a blow from the *kris*, Mangum tripped over a rock and fell, his adversary jumping upon him. Holding the sharp sword with his gloved hand, Mangum hit the Mohammedan in the temples with the butt of his revolver, and eventually the man was shot.



27TH INFANTRY, U S A , ASSAULTING FORT BACOLOD
(Malanao chief attempting to kill Chaplain Rice shown on extreme right)

1940

THE USE OF REVOLVERS

Personally, I have no belief in revolvers at any time, even the best of them; but possibly a revolver of a larger caliber, forty-four or forty-five at least, with reliable ammunition—an impossibility in damp, tropical climates—might prove serviceable. Altogether in these fights the Americans only had one man killed and fourteen wounded—a very small loss considering the difficult work accomplished. Unhappily, cholera killed more people than bullets or other weapons of the enemy.

Uncle Sam's soldiers seem to entertain a love for ham and for a red liquid with mysterious seeds in it called "canned tomatoes"—as deadly a diet, I think, as human beings can devise for a tropical climate. When to this is added water boiled in the cylinders that are used to pack all sorts of articles when on the move, it can hardly be a matter of surprise that everybody suffered from dysentery, stomach troubles, fever, or skin troubles of some sort or other.

The officers, too—and I admired them for it—fed, without murmur, no better—in fact, worse—than the soldiers, and, personally, I lived many a day—and, mind you, quite happy on it—on hard-tack alone rather than eat food which, excellent as it would be for a colder climate—the quality being good and the quantity plentiful—I knew would undermine even my constitution. The result was that during the campaign few could boast of the excellent health which I enjoyed.

I am not making these remarks in a disparaging way, but having some experience of how to feed myself and my men on the march, I think that a change in the diet of the American soldier in the Philippines would be very beneficial to his health, and would put a stop to many a complaint and to deaths which are now attributed to harmless and even excellent water.

CHAPTER XXXV

A TRIUMPHANT MARCH—THE MALANAOS—A ROYAL MAID—
FROM MALABANG TO ILIGAN OVERLAND FOR THE FIRST TIME

WITH the surrender of Calahui the victory over the Malanaos of the western shore of the lake was practically completed. But the Americans continued their march to the most northern part of the lake. The country we traversed was very beautiful, and most of it under cultivation in neatly kept fields. The trail we followed was extremely bad for horses, and we had to go along ravines so steep that a couple of mules slid down and were lost. The hospital assistant's horse also rolled down among rocks from a height of over fifty feet, but was uninjured. He, however, got stuck so fast among the boulders that great difficulty was experienced in extricating him. He was brought up bodily to the trail, pretending to be dead until he was made to stand upon his legs, when, by way of thanks, he kicked in every direction, scattering his sweating helpers. The last ravine before reaching the summit of the ridge, on which was another fort with the usual growth of bamboo, proved the worst, and we had to halt for two hours until the sappers had cut a passable trail for the horses and mules.

The country which disclosed itself before us was undulating, thickly wooded in the flat zone by the lake, but quite open and cultivated on the mountain-slopes. We came upon quite a number of *rancherias*, neat houses with tidy, gabled, *cogon* roofs made upon bamboo frames and with walls of split bamboo. These houses had peculiar windows—elongated horizontally—regular slits. They are made thus in order to allow the free use of spears upon attacking enemies, and also as a means of seclusion for their women.

Really, as we went along, it was amazing to observe the

LAKE SCENERY

extraordinary industry of these barbarians. Upon ravines so steep that human foot could hardly hold, one found, on the top, a neat lookout house perched on stilts. From these brother Malanao keeps one eye on his crops and the other on approaching foes from neighboring tribes. Any number of these eyries can be seen, one on nearly every ridge. Undoubtedly, they are also used as signalling towers from one tribe to another: of the art of signalling the Malanaos are masters.

The actual dwellings are almost invariably to be found on the lower undulations, and are screened by tufts of bamboo and by a few palms, the whole inside a strong fence.

On a hill we passed a strong fort with a stone wall, which we destroyed. Westward we had a high, flat-topped peak, whereas eastward three wooded peninsulas stretched out into the lake. The country seemed to be getting more level towards the northern part of the lake, and on a clear day a view of the entire sheet of water (some 450 square miles), with its great chain of distant mountains to the south and a thickly wooded chain of hills nearer the lake shore can be obtained from a high point. As we scan the horizon several high ridges, the Ganassi peaks, on the south-southwest stand prominent, amid a lot of cultivated valleys and ridges through which we have marched.

To the northeast the country seems less interesting, lower, and not rugged. One and a half miles from Calahui two flat valleys open up, divided by a conical, grassy hill; and farther off another almost semispherical hill, of bright-red earth with squares of green vegetation, resembles a huge, ornamented tea-cake. It forms a headland. The mountain-range to the north is free from trees up to some 800 feet above the lake level, but has a dense growth of what seems to be a species of pine above that height.

From Calahui the country was undulating at the foot of the moderately high mountain-range to our north. A magnificent valley, beautifully fertile and nicely cultivated, was then disclosed—nearly each field possessing curious “rattles” of large bamboos with loose cross-sticks, which, when swinging in the wind, caused a noise to scare birds away.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Hundreds of Malanaos, with their spears and *kris*, greeted the Americans with their *mapia* (good), and offered their friendship. We next came to a bit of nasty trail, very rocky and slippery; then to another fort with a growth of bamboos. Farther groups of natives stooped to the ground in submission, and offered eggs and cocoa-nuts to the soldiers; while others excitedly sounded gongs apparently to greet us, but probably also to signal the neighboring tribe that we were approaching and friendly.

The edge of the lake was, as we have seen, very irregular in its southwest portion, and had some small peninsulas, the one in front of Buncurung stretching out in a northeast-east direction with an islet at its end. On this peninsula was the domain of the Sultan of Oato.

On April 11th we camped at Malaig upon the lake shore, not far from Oato's place. We had quite an interesting time at Malaig, when Datto Amai-Buncurung and his pretty daughter received us in their beautiful house, which was of enormous size, with huge beams and panels of carved wood. Ornamented pillars supported the house, and several carved wood wings projected at the ends.

The pretty, royal maid thrust a frail little arm from the rectangular slits of windows, and fondly grasped the sun-burned hand of her adopted father, Captain Pershing. The American commander is the "adopted father" of all the friendly chiefs' sons and daughters. We strained our eyes to get a glimpse, through the narrow window, of the face of the person to whom the lovely hand belonged, and oh! she was pretty—when she kept her mouth closed. That is, mind you, according to canons of local beauty only. Her eyes were as far apart as the formation of a human skull could possibly permit—a little farther and they would have been situated like those of a bird—the flatness of her nose, which hardly deserved the name of a nose, was fully compensated by the prominence of her lips. But what awful teeth—filed and blackened—a miniature coal-cellar! She seemed pale and sad, and her luxuriant hair hung in locks over her face. She apologized for her *l'shabill's*

"Come in," said a thread of soft, trembling voice.

FACIAL FEATURES

"I am upset because two relations have just died of cholera in here; but you do not mind that? They have only a moment ago been buried."

We went in—Lord, what a terrible odor!—and were graciously received, the princess, the datto, and his followers professing intense thankfulness for the friendly behavior of the troops towards their tribe. I asked to photograph her, but she wished to dress up first, so the operation was fixed for the following day. She sat in a bundle upon a mattress under a canopy—there were two canopies—and Amai-Buncurung sat by her side.

In the evening Captain Pershing had a reception of several chiefs who had come into our camp—a bright assemblage of strange types, dressed in all sorts of colors, yellow and red being predominant. The vicious, homicidal weapons which they carried contrasted oddly with the ludicrous, colored sunshades which they spread over their heads. These fellows, dozens of them, sat cross-legged, Turkish fashion, closely packed round Captain Pershing, who likewise sat—in a most jovial manner—native fashion upon the ground.

Many of the natives possessed antiquated English military rifles marked with "V. R." and the royal crown, and even the children held a long sword vertically in the right hand, while with the left they supported the scabbard. The sheath of these swords is in two sections, held together by small strings, and falls apart on striking a blow.

The facial features of these Malanaos could be divided into two distinct types, one denoting strong Papuan influence, and showing cheek-bones not unduly prominent, but a great development and breadth of lower jaw, tapering into a prominent chin. The eyes, of a rich, deep brown, were quick, shifty, cruel, and bloodshot, and the nose, of the absolutely Papuan type, extremely broad, curved, and flattened under. The skin was blackish, coffee-colored, and in some instances very black.

The other type was distinctly Malay, with slanting eyes and high cheek-bones, yellow skin, and well-rounded lobes to the ears. Persons of this type had straight, black hair

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

and no mustache or beard, whereas the other type possessed both a slight mustache and beard.

The ladies of Lake Lanao were, like the princess, mostly noticeable for their prominent lips and blackened teeth, as well as for large eyes with heavy eyelids and long eyelashes. They tied the hair into a graceful top-knot, and left a curly, pendent lock on the neck. Their arms and legs, generally bare, were beautifully formed and graceful, with much muscular power, the knee in particular being chiselled with anatomical perfection, and therefore beautiful. The fingers were long and highly webbed, and the long nails were stained red.

The Malaig settlement was very large, and possessed a mosque, an open, pagoda-like structure with a two-foot high baluster on three sides and a stone wall to the east. A huge, wooden, bottle-shaped drum, with skin stretched upon the larger end, was used to call the faithful to prayer.

From Malaig the trail was good over an undulating, grassy plateau, well cultivated in many portions, and with numerous *rancherias*. This was the first time that white men had succeeded in going round Lake Lanao from south to north.

Marahui was situated in a nice undulating valley. The Spaniards had built commodious *camarines* here, a pavilion for officers, offices, and hospital; also a kiosk on the beach; but now only two corrugated iron buildings were to be seen.

A great many Malanaos came to greet Captain Pershing, among whom was Hambul, the Sultan, a tall, intelligent, middle-aged fellow of Malay features. He wore a huge, circular bamboo hat with a silver ornament in the centre.

The Malanaos divide themselves into three principal tribes. In the northern part, from Bacayauan to Romain, they call themselves Bayabus. In the southern section of Lake Lanao, including Ganassi, as far as Maciu, is the Onayan tribe. The rest are called Maciu. The Macius claim to be the most ancient of the Lanao tribes, and to have existed before Mohammedan influence spread in this region, and the Sultan is very proud of his remote ancestry. The Macius say that they first settled at Oato on the west coast, and a pretty legend they tell of how the first Maciu man who came to the lake found his wife in the mist rising over the pictu-



A LOG IN THE CAPTURED FORT OF BACOLOD



MALANAO CHIEF SURRENDERING THE FORT OF CALAHUE

200

A PRETTY CUSTOM

resque waterfall on the Agus River (the north outlet of Lake Lanao).

All these Lanao tribes are most industrious, and raise quantities of maize, coffee, mangoes, bananas, cacao, rice. Cocoa-nuts do not flourish on the lake, probably because of the altitude. Cattle and carabaos are imported from Bal-dung and Barrira.

There is a good trail joining the lake to Parang-Parang, and east of the Butig Mountains a good deal of raiding takes place. The men go on annual foraging expeditions, a life of adventure being necessary to their existence. They eat carabao and cattle, and are most improvident. At weddings they will eat their last carabao which they need for their farming.

They have quaint war-dances and exercises with spears and swords, and suggestive love-dances to the accompaniment of gongs or the *gabban*. They indulge in horse-races—of which they are very fond—the same horse running numerous races until he is beaten. They ride upon most uncomfortable saddles with stirrups resembling the Sulus', held between the big toe and the next.

The Lanao region is overrun with panditas, wise men and medicine-men, officials and *sayids*, or priests, who are the chief instigators of trouble. A *pandapatan* is a military genius who lays out forts and places for defence; a *sangupan* is the head or chief adviser of a tribe. The social classes are rulers, *sacopes*, or fighting-men, and slaves. The latter are treated with great consideration, and are absolutely part of the family.

A pretty custom exists. The children call their father "elder brother"—*caca*; for instance, Caki¹ Diran, name of a datto near Ganassi—and in case of the ruling classes the father does not go by his own name but is known as so-and-so's father—viz., Ama-ni-Manibilan (*Ama*, father; *ni*, of). The words *Ama-ni* are frequently contracted into *Ami* or *Amai*.

Polygamy by purchase is practised.

The graves are frequently built in two chambers, the sec-

¹ *Caki*, a corruption of *caca*.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

ond lower than the first, and the two joined by a connecting channel. The body is deposited in the lower chamber and the channel blocked with stones, while the upper chamber is filled with earth—a similar process to that typical of Beluchistan. In swampy places, however, as we have seen, the bodies are encased in tombs above ground.

All members of a tribe willingly give a helping hand in tribal defence, such as the construction of forts and trenches, and all able-bodied men may be said to be soldiers.

Individually, the Malanaos are capricious, as the peculiar sheen on their shifty eyes denotes. They possess hands with long fingers, and feet with abnormally long toes, which they use as fingers. You constantly see them picking up things between their toes and passing them up to the hand to avoid the trouble of stooping.

They are superstitious, sickness, according to them, being the result of evil spirits entering one's body. Unlike the Christians, who accused Americans of poisoning wells, the Malanaos attributed the comparative freedom from cholera they had enjoyed while it was raging along the coast to the constant firing of the outposts at Camp Vicars, which had scared away the evil spirits of cholera.

Lieutenant C. Deems (25th Battery) was telling me some interesting legends he had collected on Lake Lanao. The Malanaos, except the Macius, claim descent from priests from Mecca, and they tell of various miracles performed by their ancestors against mythical enemies. They say that a long, long time ago four men came from *Mukka* (Mecca) and landed in their *vintas* on the shores of Mindanao, near the Rio Grande. They were *sarip* or *sherifs* (priests). They had no food and they set themselves to build fish traps of bamboo stakes far out in the water. In splitting one large piece they were surprised to find an egg within. With prayers of grateful thanks they left the egg covered with sand upon the beach while they went on with their work. On their return they found the egg had developed into a beautiful girl, who loved them all and bore them many children. These were the ancestors of the Malanao people.

Another version of the same story is told by those who do

LEGENDS

not approve of polyandry as practised by that mysterious young lady. Long, long ago in a distant country, far away from Lanao (the term used in the Malanao region for lake), lived a man called Radindapatera. His settlement was called Mbaran. Under the water of the lake lived a woman, Caribang, who was as fair as the moon. She was the mistress and the very soul of the lake. The lake was also inhabited by *bulbuls*, wicked devils, who, however, kept away from good Caribang. Although these *bulbuls* have no wings and only long claws, they can hover about the air at night to look for dead men. When they do find one, and no one is watching, they tear the bowels open, eat the entrails, and, to avoid detection, fill the vacuum with bananas, and by some surgical method of their own close up the skin again so as to leave no trace of their evil deed. The Sultan of these *bulbuls*, Omakan, naturally hated good Radindapatera, and a fight ensued on the lake, where they fought desperately for an entire moon (month). Rajah Suliman, Radindapatera's brother, was killed by Omakan. The latter's sword broke in the fight, but he being an adept at magic, each time the blade snapped it became two fresh blades.

Alone and grieved, Radindapatera sat out that night, mourning the loss and cooking his dinner. His grief was so great that when he made his fire and put his pot of rice on to boil he set his vessel on two stones (instead of three), where it was not steady. Seeing that the pot was about to fall over, he placed his knee under it for a third support, and burned it badly, at the same time allowing the pot to fall over. While lamenting his misfortune he heard a voice among the tree branches above his head. A *bulbul* was there laughing at him.

"Radindapatera," he called out, "your grief makes a fool of you; have you no longer sense enough to balance a pot on three stones?"

"I do not know who killed my brother."

"Omakan," replied the voice in the tree.

"Where is Omakan now?"

"On the other side of the lake."

Radindapatera sought Omakan and killed him, after

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which, so as to get away from the troublesome *bulbuls*, he proceeded to Bgunga, where Caribang lived. She loved him, and died in giving birth to a child—a little girl—but the child lived.

During this period of misfortune a *vinta* landed on the Magindanao coast with four men who came from Mukka. They separated and taught the people the Allah alatala. One stayed in the Magindanao Valley; three went to the lake (Lanao), one settling at Maciu, one at Romain, the third at Ganassi, where they preached the Koran.

One of them—the Sarip Labunchuan—eventually married Caribang’s daughter and fought the people of Mbaran who would not accept the Mohammedan faith. The *sarip* chanted to these rebels, “*Ilay lay y la la*,” and they all fell on the ground dead, while their settlement burst into flames and was destroyed.

The *sherif* of Magindanao also went up to the lake in order to fight those who would not accept the Koran, and they say that the aborigines who never became true believers left that region (Mbaran) and migrated to the forest of the mountains, where they live to this day in trees. Neither they nor the Spaniards who came to their help, they claim, ever beat the “true believers” of the lake—a true boast which, however, they cannot apply to their conquerors the Americans.

MALANAOS		<i>Onayan</i> (<i>Ganassi</i>).	<i>Bayabus</i> .
HEAD		Metre.	Metre.
Vertical maximum length of head		0.217	0.225
Horizontal maximum length of cranium		0.183	0.190
Width of forehead at temples		0.145	0.123
Height of forehead		0.060	0.065
Bizygomatic breadth		0.135	0.127
Nasal height		0.060	0.050
Nasal breadth (nostrils)		0.050	0.045
Orbital horizontal breadth		0.035	0.035
Distance between eyes		0.035	0.032
Length of ear		0.055	0.065
Length of upper lip		0.020	0.025
Length of lower lip and chin		0.040	0.040
HAND			
Hand		0.170	0.185
Fingers		0.110	0.110
Thumb		0.110	0.110



WE ENTERED THE FORT OF CALAHUI
(Bridle of two bamboos over trench forty five feet deep)

A MILITARY ROAD

At Marahui we struck the military road to Iligan (north coast) fifteen feet wide, but overgrown with grass. Leaving the lake, we descended in a zigzag from the hill, 200 feet high, into another beautiful and fertile valley with plentiful grass and banana-trees, and a pleasant march took us to Pantar upon the Agus River.

Pershing's march through this country, from Calahui, had taken the shape of a triumphant procession rather than of a warlike expedition. The minor chiefs, recognizing the superiority of the Americans, met us in force upon the trail, with home-made American flags or white flags of peace. They all bowed and professed their allegiance to the United States, and they were greatly surprised by the honesty of the Americans in paying ready cash for whatever they got. Necessarily, the passage of a large force with animals through a country involves a certain amount of damage to crops, but an indemnity was promptly paid for whatever mischief was done.

The Spaniards had made a military road from Iligan to Marahui and had protected it by a number of block-houses. At Pantar a magnificent iron suspension bridge 125 feet long had been completed in 1895—a really astounding work in the centre of a savage island—of which only the high sustaining stone pillars now remain. The gurgling river of beautiful clear water had now to be crossed in a canoe, every atom of iron from the bridge having been used by the Malanaos to make weapons and ammunition for their *lantacas* and guns.

On the other side of the stream we saw American soldiers, a large camp being established at this point; but whereas the inimical Moros had greeted the victorious expedition in a hospitable manner, not as much as "How are you?" was shouted across the stream by the brother Americans. The first greeting we received was an intimation that none of us must on any account cross over, as we had cholera among us. Next, that none of the soldiers on our side of the stream must wash in the infected river, whereas those on the other bank were allowed to splash gayly and daily in the refreshing stream. Eventually these conflicting and amusing or-

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

ders were altered into a permission for the soldiers to wash feet and hands—under no consideration the face—and officers from our camp were several times entertained very hospitably by officers on the other side.

I was also permitted to continue the journey across the island to Iligan—the first time it had been made entirely overland from Malabang—and I am under a great obligation to the commanding officer at Pantar for much kindness and for furnishing me with horses. Accompanied by Captain McNair, Captain Kirkpatrick, and Lieutenant Peek, I went down by the new and excellent American military road among gigantic trees. There were six camps to protect the road—Pantar, Tiradores, Mumungan, Camp 2 near the river, and the new post of Nunukan. At the larger camps were stationed four companies of infantry; in the smaller only two. At Pantar was an additional troop of cavalry.

None the worse for the genial hospitality shown us at every camp, we reached Iligan safely.

CHAPTER XXXVI

ILIGAN—A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR UNDER ONE'S BEDROOM—THE
OLD SPANISH TRAIL—CHOLERA—PARANG-PARANG

THERE is very little worth noticing at Iligan, a small community in the southeast portion of Iligan Bay in the province of Misamis. The plain is fertile, with a fine river, the northern outlet of Lake Lanao, flowing through it. On this river there are picturesque falls of considerable height. Several villages and settlements are to be found along the shores of the bay, and in what was formerly the Spanish town a tumbling-down fort is to be found on the right bank of the stream, as well as an abundance of drinking-saloons. Extensive cocoa-nut groves line the shore, and among them are Filipino houses—more or less humble—the lower portions of which are walled up and used as shops. There is no good harbor at Iligan, but only the large bay, much open to the north. Ships prefer to anchor about one mile north of the Spanish town, where there is a portion of a high but now broken-down pier.

The evening was spent in being entertained by the hospitable American officers, and on returning home to the quarters of Colonel Williams, where I slept, I was surprised to see the sentry, Krag rifle at his shoulder, behaving in a strange fashion as if stalking something.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"A boa-constructor, some twenty feet long, has got under the house, and I am trying to kill it. I heard a devil of a row in the chicken coop. . . . He ate three chickens to-night, and escaped as I came up with a light. He lives under the house. . . . He is as big round as my leg. I'll get him!"

Notwithstanding the unusual kind of pet stored away in the basement, I had a good night's rest on a comfortable

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bed, and early the next morning, in the company of my American friends, started by a different route on our way across the island to Malabang.

After crossing the river, south of Iligan, we abandoned the American road and took the old Spanish trail back to Lake Lanao, where we were to rejoin the military expedition. For some distance this trail went through flat, wooded country, then it rose at a steep gradient until some 200 feet above sea-level, when it again became easy along the mountain-side, with deep precipices beneath. Here and there trees had fallen across the trail, but otherwise it was still good everywhere.

About half-way between Iligan and Pantar the remains of a Spanish signal-station could be seen, and from this point began a gradual descent for some two and a half miles, partly through forest, then across grassy, undulating country, where one strikes, first, a good broad trail, and then the new American road which joins in at Camp Tiradores. This American road is no less than twenty-two feet wide—too broad, I think, for its purpose, as the expense and trouble of keeping it in good repair and free from grass will be very great. At the time of my visit the road was completed to the foot of the Marahui hill-range, which separates the Pantar plateau from the third and higher table-land on which Lake Lanao lies.

We caught up the Pershing expedition at Marahui. Unluckily, cholera had developed badly in the American camp, and some fourteen cases occurred, of whom eight died. A packer had to be left behind at Pantar; others were taken ill at Marahui. Lieutenant Peek, of the Engineers, who had started in a boat to make a survey of the west coast, had the unpleasant experience of having some of the crew attacked by the disease and was unable to continue his voyage.

These lake-boats were interesting; they were forty feet long, entirely scooped out of a single block of wood, had high, ornamented backs, and flat, circular paddle-ends tied to a handle. These handles, while rowing, were inserted in sections of large bamboos that had holes cut into them,

GRAVES ABOVE GROUND

were fixed on the sides of the boat. The upper bamboo were at the side of the boat was held together by vertical poles. The boats had a quadrangular sail and sixteen oars.

The land near Marahui was low and swampy.

We returned practically by the same trail as far as Calabang where we camped. During the night we were shot at, and our outposts were continually firing.

On April 16th we took a lower trail, of intense interest, through a succession of *rancherias* and settlements. Enormous houses decorated with handsome wood carvings were protected all round by strong, stone walls. Numerous graves were to be seen near the houses. We went through a regular avenue of them, the body being in all cases buried above ground within a rectangular wall two to three feet high, filled in with earth, and having an upright stone in the centre. Some graves, I noticed, were two-tiered, and the newer ones had the usual decorations of white sunshades and banners. There were but few and weakly cocoa-nuts near the water's edge, but innumerable and flourishing were the banana-palms.

We then passed a large village, where most of the houses were spacious and handsome, with elaborately wood-carved walls. The gable roofs were at a steep angle—possibly built so because of the excessive rainfall in the lake region—and, moreover, were lined with a layer of reversed sections of bamboos close together, which acted as channels to drain the moisture absorbed by the thatch of *cogon* grass. The difficulty of keeping the thatch on at such a steep gradient was overcome by long and heavy bamboos that rested on the ground, crossed the roof at intervals, and were tied where they intersected on the apex of the roof. The pile supports of the house were not thrust into the ground, as in most native houses of the archipelago, but were huge, conical pillars of wood merely resting upon the ground, the horizontal cross-beams on which the structures rested being inserted in grooves at the upper end of these heavy cones. The insufficiency of these foundations was evinced by many houses which had been blown by the wind to most dan-

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gerous angles, and were propped up to prevent entire collapse.

We came across many rice-fields and more flourishing houses as we went along, some within very strong fortifications. Another double-roofed mosque had been erected upon the lake, and many were the stone piers used by the natives for landing from their vintas. It was interesting to notice how these warlike people had fortified that region, each ridge being protected by one or more forts with a screening growth of bamboo as well as a similar screen to cover an escape from one fort to the next.

On our arrival at Camp Vicars an amusing incident occurred. Owing to cholera regulations the victorious force, being infected, was asked to remain in quarantine outside its own camp; but as we were the more numerous and more in need of comfort than those few who had been left in charge of the camp, they, who were healthy, were requested to move into quarantine quarters, which they gladly did, upon a distant hill, while we triumphantly returned to the comfortable tents of Camp Vicars.

Another expedition, which completed the entire circuit of the lake, left Camp Vicars on May 2d, and fought severe battles both at the Pitacus fort and the Taraca fort on the east coast of Lanao. In the Pitacus fort 100 Malanaos were killed.

The Americans—the fighting 27th Infantry and 15th Cavalry, under Captain Pershing—showed immense skill and pluck in assaulting the forts, and many deeds of bravery were recorded on the part of officers and men. Perhaps the most daring was that of Lieutenant G. C. Shaw, who, at the attack of the fort, held his position alone on the top of the parapet, while his men were killed and wounded at his side. This brave young officer distinguished himself greatly on the first expedition, and was recommended for gallantry and meritorious service. His coolness, pluck, and modesty were really remarkable.

As for the leader of these expeditions, to whose tact, consideration, patience, and strategic skill sufficient praise cannot be given, it is to him that Uncle Sam owes entirely the

A REGION OF EARTHQUAKES

pacification of the Lanao Mohammedans; and surely, if there is one man who truly deserves to be made a brigadier-general, it is this gallant officer, Captain Pershing, who, through skill alone and without flourish of trumpets, was able to accomplish such a difficult and important task with so small a loss on the American side.

I returned to the coast, the entire journey from south to north coast and back—about 170 miles—having proved of such interest that I further contemplated describing an enormous loop in the interior of Mindanao through unexplored territory, first crossing from the west to the east coasts, and then from there up to the north coast.

On this journey I intended to go alone. The American general, who deemed the expedition a very risky one, most kindly offered a large escort, but I preferred a humbler way of travelling, by which I could see the natives more at their ease. A large armed escort usually produces panic or a war-like attitude, which are not conducive to getting an accurate idea of the normal ways and manners of the people. For the protection of my camp at night, my instruments, notes, and photographs, I accepted an escort of four native scouts.

From Malabang to Parang-Parang along the coast there was nothing of thrilling interest, but Parang-Parang itself was a useful place, as it occupied a strategic position on the river Pulangui and the Bay of Illana. This region was subject to frequent earthquakes, sometimes destructive. The anchorage was objectionable, being of great depth and open to southwest winds, which, during southwest monsoons, made it impossible to hold vessels at anchor or to embark.

The Spaniards had a small naval station at Pollock on the south of the bay of Pujaga, just across from Parang, a well-protected spot, affording a small but excellent anchorage. There was a small dry-dock, a stone pier with coal depot, and a machine shed in course of construction.

Parang-Parang was nicely situated on a hill-side, and possessed a healthy climate and plenty of good water. Were its anchorage better it would be a suitable location for a

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good-sized city. The Spaniards had constructed a stone and brick fort, barracks, and a handsome church.

I rode over with my friend, Mr. Helm, first to Buluan, a small village which was so named because a gold nugget was found there. All the inhabitants had died of cholera. Then we proceeded on a nice road made by Lieutenant E. D. Peek down to the river Niangan, nicely bridged over. Traces of coal could be detected, and there was a strong odor of bitumen in places where the road had been cut through. The road rose to a considerable height, the country being undulating and almost free from trees. It seemed to have undergone several comparatively recent volcanic convulsions.

One came then to some charming lotus ponds—as pretty, if not prettier than the famous lotus ponds of the Pekin Imperial City. These lakes—a series of them—were quite deep, all covered with lotuses whose large, circular leaves floated upon the water, moving gently as they were caressed by the wind. They formed a fascinating foreground to the impressive Butig range and Luling Mountains behind.

The construction of this road from Parang to Cottabato (fourteen miles) was a sensible step, as it would be easy for the natives to block the entrance channel of the Rio Grande, and then there would be a difficulty in reaching the place owing to the mangrove swamps; so that to establish this reserve land communication for troops and supplies was a capital idea.

Only boats of ten feet draught at the most can get up as far as Cottabato at high tide. The larger estuary is everywhere as much as 250 yards wide, and about 350 yards at the mouth. The deepest water is found along the left (south) bank of the river. A channel, half a mile shorter, exists, but is only navigable at high tide.

All these old Spanish settlements resemble one another—on a larger or smaller scale—very closely. Cottabato receives its name from a fort which stood upon a hill a short way from the city. A number of large, whitewashed houses line the river-front, the church and houses being perforated

THE CHINESE CONTROL TRADE

by Remington bullets from insurgents. The trade is almost entirely carried on by a great many Chinese, who have established themselves here, and through whose hands the products from the interior, such as gutta-percha and various kinds of resin, sea-slug, etc., pass for export.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE TIRURAYS

I WAS principally interested here in a curious tribe of people, the Tirurays, who are found all along the west coast of Mindanao; their country—if a few scattered families are excepted along the coast farther north—being comprised within a line slightly curved from the Tran River to Taviran (Rio Grande). The Tran River forms the boundary between the Tiruray and Manobo countries. The Tran River has its sources on Mount Talian and forms a delta near the coast, the southern arm being called Tran Masilah, or Great Tran, the other Tran Pah di du (Small Tran). On the same mountain are the springs of the Talian and Tibuan rivers, one flowing into the Rio Grande, the other into the sea.

The Tiruray country is fairly wooded, mountainous, with two well-defined ranges, one along the coast, the other on the southeast side extending all the way to Macar. Mount Talian is found in this range. The intervening country is broken, with no open valleys of any size except one on the Matabal River. The Tibuan, Matabal, and Malabacao rivers, with many brooks and streams, water this country well. There are but few trails, except paths from house to house.

The Tirurays call themselves Dulangan, and also Manobos, Manobo being the name given them by the Mohammedan tribes.

The entire population of the Tiruray country is estimated to be between 2900 and 3000, and is subdivided into *cafed-uans* or tribes, the principal one under Amaneacul, just south of the Tibuan River, consisting of eighty families; an-

DEFORMED EARS

other tribe, whose chief is Melenoyao and whose territories lie behind Riza Bay, of sixty-six families; Endungan's tribe at Cusiang, of eighty families. Altogether there are some thirty-eight *cafeduans*, numbering 862 families.

The Tirurays have a skin of a rich yellow, clean and well polished, and large, slanting, prominent eyes with a peculiar lustre in them. The iris is extremely well defined all around, no discoloration being noticeable. The eyelashes are long and fine. The eyebrows are thin, quite threadlike—like a pencil-mark, the nose extremely low at the ridge, with tiny nostrils; whereas the lips are broad, prominent, and voluptuous. The women often redden them. The men occasionally show a slight mustache and beard. Both men and women are fully developed while quite young, and they possess a fairly acute sight and hearing.

The men's hair is either long and tied up in a kerchief, or else cut short; and they do not wear any ornaments, except occasional brass bells on the wrist.

The women wear the hair drawn up high on the head, where it is tied into a knot, with a short fringe plastered upon the forehead.

The ears are often perforated in seven holes, kept open by inserting small pieces of wire. Were they not artificially elongated they would in their natural condition be daintily formed.

When dressed up, the girls are not unattractive, with nice, oval faces, and small, round chins. They are well constructed anatomically, quite statuesque on a small scale, with arms of extreme grace and pretty long hands, with numerous lines marked deep upon the palm. Their breasts are rather under-developed, of firm, conical shape. The fingers are supple, and the thumb-nail ornamented with dots. The feet are long and of a good shape, with short toes and a graceful instep. They walk with their feet perfectly straight.

They wear around their legs the *hmut tawi*, a kind of *sirong*, made from fabrics that are red, blue, or striped, and are imported, for these people do not weave themselves; the upper garment is a *caggal*, or short, tight coat hardly reaching

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to the lower garment. The *ommut* is draped on the right shoulder and reaches down to the feet. Extraordinary belts of brass wire twisted spirally in twelve or fifteen turns, which they claim they manufacture themselves, are generally worn, as well as numerous bracelets wound tight around to follow the lines of the arm. These bracelets also are made of a brass coil with small bells at the lower end, and are frequently ornamented with incisions and angle patterns. Occasionally rings of white shell are worn on the left hand only. Large and heavy brass anklets are displayed on the legs.

The most typical feminine ornament is the elaborate neck decoration made of strings of glass beads and shells, which support a small case for *tarrau*, and are suspended from one ear to the other under the chin. The earrings match this ornament, and are formed of a small upper triangle from which hang very long strings of beads and shells.

The men always wear short pants and sometimes a jacket. They all chew betel-nut and file their teeth—to such a degree that sets of artificial teeth have to be manufactured of brass or silver or wood. Anything more terribly ghastly than these artificial sets, made by the local blacksmith and dentist, it is difficult to imagine; while the operation of fitting them gives one the creeps. When hopelessly broken the teeth are filed level down to the gum and two holes drilled with a nail or the point of a knife in the two end teeth. The new set having been made with sharply pointed imitation teeth, is inserted by two corresponding wedges into the holes of the original teeth, where it remains more or less firmly, according to the delicacy with which the work has been accomplished by the blacksmith. On my examining a young lady, she removed the set and placed it on my hand; she was willing to part with it for a fifty-cent coin, but nothing in the world would induce me to possess such a terrible remembrance.

Their weapons are interesting, their harpoons, which have a detachable brass hook, or barbed spear-heads, double and quadruple, fastened to a long, double cord, being well made, and their conical snares for fish being particularly ingenious.

WEAPONS AND INSTRUMENTS

These are made of split bamboo about one metre long, and have three palm rods inside with spikes turned downward. The fish, once inside, cannot come out again. The cylindrical traps have a door held in tension by a bamboo, which, when the bait is touched, is released. Their bows are of palm-wood with a bamboo string. Their arrows, fifty centimetres in length, have double barbed heads, and have a pith attachment to make them fit the tube of the blow-pipes (1.40 metres long), which are ornamented with cross-lines and some black varnish.

A nine-stringed bamboo cylinder—the strings being the fibre of the bamboo itself—is to be found, as well as six-holed flutes. The drums consist either of a large section of hard, black wood, carved into a semi-oval, or else of a cylinder of bamboo with skin stretched at one end only, and with a hole in the centre to prevent splitting. Their drum-sticks of soft wood are gayly ornamented with grooves, rings, triangles, and semicircles, as well as with dots stained red. The jews-harp, identical with that used by the Tagbanouas, is kept, when not in use, in a neat case.

The women's dances consist of slow and most graceful contortions, the hand revolving in a circle, but the fingers being held quite straight. The feet are tapped on the ground to keep time with the music, and the head bent charmingly to right or left with a most passive, doleful expression upon the face.

Lieutenant G. S. Turner, of the 10th Infantry, was the first white man to travel extensively in the Tiruray country, and he very kindly gave me some interesting data about these people, which, supplemented by my own, will, I think, give a fair idea of these picturesque and timid folks.

Their houses, always situated on a hill-side or steep and difficult slope, are perched up on piles fifteen feet high, and access to them is obtained by pole-ladders with notches cut into them. At night these ladders are drawn up. The roofs are thatched with *nipa* or *cogon*, but the sides are left open. The *cafeduan*, or chieftain's house, occupies the central hillock or commanding point of the settlement, and from his house signals of meeting or alarm are given to the tribe with

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an *agun* or a drum. Their houses are generally found a long way from the water. Bamboo cylinders are used to convey water to the houses for drinking purposes.

The Tirurays are not industrious, not brave, and not cowardly; not strong-willed, not ideally moral, not given to fighting, and not cruel. They are fairly honest, easily influenced and led, and do not cling tenaciously to their ancestral customs and mode of life, as their Mohammedan neighbors, for instance, do. They are jolly and fond of travelling, but when depressed immediately threaten suicide which threats, however, they seldom carry out. They are superstitious to a degree, good-natured and generous, extremely loving to their women and children.

Physically and mentally they are inferior to the Malanaos, Magindanaos, and even to the Manobos proper; and, physically, this tribe appeared to me on examination a cross between some aboriginal tribe and Manobos, with some later infusion of the Mohammedan tribes.

Their language greatly resembles that spoken by the Manobos, and many words are identical, although in conversation members of the two tribes have a difficulty in understanding one another. Many Magindanao words are also noticeable in their tongue, which is soft and graceful, with the *r* rolled as in French. A glossary of Tiruray words is to be found in the Appendix.

What little agriculture they do is seen on hill-slopes where the crops are planted among charred tree-stumps, the ashes of the burned forest being used as a fertilizer. Large areas of country have been denuded of trees, as the Tiruray seldom plants in the same place more than a couple of years in succession. In the interior fields are owned by the tribe as a community, but nearer civilization individual enterprise is frequent.

Their crops consist largely of *camotes*; and of rice, maize, onions, pumpkins, *papayas*, and tobacco in small quantity; but wild roots are also considerably used for food, the *crut*, the root of a shrub, being quite intoxicating when eaten raw.

The Tirurays do a little trading in gutta-percha, honey,

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

baskets, and mats, which they barter with the Chinese and Manobos for *sirongs*, beads, brass rings, brass wire, shirts, knives, spears, and earthenware pots, gongs, and trinkets, which form all the riches they possess.

The arms principally used by them are bows and arrows, blow-guns, spears, occasionally a *kris*, and small *bolos* enclosed in sheaths of twisted fibre. Traps and snares are ingeniously made for fish and game.

The women do most of the planting with sharply pointed sticks, but the men assist in clearing the land.

The Tirurays say that in 1897 or 1898 a great famine, pestilence, and drought killed a great many of their people.

The government of each tribe is patriarchal, assisted by a council of the elders. Slavery and fines are the chief punishments.

The title of *cafeduan* is inherited by the nearest male relative of the last chief.

Constant intermarriage among relations of the same tribe has greatly conduced to the weakening and degeneration of these people—all the members of one tribe being related to one another. This evil is recognized by the natives themselves, who now intermarry with neighboring Tiruray tribes. Those who marry Mohammedans or Filipinos are, nevertheless, compelled to abandon the tribe in disgrace and never return.

Marriages are secretly arranged by parents at the initiative of the young man's father, and if the young man or girl get to know of it they pretend to commit suicide. At the festival given when the announcement is publicly made, the youth attempts to run away and has to be captured and bound. A dowry or purchase-money must be paid to the bride's father before the rejoicings, which last two or three days, take place. The wedding itself is short and simple, without elaborate rites or priests or pomp, beyond the tearing off of the *emut* which conceals the girl's face, after which the ungallant youth, imitating the song of the *uya-uya* bird, again runs away.

The *sifetungor* ceremony is performed by the mother of the bride, who chews some betel-nut and lime and then passes

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it to her daughter to continue the process. On taking it out after mastication she in her turn places it inside the mouth of the groom-elect, and with a mutual touch upon the head of bride and groom the ceremony is concluded. This chewing mixture, marking an epoch in their lives, is stored away and kept till death.

A girl may live with her lover before marriage without shame, but faithfulness is required after marriage. Certain rights are exercised by old men before the marriage of a girl who has reached the age of puberty.

A few *billians* (a corruption of *balian*) are found in the Tiruray country, and are something between priests and medicine-men, using plants and herbs, and having but little influence, although they claim to be mediums between a deity and human beings. As they profess to entertain their deity constantly to meals, credulous people provide food for these *billian*, as they call them, and their exalted guests.

The *billians* sing and dance to God. They take off all their clothes for this purpose, except a loin-cloth, and flap their arms against the body, as in the *chap* dance of Beluchistan.¹ When in a trance they predict the future and coming events, but the natives regard them more or less as humbugs.

Here, as among the Indonesian tribes of the east coast (Gulf of Davao) and central Mindanao, one finds small altars or shrines to the spirits and their deity.

Their beliefs are not unlike those of our friends the Tagbanouas of Palawan. All expect eventually to reach heaven, hell being reserved entirely, according to them, for non-Tirurays in general, and for their special enemies the Mohammedans in particular. They have traditions of extra good folks, who are revered almost like saints, but not exalted to divinity.

A curious legend, evidently suggested by Spanish Christianity, is related by them. A man, Laguay-Leugcuos, who came from heaven, lived on earth a long time ago and

¹ See *Across Coveted Lands*, by the same author, vol. ii., p. 306.

GOOD AND BAD OMENS

married a virgin, Metiatel, from whom without intercourse a son, Matilegu Ferrendam, was born. Another tradition says that this son was not born from the virgin but mysteriously grew out of a jewel. The *billians* say that Laguay-Leugcuos has a body, can talk, and is not a great god, the great God never coming to earth and having nothing to do with people.

A novel and practical method in the way of prayers is employed. No regular prayers are offered to their deity, nor sacrifices or ceremonies, but all prayers are addressed to devils and evil spirits in order to pacify them. Individuals carry upon their persons innumerable charms, such as bits of wood, chicken-bones, bark, or a leaf, for self-protection, increase of beauty, success in inflicting harm upon enemies, telling the future, etc.

The same superstitions exist here as among the Tagbanouas, and indeed among all the pagan tribes of Mindanao, applied to sounds—the song of birds, the cry of a lizard, etc.—being good or bad omens. Upon the song of a pigeon called *limugan* is dependent the undertaking of a journey, for instance. If the bird sings behind a native he will proceed, but if in front he will discontinue his journey.

Polygamy is practised according to people's means, but it is seldom that a man can afford more than one wife.

Slavery for debt is recognized, and it generally falls upon the children of the debtor after his death to pay the penalty.

The men hunt deer and wild hogs with dogs, when spears are used, or trap them in snares.

The Tiruray of the interior lights the fire in a primitive fashion, either by revolving a bamboo at great speed upon a piece of wood, with a string and bow, like a drill; by means of a flint and steel; or with a piece of dried bamboo, split in half diagonally, and another piece sharpened like a table-knife. Some fine, dry wood-shavings are placed in the hollow of the bamboo while the quick friction of the sharp blade produces sufficient heat to ignite them. Torches of resin are used for lighting up their houses and while marching at night.

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The only curious point about their burials is that they place food by the side of the body in the grave, so that the dead may not starve on the journey to heaven!

The Talian Tirurays (about 200) differ slightly in language, customs, and manners, possibly because of their contact with Mohammedans. They do not intermarry with larger tribes and have but very little intercourse with them.

Cafeduan Bruno is the chieftain of sixty families of the more civilized Tirurays. He claims to be a Christian. This tribe has a secret of making special mats which cannot be imitated by any other tribe.

	<i>Tiruray.</i>		<i>Rio Grande Mohammedans (Piang's Tribes).</i>
	Men. Metre.	Women. Metre.	Metre.
Standing height	1.540	1.463	1.459
Span	1.712	1.501	1.656
Hand	0.181	0.160	0.188
Maximum length of fingers . . .	0.102	0.095	0.109
Thumb	0.113	0.107	0.109

HEAD

Vertical maximum length of head .	0.240	0.218	0.218
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0.192	0.174	0.167
Width of forehead at temples . .	0.128	0.153	0.124
Height of forehead	0.075	0.065	0.066
Bizygomatic breadth	0.130	0.122	0.124
Maximum breadth lower jaw . . .	0.117	0.114	0.116
Nasal height	0.053	0.055	0.053
Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0.043	0.033	0.037
Orbital horizontal breadth	0.034	0.034	0.034
Distance between the eyes	0.033	0.033	0.029
Breadth of mouth	0.057	0.051	0.046
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0.024	0.021	0.022
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0.042	0.033	0.048
Length of ear	0.062	0.059	0.057

CHAPTER XXXVIII

ON THE RIO GRANDE—DATTO PIANG—THE INNERMOST SPANISH FORT IN MINDANAO—IN THE LIGUASAN LAGOON

SOME short distance up the north arm of the Rio Grande is a native market. No fewer than three dattos claim one peso each a day from every Chinese trader who wishes to have a stall under the market-shed. Three times a week, on market-days, the assemblage is picturesque—men in enormous hats, with *campilans*, spears, *bolos*, and long, grass-cutting knives; women cooking dried fish between two bamboos, pots of rice, clams (large and small), and selling earthen jars of salt from evaporated sea-water.

Near this place was the recently made grave of Datto Uto, a heavy timber case about thirty-six feet square, which was to be cemented all over and filled in with earth, with a central ridge of cement raised like a tumulus, and a head pillar to the west. A silver teapot, a glass, a cocoa-nut bowl, and a *kundi* with water were changed every seven days. Above the tomb was a scaffolding of bamboo with canopies of diminishing sizes, the sides of which were ornamented with indentations. At the four corners stood four sunshades, one above the other upon a common stick, and five at diagonal corners. Triangular banners, red, white, and yellow in stripes, were also at the corners of the grave.

We next visited the datto's huge house, now inhabited by the Princesa, his widow—a very conceited woman, who, judged by her manner with officers, evidently had some grievance against the Americans.

We waited an interminable time while, through the gauze mosquito-net of her canopy, we could perceive her making her toilet, helped by her slaves, and taking her time to chew *buyo* and smoke cigarettes—while her slaves were

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polishing the silver *buyo* boxes which are ever produced when strangers call.

At last she appeared, with an assumed air of boredom, yawning herself almost to extinction. She sat on a high stool, with a row of slaves in white behind her, and seldom condescended to reply to any questions. I thought I would employ my visit in looking round the house, rather than waste attention on so superior a person. Perhaps the Princessa was not well and was still grieving for the loss of her husband. She was all in white and devoted her time to shoving *buyo* into her mouth with the blade of a knife. She had gold rings, one with brilliant white and green stones, on the first and third fingers of both hands, and before her, upon a tray, were valuable boxes of silver—for her toilet.

Her house was a regular armory; there were huge *lantacas* tied to each column, and a rack with some seventy antiquated rifles and double-barrel guns. Outside, under a shed, the larger artillery was displayed—quite a considerable number of *lantacas*.

On May 2d, I started on my expedition across Mindanao from west to east, Colonel Noble, the commanding officer, most kindly sending a launch to convey me as far as the river was navigable—that is to say, one day's journey to Datto Piang's stronghold, up the Rio Grande.

As early as 5.30 we steamed up the river, one of the largest in Mindanao, and at Kinbangan we passed the old Spanish block-house and a large house; there was a powerful Moro chief here. At the junction of the tributary, Libungan, a small fort was also to be found and a market. Pulanhya Masrah was the native name of the Rio Grande. As we went up the north arm, which became very winding as we advanced, there were tufts of bamboo and banana-palms along the bank, as well as numerous fish-traps in the water. The country around was low, grassy, flat, and sloppy, with slimy banks of black mud. Every now and then we passed a small *rancheria*. In one of the sharp bends of the stream at Pagalungan the Spanish gunboat *Constancia* was ambushed by the natives, and although some 300 of these were killed many of the crew were murdered. A small



A MORO TOMB

THE RIO GRANDE

monument has been erected here in memory of the Spaniards who fell.

The Rio Grande swarmed with crocodiles, and it was rather interesting to notice the places along the banks where the natives came for water, or to bathe, and where for safety they had made strong palisades of bamboo in the water.

At Calo-Caló, where the river turns sharply north-north-west, the natives have cut a canal of some five or six hundred yards, which shortens the journey by some five miles of river navigation.

At Tumbao, where the north and south arms separated from the main body of the Rio Grande, was a small stone fort protected by a stockade and two watch-towers, now in a tumbling-down condition. The Mohammedans were under the Sultan Bagunbayan, who had a settlement of about twenty houses. We went down the southern arm among numerous flat islets, and between banks lined on both sides with thick groves of bananas, some cocoa-nuts, and mangoes.

As we neared Taviran, a quaint two-storied house was to be seen, the upper story of which was built on the top of a mango-tree; and, farther, we came to the Spanish fort, with large, wooden buildings within its low wall—some ten feet high. Saturday, the day we were there, was market-day, and the place looked very lively, dozens of boats being moored to the bank. This fort had a drawbridge over a moat, and overlooked the river from one large bastion in the southwest corner. This fort was occupied by American soldiers, to whom we had brought commissariat stores.

We turned back east on our way up-stream. Floating baths and landing-places combined, made of two or more huge logs a foot or so apart, with bamboo and *nipa* screens all round, existed at each *rancheria* all along, and were made fast to the shore by means of long vines and ropes.

We went through clouds of grasshoppers, and the fields of Indian-corn on either side seemed thoroughly eaten up by these brutes. We saw crocodiles floating unconcerned across the stream. We got stuck in the mud once or twice, and on nearing Datto Piang's place

as



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a bar, we had to leave the launch and proceed by canoe, as the stream was getting too shallow.

Now, Datto Piang, a Chinese *mestizo*, was a most interesting character, and certainly the most powerful chief in Mindanao. When we entered the stockade within which is his palace, we found him surrounded by a crowd of slaves and natives, arguing, presumably, over state affairs. He was busy making a *kris* blade, at which he was filing away with all his might. He wiped his dirty hands upon his trousers, after which he shook hands with us in a cordial manner.

I had been told that I should have great trouble in getting this fellow to supply me with men, and that I should find both him and his subjects very treacherous and slippery; but Piang and I got on very well from the beginning—especially when he heard I was an Englishman. He had heard Englishmen were like Chinese and never broke their word.

His priest and chief adviser, Sherif Afdul, from Bokhara, and I were able to converse in the Pahari (Hindustani) language, which we both understood—a very fortunate circumstance—which won my battle easily. Piang, whose reluctance to furnish men, except under compulsion, is proverbial, sent a slave into his house who presently returned with a handsome *kris*.

“I give you this sword,” said Piang, “because you are my friend. You have only to ask what you wish and I will do it for you. I also want to give you a brass cannon. . . .”

I interrupted my generous host, because to travel across country through dense forests without trails, carrying brass cannons and such other articles, is no joke. I took the sword, with many thanks, and persuaded him to send the piece of ordnance down to the coast, where my American friends would ship it for me. I requested him to give me his best twelve men, whom I would pay well, feed, and reward, but I must have no trouble with them. He promised all, and he kept his word. It was agreed that I should start east the next morning.

Datto Piang, the *sherif*, and I had been sitting on a billiard-slate sipping coffee.

DATTO PIANG

"I want you to see my house, my *lantacas*, and my boat—come," said Piang, leading me out from under the shed where we had been.

His house was strangely impressive, with handsome brass guns mounted on the veranda, and numerous pretty faces of girls lining the balusters, while in the court-yard were huge, iron Spanish cannons. The white walls, with green and red ornamentations, were quite attractive and gay in the brilliant sun.

In the crowd of men and women which surrounded us I was astounded to find how many were blind of one or both eyes, and how many had complaints of the eyes. Most of these were due, I think, to after-effects of the worst of venereal diseases.

Under a shelter Piang's gala-boat, seventy feet long, scooped out of a single tree of enormous size, rested upon supports. It was ornamented with handsome decorations, had a frieze of green, white, and red along the edge, and a covered superstructure of festive appearance. It took seventy paddles in couples to propel this boat, which was used only at state ceremonies.

Piang's place lies at the junction of the Bakat River and the Rio Grande on the south bank of the larger stream, and two Spanish rectangular block-houses are to be seen at this point, one three-tiered, with a wing and a bastion. A number of native houses lie near them. Katuranga or Kudarangan is the name for the fort to the north, and Bakat the one on the south bank of the Rio Grande.

We walked from this spot to Reina Regente, the last of the line of Spanish forts in the interior of central Mindanao. It lies on the Tinunkup hills, with an extensive plain to the west, with many Mohammedan habitations, the chief characteristic of which is that the walls are made of entire sections of bamboos superposed horizontally, instead of vertically, as is usual. The peak of Kocion was visible due west beyond Tamontaca, and a long range with high mountains extended towards the northwest. To the east also were mountains with high peaks. Between Bakat and Reina Regente we had come through some marvellous plantations of bananas.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

The fort of Reina Regente is one of the handsomest (not the largest) I saw in the Philippines, and has double loop-holed walls, diagonal towers, really comfortable, airy buildings inside, and a good hospital, and *polverina* (ammunition-house). The fort is beautifully drained, has fine baths for officers and men, and a big, covered cistern, fourteen feet deep by nine square. The fort is commanded by a hill to the south, and could not stand against artillery, but is excellent against attacks of the Mohammedan tribes. A high block-house existed on that hill in Spanish days. On the north an avenue leads to the river only 150 yards off.

The Spaniards kept 1000 men (*disciplinarios*) here, but the Americans managed to do just as well with only eighteen Filipino scouts under the able leadership of Lieutenant B. Stark, who was in command.

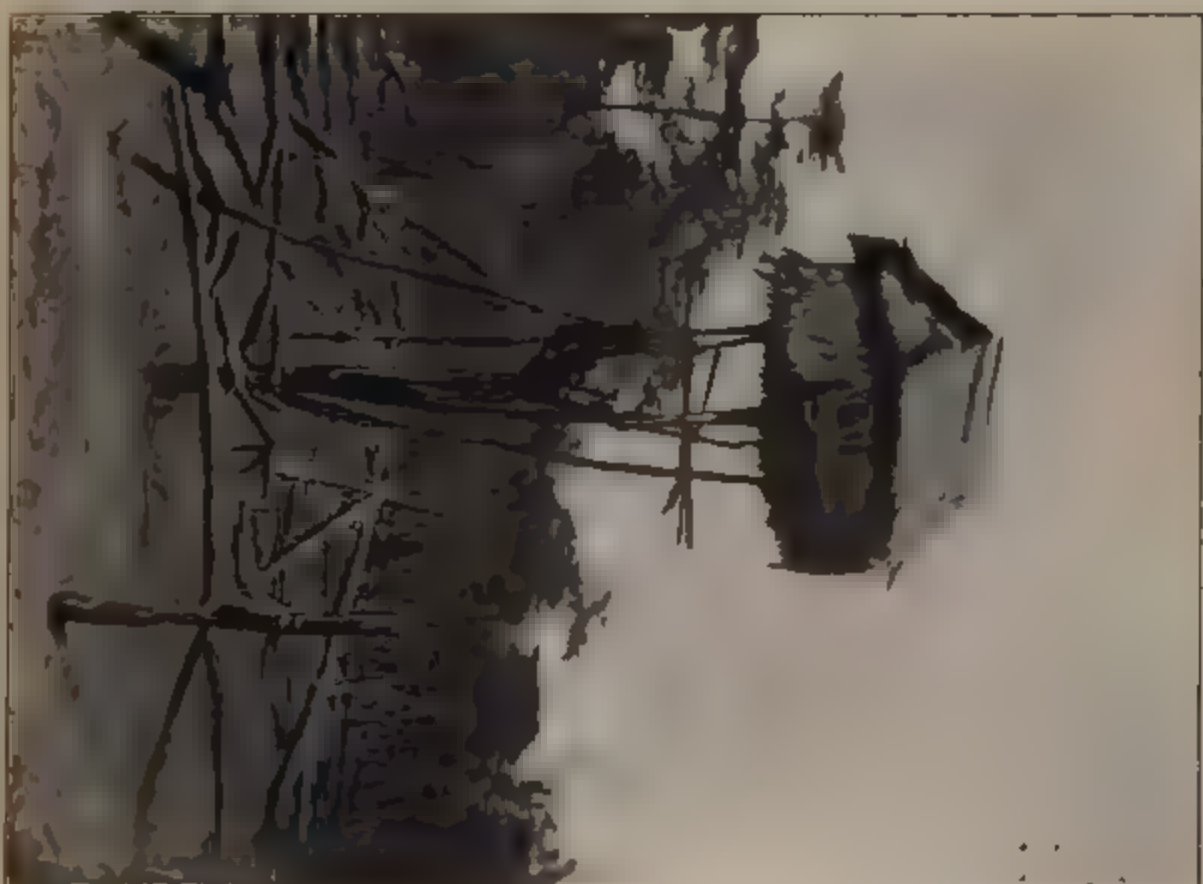
It was from Lieutenant Stark's company that the four scouts who were to accompany me were drawn, and I was greatly indebted to that officer for selecting four men who were a credit not only to their officer, but, indeed, to the American army. So that in one afternoon, notwithstanding all the trouble predicted, I had been able to get together my entire expedition, and by next morning was able to take my departure.

Lieutenant Cooper, of the 10th Infantry, volunteered to accompany my expedition only as far as Davao, and I was very happy, indeed, to have with me such an agreeable, thoughtful companion, a splendid traveller, and a most sensible and polished gentleman. He was a West Point man, and that is, indeed, an ample recommendation for anybody. I fear that on many occasions he must have found my kind of travelling rather rough, but he bore it throughout like a man.

We left Reina Regente at 11 A.M. on May 3d, in canoes, and travelled up the streams in a general southeast direction, the river here being 120 yards wide with high banks. Houses were scattered about all along, and on the bank to our left lay the Binandan *rancheria*, some eight houses, with a cluster of cocoa-nuts. A lot of lotus leaves floated gracefully upon the water, and *carabaos* basked joyfully in the refreshing stream.



DATTO HIANG (KIO GRABLE, MINDANAO)



TRAD. DWELLER'S HLT, MINDANAO

4903

GRAVE OF A REVERED SULTAN

My carriers were Mohammedans, and I had employed as their head-man a fellow called Bilanan, a creature of wonderful resource and remarkable acuteness, who spoke some Spanish. He pointed out to me curious parallel holes in the river-banks, made by a kind of swallow, locally called *pilica*, the nests of which are named *pasciupapano*.

We landed at Pudedolanghi, a blacksmith's shop, to inspect the works, such as have been described elsewhere, the ingenious double bellows and curious heavy hammers lashed with *bejuco*.

On nearing the Liguasan lagoon, the country became more undulating and well wooded down to the water's edge. Near the Tinulusan *rancheria* (on our right) was again a stretch of cultivated country and more floating landing-places, and here and there groups of natives getting out of their canoes. These fellows did a deal of bartering and trading at *rancherias*.

Overhead, large brown hawks with white heads and necks circled around, and every now and then a young crocodile showed its head out of the water. We were now in a region of luxuriant cane, called *kiogao*, and had come to the island of Kabaksalan between the east and southeast branches of the Rio Grande. We followed the southeast arm, the larger, forty to fifty yards wide.

We landed on Kabaksalan to get wood for fuel, and to inspect, in a most picturesque spot under the shade of gigantic trees, the ancient grave of a revered sultan—a circular tomb of coral stone (three feet high). They say that every Friday morning panditas and natives come here on a pilgrimage to pay their salaams. This datto, Bilanan told me, died before the occupation of Cottabato by the Spaniards, which was as much historical detail as I could get out of my informant.

The Rio Grande, which had so far flowed westward, here made a wide circle in a northerly direction at the entrance of the Liguasan lagoon. We entered the stream, Butiran, twenty feet wide, which took us in a southeast direction.

My men paddled the canoes with short paddles, to which they gave a semicircular motion, banging its handle at each

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

stroke upon the bamboo air-chambers, and then abruptly raising the paddles from the water. These air-chambers, which are not outriggers, consist of three bamboos fastened on each side of the boat. We wended our way among *cayopo*, a lotus plant which has fluted leaves of light-green color, a flower tulip-shaped, velvet-like, and fatty to the touch, and feathery roots. Two-thirds of the stream's surface were covered with this and with other water-plants, such as water-vines, with red stems and triangular leaves, called, locally, *cancon*.

On arriving at the junction of the Tapoc stream with the Talido, we got our first glimpse of Mount Apo at 138° southeast.

The Liguasan lagoon was no lagoon at all when I was there, owing to the great drought. There were channels here and there with some water in them, but most of the bed of the lagoon was now high and dry, smothered in reeds and grass. We went down the Talido (south) ten yards wide. Ducks rose in thousands as we went on, and we saw a weird species of black crane with an abnormally long neck. This bird does not float upon the water, but is a sort of submarine traveller, leaving only the head out of the water. When first I saw one of these fellows, it looked just like a water-snake, as the body could not be perceived at all.

The vegetation in the water somewhat impeded our progress, for not only were lotuses plentiful, but reeds (*tanagobo*), through which we had to break our way, grew in abundance, and also another long-stemmed plant with many dark-green, ribbed leaves—the *gabi-gabi*. Then there was plenty of *lusai*, a feathery sort of moss, and the *butira*, with large, circular leaves floating on the water. The *silal* (*buri*, Spanish), a tapelike, light-yellow leaf, so fibrous that it is almost untearable, is twisted by the natives into rope. Plenty of *guaya* (crocodiles) seemed to be about.

At sunset we landed to cook our dinner. While doing so we heard screams and wild yells. My men got very excited, and, leaving their food, rushed away. After a few minutes they returned with some ducks which they had

DUCKS AND MOSQUITOES

caught with their hands, so plentiful were these birds. They had joined a lot of Mohammedans who, running and screaming through the high reeds, scared the ducks and compelled them to fly, when they were captured by the quick natives.

The red flames of our fires, and others all around the horizon, belonging to native travellers and sportsmen; the wild vegetation, and the blue moonlight shining with peaceful tints upon the lotuses, produced quite a poetic effect—had there not been millions of mosquitoes—and what mosquitoes!

We continued our journey by moonlight along the narrow, tortuous channel of the dried lake till ten o'clock, when we halted. We thought we might get some rest; but sleep was an impossibility, for we were stung all over by mosquitoes.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE PAWAS AND THE LIGUASAN LAGOON—FLOATING ISLANDS
—A RIVER OF DEAD SNAILS—THE CRAVING FOR LIME
AND BETEL-NUT EXPLAINED

IN one spot as we went on, the *cayopo* bulbs were so thick upon the surface of the water that for a distance of some 150 yards we had the greatest difficulty in getting through. According to the natives the *cayopo* produces no actual flower; but there is in these lagoons another kind of lotus—not unlike the Chinese, which has large leaves (eight to twenty inches in diameter), with ribs radiating from the centre, and forming a kind of cone from the stem. The flower of this, when open, is ten inches in diameter, and is called *tawa* by the natives. The seeds are contained in a conical-shaped receptacle and preserved in a soft, white tissue, but the head of each seed shows through a ring-shaped aperture of the envelope. The white part is cooked and eaten by the natives.

There was a great variety of grass upon the muddy banks, such as *panosun*, and *nesse*, a grass with long, pointed leaves as sharp as razors. Then *saghighat*, a kind of convolvulus, was found. My men told me that the portion of marshy land subject to inundation, before entering the lagoon proper on the northwest side, was called by them *Pawas*.

At 4 A.M.—after having been unable to sleep as long as two minutes, owing to the fierce mosquitoes—we started again, through a very narrow channel, so narrow that the boats had to be lifted out of the water on several occasions, especially in going round sharp corners. The water was running, but was filthily dirty, a deep layer of guano floating upon it, as well as a vast accumulation of putrid vegetation.

FLOATING ISLANDS

There were millions of ducks, geese, and black cranes, and a giant species of gray pelican with an enormous beak. Other varieties of lotuses were now visible—the *butil*, not a pinkish violet, but white, with indented, circular leaves. The *balash* was another aquatic plant.

Through intricate channels we eventually emerged into more open water, a fine and most poetic lake with floating islands upon it. The principal island is called Bang—a most extraordinary place, one-third of a mile in diameter, with people living upon it, and with houses, trees, and agriculture. This island shifts its position to the southwest side of the lake during the northeast monsoon, and moves over to the northeast side during the southwest winds, and when the monsoons are about to change, and the winds are capricious, it is all the time on the move upon the surface of the lake. When you walk upon it you have to walk pretty lightly and be careful where you put your feet, or you go right through the island into the water below; but otherwise it is an enchanting place.

Several fishermen have houses with nice fields of maize on the island of Bang, and they fly a red flag upon a high mast above their houses as a signal to their friends and traders, who would otherwise have some difficulty in finding exactly where the island has gone. They spear fish with a three-barbed harpoon, and also crocodiles, which are plentiful. When I landed the natives had just killed a large one.

Around Bang are numerous other little floating islets, principally made of guano in an advanced state of decomposition, and eventually these, accumulating decayed vegetation and earth deposited by the wind, will become regular islands. To the south of the island (when I was there) was a most delicious stretch of pink lotuses, to my mind infinitely surpassing in beauty—and most certainly in extent—the imperial lotus-ponds of Pekin. Here, too, we have cormorants, and the weird, long-necked, subaqueous black cranes, and ducks sitting on the water in myriads, and wild fowl playing upon the floating islands, picking up what food they can.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

The bottom of the lake was composed of decayed vegetation, and was only a few feet below the surface. When the paddles stirred it its substance rose in dense clouds to the surface, and its stench well above the surface.

The formation of these floating islands seems to arise from the settling of organic matter between the lotus-plants, and this, as it accumulates, solidifies in the heat of the sun. The stems of leaves and flowers becoming decomposed at the roots, the leaves gradually accumulate on the surface, and, owing to their fibrous qualities, interweave and form a kind of natural matting. Centuries of such accumulation, the addition of earth blown by the wind and the abundance of guano, easily explain the formation of these strange islands. Although not common, they are also to be found, I believe, in a similar climate in South America.

The channels got somewhat broader as we approached the Buluan River in the south of the Liguasan. We passed a great many boats laden with crates of Indian-corn, fish, betel-nut, and other products on their way to Datto Piang's.

We got stuck again on a deep bed of *cayopos*, and had it not been for a number of natives coming to our assistance, walking on the water—not unlike our Saviour—and pushing us through while others were towing, we should have never got through with our heavily laden canoes.

I must say that my men were most good-humored and hard-working. They continually drank plenty of the putrid water, and every now and then, when they got overheated in getting the boats on, jumped right into the water—regardless of crocodiles—and swam and played not unlike ducks. Really, these Mohammedan tribes of Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago were absolutely amphibious. They revelled in water. On returning to the boats they took good care to wash their feet well so as not to bring in any mud, and, garbing themselves in a natural head-gear of lotus-leaf, punted or paddled away again to their heart's content.

Near the mouth of the Buluan River was the *rancheria* of Iganatarik, and on our left another *rancheria*, that of Damagabbian whose datto had died. The tall fern (*tah-*



NAVIGATION OF AUTHOR'S CANOES ON A THICK GROWTH OF LOTUSES

Alphonse, taken in Saigon.

1000

A FETID STREAM

bin), some fifteen feet high, was plentiful along the banks of the Buluan.

The Ettig River, flowing from south to north, entered the Liguasan, but we followed the stream that flowed from southwest to northeast. We then entered a rapid and narrow channel, widening farther on among tree-stumps, islets, and a dense growth of reeds. On the River Pandag, which was a tributary of the Buluan River, lived Datto Mangulamas at his *rancheria*. We passed along a fetid stream, a solid mass of decomposed organic matter with occasional patches of pink lotuses, and crossed another small lagoon, so shallow that my men walked, towing the boats. To the southeast, beyond a stretch of lotuses, was a grassy plain with wooded mountains in the rear, while to the southwest were two parallel hill-ranges with three double-humped peaks.

To the west and south-southwest of this range rose another high mountain-range, and to 160° south-southeast lay the volcano of Matutun, a cone of graceful lines.

We entered the Buluan River through a narrow passage, grassy and full of lotuses. The river was only about twenty yards wide, and here we had a fresh surprise—not at all a pleasant one. The stream was a mass of dead snails in their shells (*su-su*, as the natives call them), which had floated down from Lake Buluan. We had by this time got accustomed to all sorts of smells, but this was the most sickening of all.

We got another glimpse of Apo Mountain at 60° northeast by east, from the mouth of the Buluan. In the first portion of the river we travelled from east to west, between banks four to six feet high, with occasional trees; then we turned to the southeast for a few hundred yards, and then again west, where the bank to our right began to be well wooded with plentiful bamboos and a luxuriant growth of reeds; whereas on our left we had houses and boats drawn up upon the banks.

The farther up we went the thicker became the layer of snails upon the water—so thick was it that the water could not be seen at all, and our canoes in going through made a crackling noise among the shifted shells.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Where the river lay from north-northeast to south-south-west the bank on our right was simply smothered under *lamunayo*, a creeper with heart-shaped leaves. One could plainly see by the corrosion in the banks and by the construction of the landings, that the usual level of the river was six feet higher than at the time of my visit.

There were watch-sheds on high posts to scare monkeys away from the fields of Indian-corn, and the houses were half open, with a cagelike attachment on the basement behind. Other houses were constructed on the tops of trees, the highest branches having been cut on a level, so as to form supports on which to build these inaccessible homes. One house on the bank was on piles eighteen feet high, and nearly each dwelling had a number of cocks sitting upon its roof.

We had entered the Buluan River at 5.45 P.M., and at seven we had arrived at the Buluan settlement, where we were to abandon our canoes and strike across land. For want of better water we had to do our cooking with the concentrated essence of snails we got from the river, and of all the sickening meals I have ever had in my life of adventure this certainly was the most memorable. Snail-tea and snail-coffee were enough to make anybody sick, but we had to drink something, as, having been roasted in the sun the whole day, we needed some moisture inside. Still, extract of snails does not sound very appetizing, but it was not necessarily unwholesome, and we suffered no ill-effects from it.

During the night the mosquitoes, of all sizes and all tones of buzz, were unbearable. They were in absolute clouds round us, and if you happened to open your mouth you swallowed a few before you knew where you were. Of all ill-bred mosquitoes, these were the champions. They forced apart the little squares of the mosquito-netting and came right in, and they found their way under blankets and wraps with which we had wrapped every inch of skin for protection. Eventually I made a fire, and, placing upon it wet wood to produce as much smoke as possible, sat above it until morning came. My men had wrapped themselves

WHY *BUYO* IS CHEWED

tight in their *malung* (or *sirong*), a bottomless sack, four feet long and four feet wide, a garment they wind round the waist like a sash, wear on the shoulders like a shawl, and use as a blanket when sleeping.

We had stopped at Datto Maurarato's place on the left of the stream going towards Lake Buluan, but the chief datto in the neighborhood was Bayumul, who dwelt on the opposite side of the stream. He came to see me and seemed very irritable. I having given him some presents of looking-glasses, beads, and needles, he became more amenable to reason, and promised to give me the extra carriers I required.

I was very much interested in these Buluans, and solved here—after much unsuccessful reflection for several months—the problem why the Mohammedan tribes of Mindanao and Sulu have such a craving for betel-nut and lime, and why they undergo the painful process of filing their teeth.

In the house of the datto were many children, all suffering from terrible ulcers all over the body and face, caused by the worst of venereal complaints, the existence of which I had noticed in most Mohammedan settlements I had visited on Mindanao; but while ever noticeable in youngsters, it is seldom apparent in the older people, although one rarely finds a Magindanao who has not been affected by it in a more or less violent way. Bilanan and all my other men told me that every child must have it. They all showed me unmistakable marks of having gone through it, and the many blind people whom one notices everywhere are an ample testimony that it is general. It is hereditary rather than contracted. I have seen children—as in the case of this datto—of absolutely healthy looking father and mother—outwardly—who were a most pitiful sight, and if ever I noticed any development of it in well-grown people it was to be observed chiefly in women suckling children so affected.

That the use of betel-nut, *buyo*, and lime is so universal, and that the natives have a perfect craving for it, notwithstanding the trouble it involves of carrying a whole outfit to satisfy it, is an ample reason to me for believing that its

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

use is an instinctive requirement of their system rather than a pastime or a vice. Those who use it profess that the abundant salivation produced helps digestion and gives relief to bodily fatigue, and that lime preserves the teeth—which no doubt it does. Others go so far as to say that it excites sexual desires; but the intense craving for lime is due, I think, to its purifying effects upon the blood; moreover, when absorbed in such quantities, it is a reconstituent of the bony matter; while the betel-nut is a refreshing stimulant and a digestive, and so are the *buyo* leaves. It is undoubtedly true that the combination has a preservative effect upon the teeth when the enamel is filed—which it would not have were the enamel left intact.

Naturally the abuse of *bunga*—or betel-nut, *buyo*, and lime—have ill-effects, like all other remedies; consumption is occasionally produced by it, and also intestinal troubles, but both these are more frequently noticeable with the Christian Filipinos of other islands, who lead a more or less lazy life, than with the Mohammedan adventurers of Mindanao, who take plenty of exercise to work off those ill-effects of the combination upon their system.

The Buluan Mohammedans are identical with those of the Rio Grande, with the exception that they have never heard of money.

I took a trip to Lake Buluan, which was almost dried up, but many houses were scattered both along the river and on the lake shores. There were mountains to the south-southeast, northeast, south, southwest, northwest.

At the entrance of the lake, on the Buluan, stood the village of Maslabeng, consisting of twenty-four houses, where I was hospitably received into the homes of the people. They had spears and harpoons (the *balala tchebatt*) with detachable, double-barbed steel heads, and the usual *mamanan* or lime-box, but otherwise there was no sign of great wealth among this tribe. The usual contingent of children, some with long hair, others clean-shaven, with long locks behind, *à la* Japanese, crowded round in evident curiosity, or played with the fowls which shared the house, or with hook-tailed cats. On the floor they displayed rather nice *shapiay*

AROUND LAKE BULUAN

(mats). They raised a good quality of hemp for their own use.

There are some nineteen or twenty villages around the lake, the largest, Debotil, containing about 100 houses. Eight of these settlements have been entirely abandoned.

CHAPTER XL

AMONG THE BILANS OF CENTRAL MINDANAO—A DARING SAVAGE CHIEF—DIFFICULT MARCHING—THE BEAUTIFUL CALAGANES

IT was pleasant to be marching on foot after having been cramped inside the narrow canoes, among tins of corned-beef and bags of rice. I arranged to lead with two scouts, the baggage with its carriers to come next, Lieutenant Cooper with two scouts remaining in the rear to prevent straggling.

We made an early start from Buluan, at 4.30 A.M., among the few cocoa-nuts along the river, then turned northward along a flat, grassy valley, the grass high above our heads, which made marching heavy and stifling. The country seemed desolate enough as far as population went, only an abandoned hut or two, as at Damassawa, being visible—huts used only when *palai* was grown here. Swarms of *campundi* (*tapudi*) locusts passed us, the sky was black with them, and they left a pungent odor behind. The chivalry of these locusts was great, each male carrying his wife upon his back. My men ate them raw and alive, and said they were good. They seemed crisp enough under the teeth.

Then we went through a long tract with intricate vines, where my men had to use their swords freely to cut a passage.

At the settlement of Buluans called Cancon a considerable clearing had been made and a couple of houses stood on stilts twenty feet high. Then we struck the *rancheria* of Malalla, with some 120 people all told. They had no special points of interest except their stirrups, which slightly varied in pattern from those we had seen before, the big toe actually resting upon a platform three inches square

WHITE MAN A CURIOSITY

with a hollow to fit, instead of the stirrup being held between the toes as is usual.

Alep was our nearest mountain, east-southeast, when we reached the Malalla River. The stream ran in a general direction from east to west. We made a night march after dinner, in fine moonlight, and as we passed several houses of natives there was much excitement, as they had never seen white men before, and did not know whether we were hostile or friendly. An old woman came into my camp and said she wished to see a white man. She looked at us, said we were all right, and, politely asking whether we required anything, returned to her home.

On reaching the river Alep—which had here a general direction of southeast to northwest—we encamped at a Bilan market in the forest among *nonoko* trees of gigantic size, vines and troublesome creepers (*uagheda*), the latter hanging from the highest branches in festoons.

The next day, when I was walking ahead, and after I had gone some little distance, I suddenly came upon a crowd of Bilans who were holding a market on the river-bank. On seeing a stranger they jumped for their spears, but I waved my hand to them to show that I carried no weapons and had no hostile intentions, and went right among them. This place was called Damablak, and there were a few huts in the neighborhood. It was some little time before the rest of our party arrived, and by that time I had already settled down to a friendly meeting with these fellows, the sign language playing an important part in our conversation. They had a language of their own, although some few words resembled Magindanao. They belonged to the Indonesian type. They did not file their teeth, although they blackened them; they possessed long, wavy, almost curly hair, tied into a knot behind, and the men had a slight beard and mustache. The eyes had no slant, but were quite horizontal; the ears with undetached lobes. The children had brown hair, which evidently turned black with age.

They wore the *salual*, or short red breeches like bathing drawers, a *taul*, or short, tight coat, and the *otob*, a small

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

turban. They had few ornaments except the *galanta* and the *cuitto*, small brass instruments which they carry about their persons.

The *herpes* skin-disease seemed to be common among them, but otherwise they appeared to be of abnormal strength and wiriness, without superfluous flesh or fat; suspicious but good-natured, and with a keen sense of humor.

Each man carried a spear with an iron head fastened with a hemp-string to a cane-shaft six to seven feet long. Some of them had large knives which they had obtained from Mohammedan traders of neighboring tribes.

They were much delighted with needles, looking-glasses, and beads that I gave them, and became very friendly. Each man carried a *kalfi*, or small *bejuco* basket, slung upon his shoulder, with *buyo*, lime, etc. Mallayan, their chief, was quite intelligent and displayed great surprise at the color of my skin. What illness had caused my skin to be so white? Were all the people of "my tribe" really the same color?

Lieutenant Cooper, who had now come along, inquired of the chief whether he had heard of a "great, great country called America, the greatest country in the world?" The puzzled chief enumerated the names of all the neighboring tribes, but . . .

"Merika," as he repeated like a parrot, frowning in deep thought—"Merika . . . Merika . . . no, there was no such tribe about. He had never, never heard of it!"

"Ask them if they ever heard of Spain," exclaimed Lieutenant Cooper, rather put out, as I could not help laughing.

But the name of Spain, too, had never reached the Bilan's ears.

Near their houses on high stilts, over twenty feet high, the Bilans stick into the ground sharply pointed bamboo blades, at an angle, in order both to injure incautious enemies approaching at night, and also to catch wild hogs which, as they run, often get speared this way.

The Bilan makes the flooring of his home on two, three, four, five different planes, one a few inches above the other.

TEDIOUS TRAVELLING

Access to the house is obtained by a long, wooden log with notches in it on the landing or lowest platform. Occasionally an outer platform half-way up the high stilts is found, upon which things are placed to dry in the sun.

The *dancalan*, a wooden plate with a handle for chopping meat, is found on this platform, and their fires are made in the large ash-trays that are used all over the archipelago. Under the house is a cage for their ponies and pigs, and a most ingenious shoot of split bamboo for dogs to come in and out of the house is invariably to be seen.

On leaving this place we went southeast, then east-southeast, then due east, crossing and recrossing the tortuous and terribly stony river Alep, the general course of which we mostly followed, so as to avoid the thick vegetation on the banks, through which progress would have been slow.

A hilly region was before us to the east, with Alep as the highest point. We came to the Dalul River flowing from the north—a much larger stream than the Alep, into which it flows—a mile or so beyond a Bilan market-ground, and in these streams we found many conical fish-traps laid by the Bilans. Several natives bolted into the forest as they saw us approach. The forest on both sides was so thick that cutting our way through it was out of the question, so we had to content ourselves with walking mile after mile in the water—most unpleasant, because the tepid water had formed a slippery growth of moss upon the stony river-bed, and one was constantly slipping and jamming one's feet between rocks.

While waiting for the remainder of my party, who had lingered a long way behind, Bilanan and I visited some interesting hot springs called Mayanaid, on the left bank of the stream some little way off, then, upon coming to a most beautiful and deep pool of limpid water, we called a halt for lunch, and all indulged in a delicious swim.

It is marvellous how full of resource the natives are. They would make a neat little shelter in a few minutes with bamboos, *bejuco*, and palm leaves; they improvised serviceable rain-coats for themselves, and hats and leggings, with similar materials; made cooking-pots and water-vessels with

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sections of bamboo. With the leaves of the *bilak*, a fan-palm, which they twisted backward and then fastened together, they made cups and drinking-vessels.

Yangban trees of enormous size, with their winglike roots, were plentiful, so also was the *manuang*, a tall tree whose light-green bark was clear of branches up to a great height above the ground. Species of ivy and other creepers were innumerable. We had to undergo considerable exertion when we proceeded through the trailless Bartan forest, where we had to crawl under fallen trees or climb over them, or balance ourselves on their slippery surface for their whole length—a method of progression much to the taste of my barefooted men, but not quite so easy when one had shoes on.

We came to a deserted and half-destroyed Bilan house, the scene of a fight, judging by the bleached skeletons which lay strewn about upon the ground. I learned later that my friend, Datto Mallayan, had killed the people of Tuka. I picked up a skull which had a spear-wound and intended to carry it away. My men, superstitious to a degree, refused to carry it, saying that the skull would speak to them during the night and prevent them sleeping, so I carried it myself.

Our course varied from east to southeast, according to the conditions of the country. We crossed large tracts of land, covered with *bomban*, a kind of large reed; then passed through innumerable ferns six to eight feet high. Twice again we crossed water and met some Bilans, who dashed away at the sight of us. I captured some, whom I photographed and measured.

Then we got on a somewhat higher and slightly undulating plateau cleared of all trees and bearing thick *cogon*. Many aged *bag* trees of gray tints were about, and tall *oana-tak* trees with deep-green clusters of leaves on their summit only. To the northeast and to the southeast we had grass-topped hills, whereas southward, about two miles off, stood a barren range with a higher and well-wooded chain of mountains behind. From northwest to north was a gap on the horizon line; otherwise we had hills all round, Mount Alep being now to our west. We had travelled practical-



DIS-PAPER

ANISOR

A GIANT TREE

ly due east towards the pass in the divide, and could see on the hill-sides patches of Bilan cultivation—maize, *camotes*, and rice. We then descended into a stony little streamlet running from north to south—a beautiful thread of deliciously fresh and limpid water. It appeared to us the most delicious water we had ever seen after the filthy extract of snails of the Buluan River.

We halted by the side of a magnificent *langban* tree with immense, contorted roots, luxuriant foliage, and branches protruding for some forty feet over the stream. The enormous weight of the tree was supported on a vault of these roots, forming a regular hollow or cave twenty feet long by twelve feet wide; a deep pool of water reflected the fantastic curves of this giant and its powerful roots spreading far into the stratum of earth and pebbles that formed the river-bank. In the roof of this wooden cave dangled innumerable smaller roots, wavering like snakes in the current of air, and other older roots embraced and held up big, suspended rocks, four or five feet in diameter. In examining this place by the light of a torch at night I found several spears and other Bilan fishing implements.

We had lighted up a big fire and had placed two scouts on guard in case of our camp being “jumped”—these tribes having a great fondness for night attacks. My men were gayly conversing and cooking, and I was writing up my notes, when we thought we heard peculiar noises about. There was high grass all round, and we could not see very far. We were all either sitting or lying down. Suddenly we heard a rushing noise through the grass, and we thought it was a wild hog or a deer, which are plentiful, but what was our astonishment when a magnificent savage on a restless pony galloped, brandishing a spear, into the middle of our camp. He pulled up defiantly and asked who we were; declared that this was his country and he was Datto Ghialodin. Were we friends or enemies?

I took a sketch of him then and there by the red light of our camp-fire, for this wild-looking creature was too picturesque for words. His black hair stood straight up in masses, with long locks behind; a short coat and short

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breeches left exposed most beautiful anatomical detail of arms and legs. The polished skin of his cheek-bones, nose, and forehead, and the bony knuckles of the wiry hand in which he held his spear, shone in the red light like bronze, while his piercing eyes, apparently steady and unconcerned, took in thoroughly all that went on all round. He rode with short stirrups and a Buluan brass bit.

Now, I could not help admiring the pluck of this fellow, and I wanted him to get off his steed and be entertained like a friend—but he would not hear of dismounting, and kept his spear all the time ready to strike. I kept on patting the pony and rider, made him presents of red cloth and beads, which delighted him, showed him his face in a looking-glass—which he thought was somebody else's face behind the mirror—offered him mementos of needles and thread for his wife, and so on, till at last the chief could no longer contain himself for joy and surprise. He burst forth into weird cries which echoed all round, in order to call his tribesmen, who, he explained, were hiding round us in the grass and forest; but, cry or no cry, his folks did not display the courage of their chief and would not come in.

He was not much of a fellow for talking; he had never seen or heard of white men; but he displayed his evident gratitude by a grunt—"hrrr"—each time I gave him a present. All of a sudden, and without warning, he bolted off the way he had come.

The tributary Cosacbato from the northeast here joins the Kima River from the southeast. We proceeded southeast between mountains closing in on both sides. While in a very narrow ravine, on turning round a sharp corner, I found an old Bilan sportsman after monkeys. He was carrying a big, dead ape slung upon his shoulder for food. He was scared out of his life when I suddenly came upon him, but he soon recovered his senses and took the first opportunity of bolting. Other Bilans whom we saw in the distance upon the hill-side to the northeast, where they had their houses, also displayed great running powers when they perceived us.

To the southwest we now had high, grassy hills in great

OVER FALLEN TREES

part cleared of trees, most of those existing being *ninul*, *kanit*, and *pagulinen*. We were travelling along the Sinapulan River, which runs from southwest to northeast, with a tributary from the northeast, and here again were terrible stones, which made walking continuously in and out of the water difficult. This stream must carry enormous bodies of water during the rainy season, as it drains the entire basin. We went on under huge *kehn*, *lahwan*, and *lahmut* trees, the wood of the last named much used by Bilans for their canoes.

Then came the steep ascent to the pass of Mantalaugan. One of the scouts, the tallest and strongest-looking, was taken very ill—it is always the case with tall, strong-looking people—and delayed me a good deal.

Having crossed a second ridge some 300 feet above the Sinapulan stream, through picturesque but devilish woods, where we had to scramble over slippery, volcanic boulders, and were torn to pieces by thorns, we at last reached the highest point of the water-shed, marked by a magnificent *murau* tree enveloped in a parasitic *nonoko*. We descended to the head-waters of the Alep River, along which it was only possible to proceed, and here among much volcanic rock grew beautiful *babian*—fan-palms—of immense size.

In the river-course we wound our way through a dark forest of *olesse* trees. The river-bed, at first of pumice-stone, was presently of slippery clay saturated with sulphur, and corroded into stalactites of magnificent copper-green tones. Then came high terraces and water-falls.

Endless trees had fallen in this region, over which we had to clamber, and occasionally pass where they formed a long bridge, balancing ourselves, from one side of the river to the other. We crossed and recrossed the tortuous Alep River I could not tell how many times. The Cambolin is a tributary of the Alep, a most fascinating stream, in rocky terraces covered with green moss—terribly slippery, but pretty to look at. The vegetation was dense on both sides and formed a regular arch over our heads. Frequently the arch was so low that we had to stoop down into the water, body and all, to get through—and, moreover, for

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some days we had been tramping continually in water, and the skin of our feet had become extremely tender.

A dry river-bed followed, then a bit of thick forest, then an ascending hill-side. We came to a great clearing burned by Bilans, and saw some of their high houses, raised as much as thirty feet above the ground, to the south of the hill-side beyond. Some twenty Bilans rushed out, spear in hand, when we shouted to call them, and on perceiving that we were not some of themselves they decamped in due haste.

From this point we followed another stream, which had high rock terraces of volcanic formation, so rounded, polished, and slippery that we could hardly hold our footing. We had some difficulty in keeping the baggage dry in going down the water-falls of various heights, and in order to do so used an improvised ladder that we carried—a long bamboo with notches—for the banks were steep, and we could only proceed where the water flowed. The course of this stream was from northwest to southeast, and we had now crossed the water-shed. We encamped upon the hard lava for the night, and the vegetation was so luxuriant above us that the sun never penetrated here. The moisture was stifling, everything reeking with it. The river farther down disappeared for some 200 yards through a subterranean passage under the smooth, rocky, volcanic river-bed, made apparently by an extensive flow of lava.

When we had reached the bottom of the hill we abandoned the stream and proceeded through dense forests of *babang anan* trees over 100 feet high, and some *lahmut* trees of immense diameter—eight feet, and as much as fifteen feet at the base, including the side-wings. Some of these majestic trees were 150 feet high. We were now in a zone of gigantic trees of great age.

A vine, 120 yards long, had been placed across the river by the Bilans in order that they might find their way across to the other side at night, and also to prevent them from being washed away when the water was high. Then we came to another stream, with a bed of large, smooth, spherical pebbles which turned under one's feet as one trod upon them and jammed one's toes painfully.

APO, THE GREAT VOLCANO

We left the zone of gigantic trees and were now in a region of wonderful creepers, the *nagheda* particularly, a regular huge cascade of prettily shaped leaves. Low shrubs and plants were plentiful—too many of them—the large-leaved *nopur*, the *langanassi*, and among boulders the *alum*, the red-ribbed leaves of which placed on one's head are said by the natives to cure headache.

We came to the home of Datto Inuk, with its entrance railed off up-stairs, and chiefly remarkable for the baskets of all sizes and shapes that it contained. Spears with iron and bamboo heads, bundles of arrows with detachable heads, were stuck in the ceiling. Also some *tampipi*, or working-knives, in broad, square, *bejuco* sheaths, and some shields.

At Latian, Datto Inuk's place, there were about six Bilan houses, all walled round with superposed horizontal bamboos. From this point we struck very grassy, open country, and then a region of giant *buri* palm with leaves seven feet in diameter. We marched eastward and had on the north an extensive mountain mass, including Apo, the great volcano, at 15° north, bearings magnetic. Seen from this point, however, the giant was not so impressive as when observed from the sea.

We passed the old *rancheria* of Salumincon in the middle of an extensive plain. Near this place I caught three Bilan women whom I wished to photograph. They shrieked and yelled and cried in terror when I pointed the camera at them, which they thought was some sort of gun, the two younger, who had collapsed in a heap, taking cover behind the older dame. Eventually, on being presented with needles and beads, they became bright and jolly, and were quite nice and gentle. They wore heavy circular brass earrings with beads all round and occasional bead pendants, and heavy bead necklaces with a pendent charm like a small brush. Brass rings were coiled round each toe and brass wire bracelets, some with inverted angular ornamentations, covered the arms from the wrist to the elbow. They also wore white shell bracelets and rings of brass and tortoiseshell. A pretty, short, blue zouave-jacket, with red border,

CHRISTIAN AND SAVAGE HOSPITALITY

sitic growth all round it, forming arches under which a man on horseback could easily pass. Only five miles separated us from Santa Cruz upon the coast. In order to provide Lieutenant Cooper and my men with comfortable quarters, on reaching a Christian spot I walked ahead alone—it being night; and whereas on our journey of some 200 miles we had received the most charming hospitality and consideration from barbarians and savages, we shall soon see what a Christian reception was like.

A terrible storm was threatening overhead.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

ornamentation of beads, and large sleeves; a short red skirt like a diminutive *sirong*, going no farther than the knee, and a red cloth slung over the right shoulder, then under the left arm, the fold used to stow goods and chattels such as brass *buyo* boxes, etc., completed their attire. The hair was worn in a knot behind, where a wooden comb was placed, and a long tuft was left protruding like the tail of a cock.

In crossing another magnificent forest of giant trees we encountered on the banks of the Balatucan River (running from northwest to southeast) a number of Calaganes, an Indonesian tribe of great beauty, somewhat akin to the Bagobos. These people possessed magnificently chiselled features, and supple, well-rounded limbs, combining great muscular strength with grace and elegance of line. Seldom in my travels have I seen more anatomically perfect specimens of humanity than these Calaganes and Bagobos.

The Calaganes had pensive faces, with velvety brown eyes of great softness, well protected by prominent brow-ridges; ears with undetached lobes, and small, well-shaped noses with refined modelling in them. The hair was undulating, quite wavy, long, and thrown back over the shoulders. They were naked except for the short, tight breeches of the Bilans and Bagobos, and wore tight bands of hog's hair under each knee. They always went about with their spears, and were so light on their feet that it was a pleasure to see them walking. They possessed a slight mustache, but no vestige of a beard, and their skin, of a light coffee-color, had a fine polish, and was smooth like bronze. Among these people the discoloration of the upper part of the iris was noticeable on raising their eyelids.

After a long patch of *cogon* grass we again entered a forest of gigantic *caripapa* and *nonoko* trees, some of the latter with solid, winged roots spreading for over thirty-three feet in diameter. Regular wooden ropes of two or three *blagon* vines twisted together hung from the summit of trees; others formed circles and spirals in the air.

After crossing the Meilah, a tributary of the Balatucan River, I came upon a *nonoko* of immense size, with a para-

CHRISTIAN AND SAVAGE HOSPITALITY

sitic growth all round it, forming arches under which a man on horseback could easily pass. Only five miles separated us from Santa Cruz upon the coast. In order to provide Lieutenant Cooper and my men with comfortable quarters, on reaching a Christian spot I walked ahead alone—it being night; and whereas on our journey of some 200 miles we had received the most charming hospitality and consideration from barbarians and savages, we shall soon see what a Christian reception was like.

A terrible storm was threatening overhead.

CHAPTER XLI

A CHRISTIAN RECEPTION—THE BAGOBOS—HUMAN SACRIFICES —THE MANOBOS—THE TAGACAOLOS—THE ATAS

HAVING struck the military trail from Davao to Macar in south Mindanao, I arrived at Santa Cruz, and, wading across the river, entered the settlement at 9 P.M., and endeavored to find the Presidente's house. I went into many houses, and eventually a lad accompanied me to that functionary's residence at the very end of the settlement. On presenting my credentials both from the Governor-General and from the division commander, the Presidente, who seemed semi-stupefied from drink or some other cause, sent for—I understood—the school-master to read the letters. An American appeared a few moments later in more or less clean pajamas, who, after perusing my letters, informed me, in a very rude manner, that I had no business to be in the town, and that I must recross the river and remain on the other side twenty-one days in quarantine before proceeding, to which I naturally replied that I would see him somewhere first! He further informed me that neither General Davis nor Governor Taft had any authority, as he was in command of the place—he was a mere corporal—and would turn out his soldiers and the local police to drive me and my party back—a challenge which I joyfully accepted.

I immediately started back to meet my men in order to force my way through, and I gave him an intimation to that effect. This man ran after me, asking me to stop and argue, but he seemed so far from possessing anything like civil manners, not to speak of the most rudimentary local geographical knowledge, that I preferred other methods of getting on.

I went back to the river and waited and waited impatiently, but my party, hampered by the sick man, had not come

ABUSE OF AUTHORITY

up, and as I heard a great ado in the town I went back alone and unarmed—I generally travel unarmed—to meet what came.

The American soldiers stationed there had been quickly turned out, and so had the police, as well as a few American residents and visitors—some fifteen in all. In a body they were hastily coming on, evidently in a great state of excitement. I walked towards them, and when they saw me they rushed up, surrounded me, shoved the muzzles of their rifles in my face and said they would shoot. Well, I could not help laughing. They all spoke a great deal, but really said nothing, and, indeed, I could not make out whether I had fallen into a settlement of lunatics or what.

I cannot say that I used pretty language in my conversation with these gentry. I had been treated with so much deference and kindness by Americans and natives alike all over the archipelago that I felt this reception all the more.

When they had shouted themselves hoarse and began quarrelling among themselves, some professing it was a shame to treat a white man in such a way, they climbed down a good deal in their threats, and several offered the use of a house, as well as bread, coffee, or anything we required—offers which I flatly refused with thanks. I would rather have starved than accepted anything from them.

I informed them that, according to my plans, I intended resting two nights and one day at Santa Cruz, as I was discharging my carriers, who had to return to their homes on the Rio Grande; that I would give them thirty-six hours to reflect or despatch a messenger to the commanding officer at Davao (whose guest I was asked to be, by-the-way), after which, if necessary, I would fight my way through.

They at once decided to despatch a horseman to Davao (thirty miles off), and I agreed to wait the thirty-six hours I had intended to devote to this place.

We had come for eight days at the rate of twenty to thirty miles daily—quite good walking over that rough country. Our last march was over thirty miles.

The civilians subsequently showed much consideration, and made many offers of hospitality; but under the circumstances, while appreciating their kindness, I was obliged to

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refuse everything. When my party arrived some two hours later, I made my camp at the stream, where a guard of American soldiers and Filipino police with loaded rifles was placed over us, the American soldiers sincerely apologizing for being compelled to obey such . . . —well, I cannot use their prefixes—orders. They were very nice, and ready to do anything to oblige us.

The storm which was threatening came—a torrential rain in bucketfuls—and the trail on which we had made our camp became a regular stream. But we were so hardened to anything of the sort, we did not mind. It might wet our clothes, but could not dilute our pride.

The day of rest was spent in paying off my men—a most devoted, faithful, gentle, honest, thoughtful, hardworking, jolly lot of fellows—they are generally described as barbarous fanatics—who seemed very sad at having to go back. They wanted me to take them to my country with me. They declared they would fight for me if necessary.

Then to rearrange our baggage. Renewed offers of hospitality came from the town, but I held firm. The messenger from Davao returned with orders to let me proceed immediately, and I was glad to hear later from the commanding officer himself, Colonel Day, that the two men who had chiefly been guilty of the offence, which had been neither countenanced nor approved by him, and for which, in fact, he fully apologized, were punished with both suspension of pay and imprisonment.

A Mr. Gould having most kindly undertaken to convey all our baggage and three of my scouts by boat. Lieutenant Cooper, myself, and one scout proceeded to walk along the coast to Davao. Perhaps this coast and the slopes of Mount Apo are mostly famous for the great number of Indonesian tribes found, although upon the coast itself either Christian Filipinos or Mohammedan tribes of Malay origin occupy many points at the mouths of rivers, where they act as intermediaries in trading with the tribes in the interior who are dependent upon them.

To say definitely how many distinct tribes there are about these mountains and in central Mindanao would be rash,



BILAN HOUSE (MINDANAO)

THE BAGOBOS

but I will enumerate a few of the leading ones. The most noteworthy—and the most numerous of all, I think, is the Bagobo tribe, of whom some 10,000 souls are said to inhabit the slopes of Mount Apo, principally south of Davao. They are not unlike the Calaganes in appearance, and are very handsome people, with most expressive faces and voluptuous lips; noble and generous when not civilized; intelligent and hard-working, quick at learning.

They make most elaborate bags, ornamented with heavy designs of beads, of considerable artistic merit, and they are fond of brass ornaments, which they manufacture themselves from brass wire. Their tight trouserettes and their short coats are richly trimmed with beads. They tie their luxuriant hair into an artistic knot behind, and under the knee they wear several strings of beads (the *ticas*).

The lobes of their ears are frequently much deformed—if not torn—by the enormous earrings they wear, either of wood or with circular disks of ivory, for which they pay large sums. A simpler earring—the *taling*—made of coconut leaves is frequently worn in default of more luxurious ornaments.

The Bagobos have very powerfully set teeth, which they generally file into a point and dye black. The older men have quite a noticeable beard growth, especially on the chin, and mustache, and I saw some who were quite hairy in the centre of the chest, and on the lower portions of arms and legs. Occasional tattooings of lines and dots are visible upon their persons, as well as more elaborate ones of radiating lines, and even rudimentary attempts at animals, upon the breasts.

Many of the people nearer the coast have been Christianized, principally through the tactful efforts of Padre Mateo Gisbert, quite a remarkable character in his way, who has lived along this coast for over twenty-two years. He was the founder of the Santa Cruz settlement.

Bagobo men go about with spears, or bow and arrows in their hands, often carrying a pot of honey, and always with a mat-basket upon their backs, or a bead-sack. They look honestly into your eyes when they speak—their eyes

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

having a most peculiar lustre, such as is found in cannibal races. It is not improbable that in remote times these people were given to cannibalism, or at any rate drank human blood during certain ceremonies, and even up to quite lately it is stated that they have indulged—and do indulge—in human sacrifices. They mention Datto Magagum of Talagutun (near Malalag) who was a cannibal.

Personally, I believe that cannibalism is extremely rare nowadays, except among some of the more inaccessible tribes upon the mountain-side. It is out of the question among the coast Bagobos, who have learned better and fear punishment if discovered. The Bagobo when he did go in for human sacrifices combined business with pleasure. The slaves on whom he practised his little fancy are said to have seldom died a natural death, but they were not killed off wholesale. Oh no! It was only when a slave was incurably ill, or when he was unable to work any more, that he was destined to be sacrificed. They performed the sacrifice in the forest, either before the planting of rice or at the death of a beloved parent, or when they wished to scare the spirits of evil or sickness away, or to propitiate the weather.

They believe in two things—the “good” and “bad”—for which they have a good deity and the devil, Mandarangan, the latter responsible for all ailments. It was to this evil spirit that the human sacrifices were devoted, as they think that he cherishes human blood. I was rather loath to believe this at first, but I cross-examined many natives, and they all maintained that sacrifices were made. When practised nowadays—very rarely—the deed is done in some hidden spot, and the greatest secrecy is maintained for fear of punishment.

The Bagobos are well off—principally because they require so little. They are thrifty, and certainly the nicest people on the east coast of the Davao Bay.

They possess a language of their own of considerable wealth. One of the chief characteristics is that a Bagobo seldom uses a plural. When he does it is formed by the addition of *mga*, and the adjectives are unaltered for either gender. The articles used are *si*, *yan*, and *y*. The com-

THE MANOBOS

parative is formed by the addition of the adverb *sun-nud*, and the superlative with *tuo*, whereas the diminutive is made by prefixing *diloc*, little, or *marentac*, small.

The verb *to be* is obtained by adding the particle *go*, whereas the verb *to have* is made by prefixing *doon* to the adjective or noun. In the conjugation of verbs there is but little variation. In the past indicative *den* is added; *pa* for the future tense; and *paden* for the subjunctive. The verb is frequently repeated in order to intensify its meaning.

In hearing Bagobos speak it is somewhat difficult to determine exactly certain vowels, the *o* and *u*, for instance, being frequently used one for the other, and also the *e* and *i*, and nearly each tribe has a slightly different way of enunciating the same words.

Closely akin to the Bagobos are several tribes along the southeast portion of Mindanao—and all these tribes are remarkable for their wonderful endurance and their power to withstand pain.

There are a few Manobos scattered along the southeast coast, but they are to be found in greater numbers on the southwest portion of Mindanao, on the eastern peninsula of the Gulf of Davao, and also at various points in the valley and hills on either side of the Agusan River.

These curious people are very warlike and treacherous, making night attacks upon their enemies with spears of great length. They are probably the most numerous of the non-Mohammedan tribes of Mindanao, their number being estimated at 12,000. There was much union between the various Manobo tribes, although many live very far apart, and as they occupy the most important parts of Mindanao this union was rather unpleasant for the intervening tribes, upon whom these people often made raids. The larger number of them is found on the Culaman coast. They do not care for work and prefer preying on their neighbors. They build their houses on tree-tops or on stilts of immense height—partly to be out of reach of the spears of enemies, one mode of killing people in these regions being by spearing them through the floor while asleep.

The Manobos are fishermen and hunters, and have curious

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

religious beliefs of their own in three deities, which they imagine in the form of animals in the forest. One is the protector of whatever crops they grow; the second is a sort of Diana, who brings them good luck or ill luck in their hunting. The third deity is the evil one, bringing sickness and trouble. Upon altars, quaintly adorned and with curious leaf ornamentations—not unlike the *inaos* of the hairy Ainu of northern Japan—these people make offerings of rice, meat, and wine, in order to make these spirits friendly.

They seldom live more than one year in the same spot, although they cannot be said to be an absolutely nomad race. They have a somewhat fierce expression on their faces, eyes slanting considerably, heavy eyebrows, especially near the nose, and long, black eyelashes. The bridge of the nose is raised quite high. Their lips are much developed, the upper lip projecting beyond the lower, so much so that in profile its point is the most prominent of the facial angles. Their hands are pretty well formed, the fingers being long, but with unpleasant, cruel, square-tipped ends; their nails are good. Their legs, curved slightly outward, are very powerfully built, and, like the Bagobos, they wear below the knee the *ticush* band, twisted round a fibre of the *unayan* tree. The Manobos of the Agusan valley vary a little in appearance from other tribes.

Then there are the Tagacaolos, whose features appeared to me more of a negroid type, possibly intermixed with Indonesian tribes, but not purely Indonesian. Their nose is extraordinarily depressed, except a sort of button lobule, with nostrils abnormally broad but finely chiselled and not coarse.

Like the Manobos, they possess ears with undetached lobes. Upon their overlapping, prominent brow-ridges they have luxuriant eyebrows, a rather bulging upper lid to the eye, and very firmly closed lips, the upper lip projecting and curling over the lower—a point which they have in common with the Atas, another tribe inhabiting this region as well as central Mindanao. These Atas have undoubted Negrito characteristics, as we shall see later. The Tagacaolos have small mouths, well-proportioned skulls, and, unlike Negritos, straight but coarse hair, with a slight

ATAS AND TAGACAOLOS

mustache, and beard on the chin only. Their eyes are absolutely straight horizontally, the iris generally somewhat discolored in the upper portion. The teeth are filed either into a sharp point or else in the Magindanao fashion. Their hands, as compared with those of other superior and pure Indonesian tribes, are stumpy and coarse, with short thumbs.

The Tagacaolos have nomadic habits and a gentle disposition, are less superstitious than other tribes, and are absolutely hairless on the face. They shave the hair of the head, except a tuft on the top of the skull.

Caolo, in their language, means mountain-stream, and it is on these watercourses that they are generally to be found. The Tagacaolos believe in a *limokun*, who lives in trees, and has power to make or prevent people sneezing or moving for hours if he wishes.

Many are to be found scattered along all round the Gulf of Davao, but principally on both sides of the entrance into the gulf proper, as well as in the interior, in the country lying between Matutun Volcano and Mount Apo.

The Atas vary considerably, according to the outside influences of neighboring tribes. Those I found south of Davao had long, curly hair and very little hair upon lips and chin. Their complexion was of a blackish yellow, the eyes straight, the teeth filed, the eyes of a bluish brown tint, much discolored in the upper part of the iris, but very large, with long eyelashes. The arms and legs were very thin, the long fingers square-tipped. But as we shall find other purer and more interesting tribes farther north, I will return to the description later.

Except some slight trouble in crossing the deep rivers, we had a pleasant walk of thirty miles, mostly along the beach, and passed many villages, mostly Filipino and Bagobo. Eventually we arrived at Davao, the entire journey across the island having occupied only nine days, including one day's rest, a record which I think future travellers—there had not been any previous ones on the particular route I followed—will have some difficulty in beating; but I was most fortunate in the men who accompanied me.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

	Bilan, West Watershed		Bilan, East Watershed		Calagan	Taga-caolo	Manobo	Atas	Samal	Bagobo, South-east of Apo	Moham-medans, West Coast, Davao Gulf.
	Men	Metres	Men	Women	Men	Men	Men	Women	Men	Men	Men
Standing height.....		Metres		Metres	Metres	Metres	Metres	Metres	Metres	Metres	Metres
Span.....	1.555	1.560	0.173	0.172	0.178	0.187	0.193	0.167	0.182	0.192	0.181
Humerus.....	1.627	1.650	0.133	0.130	0.107	0.115	0.124	0.121	0.132	0.122	0.131
Radius.....			0.075	0.065	0.065	0.065	0.065	0.060	0.060	0.070	0.050
Length of spinal column.....			0.130	0.126	0.121	0.127	0.131	0.126	0.132	0.134	0.137
Armpit to armpit.....			0.132	0.112		0.118	0.123	0.116	0.121		
Shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade (highest ridge).....			0.060	0.052	0.054	0.055	0.050	0.045	0.052	0.050	0.052
From base of centre neck to nipple of breast.....			0.043	0.038	0.036	0.042	0.037	0.032	0.037	0.045	0.041
Vertical maximum length of head.....			0.035	0.035	0.033	0.033	0.039	0.030	0.033	0.035	0.030
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head).....	0.217	0.215	0.032	0.032	0.033	0.024	0.034	0.032	0.028	0.030	0.030
Width of forehead at temples.....			0.065	0.045	0.053	0.056	0.050	0.050	0.050	0.045	0.050
Height of forehead.....											
Bizygomatic breadth.....											
Maximum breadth of lower jaw.....											
Nasal height.....											
Nasal breadth (at nostrils).....											
Orbital horizontal breadth.....											
Width between the eyes.....											
Breadth of mouth.....											
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose).....	0.019	0.023	0.023	0.020	0.021	0.022	0.021	0.020	0.020	0.025	0.017
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin).....	0.037	0.045	0.045	0.041	0.035	0.033	0.038	0.031	0.038	0.040	0.040
Length of ear.....	0.060	0.055	0.055	0.060	0.061	0.052	0.052	0.050	0.060	0.075	0.056
Hand.....										(elongated)	
Maximum length of fingers.....	0.180	0.185	0.185	0.160	0.183	0.176	0.180	0.175	0.195	0.180	0.190
Thumb.....	0.103	0.105	0.105	0.095	0.106	0.100	0.100	0.100	0.105	0.105	0.102
Femur.....	0.108	0.130	0.130	0.110	0.106	0.111	0.107	0.105	0.110	0.110	0.105
Tibia.....										0.480	0.452
Height of foot from ground to ankle.....										0.440	0.360
Length of foot.....										0.060	0.070
										0.260	0.230

CHAPTER XLII

DAVAO—THE SAMALS OF THE DAVAO GULF—THE TAGAODS
AND THE MANDAYAS—THEIR PRIMITIVE IDOLS—THEIR
LOFTY HOMES—THE GUIANGAS—THE MUCH-TATTOOED
ATAS

ON a previous occasion I had visited Davao, coming along the coast by sea from Zamboanga. The south-west coast of Mindanao was very high and mountainous from Point Quidapil to Point Bucut, the mountains rising to a height from 1500 to 1700 feet, and forming a table-land. They gradually got lower on nearing Point Baluluan at the opening of the Sarangani Bay. We got a glimpse here of the high Mount Matutun (or Burning Mountain), a volcano of beautiful although irregular lines.

Balut Island and Sarangani Island lie off the most southern point of Mindanao. A small Spanish fort is said to exist on the east side of the smaller island. Balut has a high volcanic peak (3117 feet) with a long streak of volcanic mud upon it.

The Gulf of Davao is very impressive, Mount Apo, said to be over 10,130 feet high, rising, as we have already seen, to the northwest part of it. Personally, I think the height of this mountain has been greatly over-estimated. It has been ascended several times by German, British, and American scientific men, but the height has, I believe, only been measured by unreliable aneroids. The highest peak has two streaks of sulphur upon its cone. It is quite a handsome mountain, but not to be compared in beauty with Mayon, in Luzon, for instance.

At sunset, with a golden sky behind, Apo looks very nice towering in beautiful cobalt blue and clearly outlined against the sky. The entire mountain-range has so indented a

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summit that it is like the teeth of a saw. About half-way up on the mountain-side, a horizontal line of white mist and smoke is generally to be observed within the immense concave basin formed by neighboring mountains. This mountain really looks bigger than it is because to the north the country looks so flat that at first sight one might suppose the eastern coast of the gulf to be separated by a channel from the west, which, of course, is not the case.

On the east peninsula, stretching southward, stands a high peak with mountains that are high towards the north and south, but gradually dwindle to nothing towards the northern part of the gulf, and also at Cape St. Augustine, on the extreme south.

At one time the Americans occupied Matti, on the east coast of this peninsula, a desolate place which was left for many months, absolutely cut off from the world, in charge of Lieutenant Humber.

Matti has a well-protected bay affording a good anchorage, islands screening the entrance of the harbor, but the place is at present too isolated to be of any substantial use.

The population of the east coast from Matti to Surigao is principally composed of Visayans and wild Mandayas. The latter spend their time in terrorizing the Christians. Hemp, *almacega*, or copal, tobacco, and wax are raised—industries which might be greatly developed; and a good deal of cattle is kept, as the grazing is good. But this entire portion of the east coast of Mindanao is in a terrible state of abandonment, having no communication with anywhere. The Spaniards kept a small detachment at Matti to protect the few Christians from the Mandayas.

The mode of fighting of these people was ingenious enough. They set houses ablaze by means of a lighted arrow with resin upon it, and when the inmates, unawares, ran out they were treacherously speared.

The east coast is rather precipitous and sparsely populated; and in Davao itself there is very little of interest. An old Spanish settlement which has gone through many vicissitudes, it is now a sort of tumbling-down place, with luxurious drinking-saloons kept by Armenian money-mak-



THE WHITE TRIBE OF MINDANAO (MANSAKAS)



TOBACCO FOR EXPORT



1700



DAVAO TOWN

ers or by Spaniards. One or two serious American traders, I was glad to see, were trying to establish a more permanent and less deadly trade with the neighboring tribes, and one gentleman—a volunteer captain—seemed to work on very sensible lines, and every success is to be wished him. The Christian Filipinos were all doing some trading in beads and looking-glasses, and other such articles, and were opening up nice shops in the basements of their houses, and it is to be hoped that some day Davao may flourish again as it did some years ago. The land is fertile, there should be no trouble in getting plenty of good labor, and if the *almacega* and gutta-percha trade, as well as the *copra*, wax, and agricultural products were developed, no doubt ample profits could be made here.

Padre Mateo Gisbert had a fine convent and a two-towered church, the latter containing a broken-down organ whose only stop in working order—the *vox angelica*—gave most diabolical squeals when played upon.

I was very hospitably received and treated by Lieutenant Humber, who was now temporarily in command at Davao, and who filled the following posts: Post-adjutant, commissary, quartermaster, recruiting officer, engineer, ordnance, signal, and intelligence officer, post treasurer, summary court, provost judge, provost marshal, commanding company and post! I bade here good-bye to my good friend Lieutenant Cooper, who returned to Cottabato, and I proceeded alone on a journey from south to north along the basin of the Agusan River. I left behind the Filipino scout who was ill, and, with the kind permission of Colonel Day, took along the three others to protect my camp and goods.

I partly followed the coast towards the head of the gulf, and partly followed what is known as the Lassoan trail, and I crossed the Agdao and Lanang rivers, upon which were small villages, mostly of *mestizos*. Then I passed through Parmican, a Tagaod settlement of some twenty houses, whose people deal in timber and raise *abaca* (hemp). The timber is towed to Davao at high water.

The best woods are the *ghesuh*, hard wood, or construction;

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magulitum, a soft wood from high straight trees; *amolauin*, the finest timber for supports or pillars, much used by the natives in house-building; *baet*, very hard but rather brittle and liable to split; *lawahan* and *boghis*, two excellent woods for boats; *lanepya* and *doghoan*, which are cut into boards; and many other equally valuable species.

Sasa Point was the nearest point of the Mindanao coast to Samal Island, which, with Talicud Islands, lies in the northern part of the gulf. On Samal Island an interesting tribe of people called Samals—not to be confounded with the Samals of the Sulu Archipelago—is to be found.

These Samals are very handsome people, of Indonesian origin—not of Malay extraction like the other Samals; and their features are so regular that they might be taken for Spaniards or southern Italians. Their hair is curly, almost like that of Negritos; they have a fair-sized mustache and a short “imperial.” They have very large eyes, perfectly straight, with long eyelashes, and eyelids drooping at the outer corners, like those of Caucasian races. Their lips are thin and firm, and their ears have detached lobes quite unlike most other tribes I had examined. The forehead was wide, but the back portion of the cranium lacked width. The skull was also abnormally flattened above. The cheekbones were very high, and the lower jaw-bone much enlarged but tapering into a small chin. The nose was well formed, the nostrils only slightly expanded, and the bridge of the nose quite raised. The upper lip projected over the lower.

The skin of the Samals is of a darkish brown color. They file their teeth horizontally, leaving a concave outward surface, and they blacken them. These people seem to have an extraordinary development of chest—some men having breasts almost like women—arms, and legs. Their feet were coarse, with high instep and abnormally developed toes, and their hands suggested a brutal nature, the square-topped fingers stumpy, with heavy knuckles and short, pointed thumbs, making their hands, indeed, most repulsive to look at. But the wrists and ankles were comparatively small and well formed. Their pulse-beat was extraordinarily feeble and slow.

THE SAMALS

They build good boats, walled up with *nipa* leaves held together by bamboo strips so as to form a water-tight surface, and with a small cabin roofed over. A far-projecting double outrigger, a square sail, and a split-bamboo deck on which the cooking was done, completed the fittings of these vessels.

A curious legend about a *padre* attempting to Christianize the natives of Samal is related by them. The *padre* produced an image and desired that all should be baptized, a rite to which the people of the interior refused to submit. He imprisoned some and compelled the others to shave their hair. The image was eventually smashed and the *padre* driven away. It appears that before this the Samal people had done a brisk trade in *camotes* with the Mindanao coast, but from that day nothing would grow on the island—which the Christians declare was a punishment for their refusal to accept Christianity.

As I went along I could plainly distinguish upon the Samal coast the house of Capitan Islao, a datto who has control of the entire western side of that island. The island has a hilly backbone in the centre, forming easterly and westerly water-sheds. While the coast is inhabited by Samals and Filipinos who have intermarried with them, the wooded hills in the interior are inhabited by Mansakas; or Manchakas, who have two chiefs in the north of the island, one called Scidoro, a Mandaya, the other Matalan, a Visayan Samal.

One of the peculiarities of all the river mouths along this Davao Gulf was that they were banked up with sand and formed a channel parallel to the sea-line for a considerable distance before actually entering it. A great many small trading craft could be seen along the coast, whose owners did a good deal of bartering with the smaller island.

I had the pleasure of meeting an enterprising American upon this coast—a Mr. Whitehorn—who had started a farm and trading-station on a small scale, and was doing quite well, being much liked by the natives all round.

The number of tribes in this region was simply bewildering. Guiangas, Atas, Bagobos, Tagacaolos and Mandayas,

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Tagaods (along the sea), Mansakas, on the mountains, Mangoangans (on the Tagum River), Tagalinaos (who practised cannibalism and who lived between Caraga and Katil), and also the Culamans, not unlike Manobos, a most warlike tribe living near Surangani, who are said also to indulge in meals of human flesh.

In the *Lappii*, when a victim is killed, the legs and arms are eaten, but the head is sold for house decoration. The Manobos, on fighting, drink, or at any rate smear the mouth with, the human blood of the victim, which they profess renders a man brave.

The Tagaods, whom I met here for the first time, were a remarkable race, with straight hair of a fine texture such as is found among highly civilized people, and slight mustaches and beards. Their complexion was of a rich, light brown, and the nose was very much flattened with enormous nostrils. The ears again had undetached lobes; the teeth were filed and blackened; the feet had large, stumpy toes; but the hands, especially in the women, were very beautiful, with long, supple, tapering fingers, the men's being somewhat spoiled by the square nails and by the very pointed thumbs with undeveloped end phalanges.

They build their houses on high, insecure supports of *linguan* wood, fifteen to twenty feet high, with a floor of *palma*, and with walls of horizontal sticks of *binungah*, horizontal apertures being left for windows, much as in Malanao houses. The walls are seldom higher than five feet and support a gabled roof of superposed *palma* leaves forming a pretty design of triangles. The leaves are used when only partially spread out. Cups are made of these leaves and each person possesses his own.

The children of this tribe possess enormous paunches, due in great measure to the primitive way in which the umbilicus is tied at birth.

A cylindrical drum of *nara* wood, with deer-skin, such as is also used by the Mandayas, is to be seen in their homes; a *samah*, or axe; a large signalling-horn made from a white sea-shell; tooth-brushes of boar-bristles held together in a strip of cloth, or else fitted inside an empty cartridge.

A CHAIN OF CHARMS

The Mandayas and Tagaods, very much akin, seem to live in friendly relations, and their houses, in this particular region, resemble one another very closely. Possibly the Mandayas' houses are a little more elaborate, with a kitchen on a slightly lower plane, forming a mere annex to the house. But in physical appearance the Mandayas vary somewhat from the Tagaods, their skin being much lighter in color and their lips so prominent as to project as far as the tip of the nose. The women twist their hair into a knot, leaving a long lock projecting behind and one lock on each side of the face.

The Mandayas make beautiful spears with steel heads, as well as the usual baskets and bamboo tubes for lime; but perhaps the ornaments worn by the women are the most attractive things they make, and they do wear a lot of them. At the place where the short, red coat with blue sleeves forms an angular opening upon the chest hangs a large, silver disk with ornamentations of sets of inverted angles. Numerous metal and shell bracelets cover the arm from the wrist to the elbow, and also bracelets made of a sea-vine called *saga-sagai*, which, after treatment over a fire, becomes like a rubber composition with a metallic sheen on it. On the left side of the body the women wear a bundle of bells, beads, etc., and inserted in the ears the *champad*, or large, wooden earrings inlaid with tinfoil and beads. The *cambun*, or chain belt, has many lucky articles attached to it, such as alligator-teeth, a *buao* (a shell having two brass rings and stuffed with hemp), a small, leather bag with certain medicinal herbs, a straight piece of bone which they believe gives strength to their men, and a knotty piece of *magao* wood. No other woman is allowed to touch this chain of charms, for fear her touch should bring bad luck.

Both the Tagaods and Mandayas are extremely superstitious. I remember one Tagaod whose skull I had measured, and to whom I was handing a present, when a bird sang upon a tree as he was joyfully taking it. He immediately dropped the beads and needles I had given and positively refused to touch them. He said the bird had warned him not to accept the gift. But as I was replacing the articles

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in my pocket, another bird enlivened the air from the opposite side with some shrill notes. He begged me to give him the goods after all, for, he said, this second bird was the wiser of the two, and was laughing at him for believing in the first bird.

The Tagaods are great fishermen and make themselves serviceable fish-traps, while the women sit at home at their weaving-looms or spinning hemp with their wheels. They brew themselves a wine called *bais* from the *pallah*, which, when fermented, becomes a milky liquid of a yellowish color. When only a few days old—about five days—it is quite good to drink and resembles cider; but it is much stronger than people suspect.

In the way of musical instruments they have the two-stringed *codlung*, shaped not unlike a boat, and played, just like a mandolin, with a small plectrum made of *bejuco*. The strings are of copper or brass, and are fastened half-way up the sounding-board of *linnas* wood. The instrument has a removable bottom with a cross-shaped aperture, and is kept in position by a string over the hollowed upper part.

The usual *bejuco* hammocks and ropes of *malebago*, a weed growing on the sea-beach, are seen in many houses, but the least noticeable and yet the most important article in these homesteads is the *magbabaya*, a rude, wooden image not unlike a wedge, four or five inches long, and ornamented with cross-lines and a symbolical head and other details of anatomy. The *magbabaya* is stuck in the under part of the roof and screened over with a cloth, so, unless one looks for it, it may easily pass unnoticed. Above it, as a rule, and for its protection, is a rack for *bolos*. All these tribes are extremely careful over this rudimentary idol, who, they say, preserves them from sickness and trouble, the shape of the idols varying slightly with each tribe. They will let no stranger touch them, and only with great difficulty can information be got about them.

The Mandayas build their houses higher than the Tagaods; they are about twelve feet long by eight feet wide, but the walls only from three to four feet high. Near and

A MANDAYA ALTAR

under the *magbabaya* is the *sayawan*, an elaborate altar, with black and white ornamentations closely resembling Papuan carvings. This altar is from three to five feet high on four columns. Inverted triangles, quadrangles, coils, and circles seem to be the favorite designs; but the altar platform sometimes displays a pattern of four wings; on one side in the shape of conventional heads of birds in sets of three, and on the other the heads of a bird and a lizard. These altars are frequently seen outside the house, and in front of them is placed a stool, on which, at the beginning of their dances, one person at a time sits and sucks the blood of a living pig, which has previously been castrated, and which is lying tied on the altar platform. Rice, wine, and fruit are placed in quantities upon this altar during their feasts. On high columns with circular tops are placed *buyo* and lime and tobacco for the consumption of the guests. Their dance—the *sayao*—performed on these occasions consists of tremblings and contortions from side to side, the dancer at the same time describing circles.

These altars, which with some slight modifications are found among all the Indonesian tribes of Mindanao, are frequently ornamented with a *bahisan*—that is in the Mandaya language a fringe of fine, palm-tree leaves, very much suggesting the *inaos* of the hairy Ainu of the Hokkaido.

The Mandayas dwell mostly on the rivers Salug, Sumlog, Suinonoan, Casaoman, Caraga, Manorigao, Baganga, Daganan, and Catel, and along the Agusan River. The Mandayas are very intelligent, quick, and sensible enough to tactful civilizing influence. Those living around the Gulf of Davao are imposed upon a great deal by the Mohammedan tribes, which occupy all the most advantageous coast-points and mouths of rivers, so that all the trade has to be done through their medium. Moreover, these Mohammedans steal the Mandaya women, who are, to them, attractive, being very white, and much trouble, often resulting in murders, is caused in that way.

Some of the wilder Mandaya tribes inland are said to practise cannibalism, and the number of a man's victims can be seen at a glance by counting the locks of human

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

hair which he has fastened to his shield. When an enemy is killed his heart is torn out and eaten.

The Mandaya man, like the Bagobo, wears the *tecus*, or garter, under the knee, but with an additional hog's tail attached to it.

As with the Mohammedan tribes, all these Indonesian tribes suffer greatly during the early stages of their life from the *tabucao*, the most terrible of venereal complaints, imported, I think, by the Mohammedans of the coast; and also from skin diseases caused by their fish diet.

The Guiangas are also found upon the coast, although the greater number of them have sought refuge on the north and east slopes of Mount Apo. They resemble the Bagobos in both appearance and customs. The men wear the *gadding*, or large, circular earrings, but of *batinao* wood instead of ivory, and they tattoo the chest and arms, like the Bagobos, in sets of parallel, interrupted lines forming angular designs. The tattooing is tinted with charcoal from *almacega* (copal).

They are great workers, peaceful, and submissive. Their number is estimated at 5000, and they possess a dialect of their own. Like the Bagobos, they may be seen going about with the pretty shoulder-bag thickly ornamented with beads and tassels, and having two strings joining on the chest, where they are held by brass rings.

They and the Bagobos often brand their arms with fire, the cicatrices produced being considered a great ornamentation. Each mark, they profess, shows success obtained in love affairs. They file the four front teeth into a sharp point, and occasionally wear, like the Bagobos, the little zouave-jacket with short sleeves and elaborate bead ornamentations at the elbow.


The Guiangas, with a flat nose and *retroussé* lobule, intelligent eyes, and nice, oval face, differs from the Bagobo in one point—he is generally quite hairless on the face, in the armpits, and on the chest.

The coast Guiangas are a great people for evaporating sea-water and extracting salt. They construct an elaborate, conical arrangement, five feet high, of palm-leaves braced

SNARES

up in a bamboo frame. This cone is half filled with a layer of ashes, upon which the salt-water is poured, and, when full, the top is covered with palm-leaves to prevent dirt from getting in. The water filters down into a canoe which is placed underneath and protected from rain and dust. The filtered water is then taken out with a palm-leaf dipper and boiled in earthen jars, constantly filled up while evaporating, until deposits of salt fill the entire jar. A long row of these jars are boiled at one time.

The Guiangas women are nice looking, and decorate their ears with earrings of black wood having pendants made of beads, or of rattan, with inlaid brass ornamentations. An under-chin attachment of hair, beads, and copper disks passes from ear to ear, as among the Tirurays. Their brass inlaying generally forms a fourteen-pointed star, or else one upright line divided by a horizontal line from three upright lines. These inlaid decorations are made by filing brass over grooves in the wood so as to fill them with filings, and a hot iron is afterwards applied to solidify the brass dust.

Charms are attached to necklaces, such as crocodiles' teeth, armless dolls of cocoa-nut wood, like miniature *mag-babayas*, white and yellow shells, bags filled with medicinal herbs and roots, lucky pieces of wood, a bean called *tabaghe* also filled with medicine, brass tweezers, or a cylinder of *bunga-bunga* wood. The Guiangas women file the front teeth in this peculiar shape .

These people are very clever at making snares for birds and game; one of their traps for wild fowl consists of a series of easily working *bejuco* hoops upon a common rope, which is placed on the ground so as to form a square, with five hoops to each side; a cock is placed in the centre and other cocks get captured when they come to fight. Quaint, oval cages are employed to hold three cocks in separate sections, with an aperture for each bird to put his head out.

The Mandayas, the Tagaods, the Guiangas, the Bagobos, use similar rudimentary weaving-looms. In weaving, the woman sits down with her feet pressed against a bamboo

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

fastened to the ground, and the weft is held in tension by a *bejuco* belt—the *gyccus*—behind the woman, which is attached to a large, bamboo cylinder at the end of the cloth roll. The comb (*susun*), which comes next, is moved backward and forward in order to insert the spool, which is made of a small piece of *bejuco* with slits at the end through which the threads are passed. The cross-threads are beaten home by the *balila*, a large and heavy piece of *palma* wood. The *bibitan* separates the two sets of threads alternately up and down each time the spool is passed through, and next to it is the *buang*, a smaller cylinder of bamboo than the *attit* or end bamboo. The *ampit*, or Mandaya skirt of red, yellow, and green stripes, is manufactured on these looms.

There are a few Atas along the coast, and they are quite numerous on the northeast of Apo volcano. They are miserable people, of very little intelligence and ill-proportioned physique but considerable powers of endurance, no strength of character, and, owing to their weakness, they furnish the largest number of slaves to the Mohammedans, the Guiangas, and the Mandayas.

The Atas tattoo themselves all over the arms and breasts. I saw one man whose breast was ornamented with representations of a quadruped like a double-headed frog, and the nipples of the breasts had been cleverly used as the two extremities. They also tattoo rings around their fingers.

CHAPTER XLIII

UP THE RIVER HIJO—A TROUBLESOME DATTO—SHRIMPING —ABANDONING MY CANOES—THE MAUAB RIVER

FROM Pavamican Mr. Whitehorn very kindly took me to the mouth of the Hijo River in his boat, but we followed the coast and landed whenever there was anything of interest. We had to paddle most of the time against a head-wind, and at the mouth of the Panican River we encountered quite a heavy sea, which nearly swamped the boat and provisions. We had to enter the stream and tied up at Samuel's village.

This man, Samuel Navarro, was an interesting personality, who reminded me strongly of Datto Piang, of the Rio Grande. He had a highly strung temperament, a quick eye, a courteous and dignified manner, and he offered me every possible assistance. He owns much land on this northwest coast of the gulf, and at Lassan he has 22,000 plants of hemp. He carries on quite a remunerative trade in dried fish, paying his laborers in fish and not money. He was general of the Mohammedan insurgents who fought the Filipinos in possession of Davao, and succeeded in capturing the place, subsequently handing it over to the Americans.

The wind having abated, we left during the night and passed the place of another enterprising American of excellent type—a Mr. Spencer, who is successfully planting hemp and cocoa-nuts.

These men, like Mr. Whitehorn and Mr. Spencer, who actually mean to settle for good and work steadily, instead of expecting to make a fortune in a year by poisoning the people with deadly liquor, should, I think, be encouraged in every way; but at present such men are very few.

Beyond Panuntungan (Datto Oto) in the back country

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were many Bagobos, Atas, and Guiangas, but along the coast only Mohammedans. These fellows used a circular throwing net—the *bia*—with great success, the coast waters being shallow over coral reefs.

The datto, who lived in a typical Mohammedan's house like those of the Magindanaos, with the usual *lanzai* or canopy, seemed to live in considerable luxury. The type of his men struck me forcibly as having undergone strong Papuan influence—and I noticed the same thing in all the different Mohammedan coast tribes of the gulf; such intermixture, indeed, considering the comparative proximity of New Guinea, is a matter rather of certainty than of probability.

These Mohammedans made great use of the bark of the *bughis*, not only to wall up the sides of their boats, but also to make neat vessels and baskets for salt, rice, etc.

I was rather astonished to find in the houses of many of these Mohammedans a *magbabaya* idol, which they called *puyug-puyug*. They said it was only kept to drive sickness away, an idea which they had possibly borrowed from the Mandaya, Tagaod, and Guiangas women whom they have married or taken as slaves.

These folks make handsome mats from the long, spiked leaves of the *bacolin*, which they color mostly with vegetable dyes such as *maguiton* for black, *duao* or saffron for yellow, and *canguda* for red. They only cultivate *camotes* and bananas, but no cocoa-nuts, and they depend on salt, evaporated from sea-water, which they exchange in great quantities for rice, dried fish, and foodstuff of various kinds. One pot of salt ten pounds in weight is sufficient to purchase twenty-five *gantas* or twelve and a half pounds of rice. They have a little trade in hemp, wax, and *almacega*. The wax comes from the interior, the Atas and Bagobos being compelled to pay a toll to the Mohammedan coast tribes for permission to bring their products through. As the amount of the toll is greater than the value of the goods, these are generally confiscated by the coast people.

Several streams, such as the Binauan and Catumbao, flow into the gulf. Thick mangrove swamps lay all along, the



MONUMENT TO MAGELLAN ON THE SPOT WHERE
HE WAS KILLED



THE FAMOUS BLACK FACED SANTO NIÑO

A DEADLY POISON

coast near Lassan being pretty well impassable. On passing the mouth of the Lassan flowing through low, flat land, we were caught in a downpour of rain and fierce squalls. The wind being propitious, we hauled up a sail, with which we made splendid progress until it was carried away. We had to make for land. We attempted to continue our journey at night, but were obliged to put into a small stream for shelter. We were unable to wade on shore, as the place was full of crocodiles and we valued our legs too much.

When, with the moon rising and the storm abating, we pulled out again, we passed the mouth of the Tagum River, where about 100 yards up on the right is a Mohammedan village and a mosque under Datto Portekan and Capitan Lausan. A lot of *cacao* is raised up this river. Farther up the stream are many Atas and Guiangas, who live mostly in boats. At night they carry the cabin roof on land and sleep beneath it. Some Mansakas are also to be found.

The northern part of the Davao Gulf is less wooded than the western, and here and there Mohammedan houses with a field or two of hemp are noticeable. The country is very low.

At the Libaganun River, the tide being very low, we had to transship from our boat to a smaller one to proceed as far as the first settlement on the Hijo River. I saw at that place the smallest house in the archipelago, where an old man and his wife lived, apparently happily, for certainly there was no room to quarrel in. The structure, built on posts, was six feet long by four feet wide and three feet high.

A very terrible poison is used by many of these tribes on the Gulf of Davao when they wish to dispose quietly of an enemy or a relation. The Mohammedans get it from the Atas and the Bagobos, who in their turn get it from the Bilans. A woman's blood taken at certain times is dried in the sun and exposed to the moonlight. Some human hair is cut up into fine sections and mixed with it as well as with certain poisonous roots, the names of which, or where found, the mountain-tribes only know. This mixture is placed in food, when it causes incurable stomach

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troubles, loss of flesh, and in not very long the victim is dead. Women jealous of their husbands are said to be fond of using this revenge. At death only, they say, it is possible to discover that poison has been administered, the finely cut hair coming up and settling on the lips and nostrils.

We at last reached the Hijo River, about thirty yards wide, and flowing very swiftly along its tortuous channel. The country at the sides was quite open.

I said good-bye here to Mr. Whitehorn, who had to return home, and I landed with my three scouts. It was at Datto Cashaman's settlement, not far from the mouth of the stream, that I was in hopes of obtaining men to carry my baggage overland as far as the head-waters of the Agusan River, but I had considerable trouble at first. I could see that Datto Cashaman was a scamp, when, on my arrival, he became, enthusiastic and actually removed his turban and waved it in the air—a procedure unprecedented in a self-respecting Mohammedan datto. In fact, no sooner had I spoken to him than I realized that the man was dead drunk.

Now, to do business with a drunken fool is trying at any time, but with these obstinate, fanatical, slippery devils it would require a good deal of patience. I had to listen to dozens of disconnected lies—really no better than if they had been connected—and when I requested him to furnish me with men there and then to get on with my journey more lies were given as excuses.

His people got frightened and many ran away, and I fully foresaw that unless I took more stringent measures I should find myself stranded here for several days. I waited till his house was full of people, and then, placing my scouts on guard at the entrances, I warned the datto that unless he got the number of men I required I would pick the men myself from his guests and slaves, and would most certainly take along the datto himself to see that they behaved well. This brought about the desired results. The seven carriers I needed were soon after produced, and, naturally, I guaranteed their pay, plenty of food, and no ill-treatment.

UP THE HIJO RIVER

It being late when the men got together, I postponed my departure till the next morning, and put up in the datto's house for the night. The datto, his family, and slaves at dinner were quaint. Lighted by a torch of resin supported by an artistic natural candelabrum of wood, the Mohammedans squatted before small tables, on which *camotes* in various guises and disguises—their sole food—were served. Before partaking of food they first washed their right hand, the only one brought to the lips, with water poured from a palm-leaf dipper, and then more or less noisily rinsed the inside of the mouth. Their appetites were voracious, to say the least of it.

The datto became quite jovial—when he had worked off the fumes of liquor—and seemed delighted when I assured him that his men would have neither to eat nor to carry pork meat in any shape or form.

Shortly after sunrise I started up the Hijo River, with the three Filipino scouts, seven Mohammedans, and all my baggage, in two outriggered dugouts. The current was very swift, but my men punted vigorously so that we went at a good pace. Had I had no baggage it would have been quicker to walk, as the stream is very tortuous, but to do so would have involved crossing and recrossing the water endless times. Quite a number of houses—some half-destroyed, others inhabited—stood along the banks, behind a luxuriant growth of high reeds and a patch or two of hemp and bananas. Datto Cashaman himself has quite a nice plantation at Hijo, and claims to own 3000 hemp plants; but I found his knowledge of figures—beyond those he could count on his fingers and toes—rather vague.

The current was so strong that I needed more men to shove the boats along, so we landed near some Mandaya houses for the purpose of securing additional assistance, but the local datto, from his lofty eyrie, gave a signal of alarm at our approach, and the entire population vanished among the high reeds and vegetation; but not so the datto, whom we captured and took along to help.

He was a foxy old fellow, with a healed but terrible *bolo*

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gash eight inches long across his chest, another across his arm, and one on his face, which showed plainly that the man at any rate was a fighter. When we took him on board he threw himself down and complained of pains in the head, the stomach, and in his feet—all ailments which I cured in one minute with a present of tobacco and something more effective in the shape of a forthcoming thrashing if necessary to scare away the "evil spirits" which had got inside and troubled him. The datto was relieved of his pains at once, and set to work like a man.

Here we entered the region of peculiar bark hats, conical in shape in the centre, with a strengthening piece of *bejuco* all round the upper edge, and a triangular, curled-up elongation behind held up by a string. This hat is very narrow, protects the forehead and back of the neck, and is frequently worn over a turban. The hats are prettily ornamented with circles and quadrangles in black and are neatly finished.

As one got farther up the stream it was noticeable that on the inner side of the innumerable curves a broad stretch of gravel formed the bank, whereas on the other side high trees and banks were smothered in regular cascades of creepers.

We were gradually getting nearer the mountains to the east, but to the north no hills of any height were visible.

Near the tributary Dunman River the Hijo describes three-quarters of a circle, with banks on our left twenty-five feet high, and very sharply cut, the lower stratum appearing to be of crumbling, unformed rock. The river got very narrow, and we had great difficulty in getting our canoes through, owing to several huge trees which had fallen across and formed a high and entangled barrier.

My carriers were delighted when I furnished them with ample rations of excellent rice, which they looked upon as a great luxury, and they joyfully stopped upon a little islet, lighted a fire, and stuffed themselves to their hearts' content with rice and sweet-potatoes roasted in their skins.

The stream was now getting shallow with a bottom of

PRETTY BITS OF SCENERY

mud and gravel, and my men had to get off and pull the canoes. We now had thick forest on both sides, and little gravel islets stood constantly in our way, the river-bed being from sixty to seventy yards wide, the stream itself only about half that width.

My carriers, who were fully armed with knives and spears, sharpened both on stones at every possible occasion, for, they said, we should soon be attacked by the ferocious Mandayas. Then they joyfully started again, shoving along the canoes by means of two long poles, which they inserted under the centre of the outrigger, and they were constantly walking in water from knee to neck deep. In many places where the river broadened the canoes had to be dragged over the river-bed of mud and gravel, and often the entire baggage had to be discharged and the canoes lifted over obstacles, such as rocks, trees, and small rapids, so that we never went more than about one mile to a mile and a half in an hour.

A few pretty bits of scenery were encountered; now a sharp turn flanked by a high cliff with gigantic trees towering upon it and creepers in profusion flowing down in strings to the water's edge; then a group of three or four Mandaya fishermen's shelters with fires still burning, but the folks stampeded at the sight of us.

The Mandaya datto, who had now turned quite friendly, showed me his tribal *loddio*, a huge knife, the heavy blade of which, of a semicircular shape, resembled a Filipino *bolo*; the sheath of black wood, with neat cross-bands of bamboo fibre and with a characteristic curve at its lower end, was quite artistic. A string belt with a white shell button was attached to it.

We halted for the night at Bagagni, where we stayed in a Mansaka house, which was built on props of great height, and in the construction of which advantage had been taken of tall tree branches to make it steadier. The living part of this house, thirty feet above the ground, could be reached by a long pole with notches cut into it, but no fewer than three inclined planes in zigzag had been constructed for the watch-dogs to come and go out of the house. This and other

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similar houses in the neighborhood had been deserted on our approach.

The Mohammedan carriers and the Mandaya datto, seeing that I treated them well, that I never scolded them unnecessarily, that I gave them plenty of food, tobacco, and cigarettes—but, on the other hand, would stand no nonsense from them—became extremely nice and considerate, doing all they could to spare me trouble. I carried no firearms on me, nor even a penknife, through this country, where the most treacherous and ferocious people of Mindanao are supposed to dwell.

At sunrise we continued, the canoes being shoved along as usual, and the Mandaya showing his really wonderful skill in catching shrimps and crabs under rocks as we went along. In a few minutes he got enough for a meal. We ascended some gentle rapids which involved hard pushing, with nothing more exciting in sight than high reeds and tall trees, so thickly packed together as to make it quite inconceivable how they can live. Moreover, the ground was covered with a dense undergrowth which no human being without a *bolo* could penetrate, while innumerable vines and creepers of all kinds hung contorted and hopelessly entangled in mid-air and everywhere.

From some cliffs of volcanic formation descended a pretty waterfall which formed an immense umbrella of stalactites. Huge hornbills with gigantic red beaks could be seen flying over our heads, and their peculiar shriek could be constantly heard all round. Crows, too, were plentiful. I was never anywhere where they were not! Lots of them hopped about from stone to stone, wagging their tails, or perched in a row in more funereal company upon the branch of a tree. Now and then a fish leaped out of the water.

So one went along, distracted by the most insignificant incidents, and now stretching one leg and then the other; now twisting one's self to the right, now to the left, so as to obtain whatever relief one could from whole days spent cramped in a dugout, originally eighteen inches wide and fourteen inches deep, but now packed full of tins of meat,

THE MAUAB RIVER

tinned plum-pudding, sardines, and biscuits, cooking-pots, bags of rice, spears, native knives, shields, knapsacks, etc., all in the utmost confusion. The canoes were about twenty feet long, and when all hands were on board there were seven persons in mine, and five in the other. There was not much room to spare, I can tell you.

A curious big white boulder of limestone stood in the centre of the stream; farther on the river passed through a gap of high volcanic rock with another pretty side waterfall and stalactites similar to but larger than the one already described. Up to this point the country, which had been undulating, became somewhat flatter, but quite high above the river level. The trees, even the highest, were now absolutely covered with creepers, and the high banks copiously festooned with these parasitic plants. Occasionally one saw a tree which had forced its way through these asphyxiating parasites, and its branches flourished triumphantly above; but even then these creepers would gradually advance, encircling firmly every inch of its surface. Creepers with heart-shaped leaves, with elongated leaves, ivy leaves, and leaves in sets of three were the most common. A few *palma* and tufts of bamboo could be seen here and there.

At a spot called Caluawan the river formed a kind of delta with a flat islet in the centre, and here a huge tree six feet in diameter had fallen across the stream and compelled us to lift the heavy boats right over it. This was a great place for shrimps, and all hands went after them, catching them with extraordinary quickness when they found shelter under stones.

The main arm of the Hijo made another détour here—one of hundreds—and was very wide. Late in the afternoon we entered the tributary Mauab on our left—a little stream about thirty feet wide, and quite shallow. The Hijo came from the northeast, the Mauab from the north. Some Mandayas who were fishing ran for their lives when they saw us. For about 150 yards the Mauab was tortuous and narrow, but after that it was wide enough—fifty or sixty feet—and about two feet deep, with beautifully

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smooth water. After sunset, when the large masses of foliage became indistinct, the scene, having bright-green grass or high reeds upon the banks, reminded one of an English stream, but not so when a wild banana or some other strictly tropical tree was in sight. A few abandoned Mandaya houses were to be found.

In the bed of the Mauab large pieces of petrified coral—spongelike—were numerous, while the banks showed two strata, the lower of gray clay, the upper of brown earth. We had to cut our way through, among entangled branches and fallen trees, and eventually reached a point where further navigation by canoe was impossible.

We were caught in a rain-storm of considerable magnitude, and everything got drenched; but that was merely an everyday experience.

I decided to abandon my canoes and proceed the next morning on our march on foot through the forest. In a few moments my men had constructed me a neat and solid little water-tight shed made of bamboos, huge banana leaves and india-rubber sheets, and mackintoshes. They were really wonderful at constructing these sheds, solidly fastened with twisted vines and leaves superposed and lashed so as to form an excellent protection against rain and wind.

I had with me an old, toothless fellow who had acted so far as guide. He said we should surely be attacked that night by the Mandayas, as they had seen us. He and all the others, when the rain came, divested themselves of what little clothing they possessed and tied it under their chins, while using large banana leaves as umbrellas. None of these fellows would go even a few yards from camp without holding their vicious spears in a most warlike attitude ready for attack or defence.

This old fellow, quite a curious character, carried upon his shoulder, right through on the march, a heavy brass mortar and pestle with which he pounded his *buyo* and lime into a form more easily chewable for his toothless mouth. There was great consumption of *buyo* among my men, and when the operation was momentarily suspended they stored the tobacco and *buyo* between the gums and the upper lip.

REMARKABLE ENDURANCE

	Guiangas		Samal of Samal Island	Tagaod		Bagobos (N. E. Apo)
	Men	Women	Men	Men	Women	Men
	Metre	Metre	Metre	Metre	Metre	Metre
Standing height. . . .	1.613	1.415	1.578	1.525	1.395	1.545
Span.	1.657	1.452	1.599	1.570	1.495	1.615
Hand.	0.182	0.162	0.174	0.170	0.175	0.175
Maximum length of fingers.	0.101	0.090	0.102	0.095	0.105	0.105
Thumb.	0.105	0.098	0.111	0.103	0.100	0.107
Vertical maximum length of head. . .	0.236	0.202	0.222	0.228	0.224	0.234
Horizontal maxi- mum length of cra- nium (from fore- head to back of head).	0.183	0.176	0.173	0.164	0.186	0.183
Width of forehead at temples.	0.126	0.106	0.126	0.108	0.120	0.136
Height of forehead. .	0.082	0.070	0.070	0.070	0.065	0.070
B i z y g o m a t i c breadth.	0.138	0.118	0.130	0.118	0.116	0.132
Maximum breadth of lower jaw. . . .	0.117	0.111	0.121	0.108	0.108	0.124
Nasal height.	0.058	0.054	0.052	0.056	0.057	0.055
Nasal breadth (at nostrils).	0.035	0.032	0.045	0.040	0.034	0.037
Orbital horizontal breadth.	0.034	0.031	0.035	0.034	0.035	0.032
Width between the eyes.	0.031	0.030	0.033	0.025	0.034	0.032
Breadth of mouth. .	0.056	0.050	0.055	0.052	0.048	0.050
Length of upper lip (from mouth aper- ture to base of nose).	0.023	0.016	0.020	0.020	0.019	0.027
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aper- ture to under chin)	0.037	0.035	0.034	0.033	0.035	0.040
Length of ear.	0.074 (elongated)	0.072 (elongated)	0.063	0.055	0.052	0.072 (elongated)

The endurance of these Mohammedan and Mandaya tribesmen was remarkable. They had been some twelve hours daily immersed in water, shoving along the canoes. Even while resting they preferred to sit in the water rather than on dry land, and whenever the water was deep enough they never lost an opportunity of diving and swimming like ducks, splashing each other.

CHAPTER XLIV

RIVER WALKING — THE WHITE TRIBE OF MINDANAO — MANSAKAS AND THEIR HOMES

NO attack took place during the night, and the next morning, having prepared all the loads, we went on walking in the Mauab River itself, except where it made too wide a détour, when we cut our way across the thick forest, in which it was nearly as dark as night. The trees were gigantic, and ferns, *lianes*, vines, and thorns plentiful.

We then left the Mauab and followed the course of the Linda, a small stream which we soon abandoned for a smaller tributary, the Tagna-naga, a mere brook two and a half feet wide. We travelled in a general direction of northwest by north, nearly all the time in water, it being impossible to cut our way continuously through the entangled vegetation, and following the water-courses made progress somewhat easier. This brook had its birth in a wall of rock—apparently lava—thirty feet high.

We then followed in a northeasterly direction a bed of lava with large holes and cavities, and eventually we climbed over a low hill range — about 100 feet high — with thick vegetation and trees of gigantic proportions upon it. We struggled through the tepid water of the stream, often up to our waists in water, often having to dive altogether to avoid the entangled branches which hung over the stream or the many rotted trees which had fallen across. One's shoes got full of sand and mud and gradually wore down the skin of one's feet, softened already by the moisture of hours at a time. One's hands and face were constantly being injured and cut by thorns or by the sharp-edged leaves of reeds through which we frequently had to force our way.

Another heavy rain-storm—this was the rainy season—

A SURPRISE

began to pelt us, the vegetation above our heads when saturated with water letting down the surplus in regular streams. My toothless old guide lost his way, and said he no longer knew where we were. One of the scouts was seized with fever and was doubled up with pains in his inside, and became unable to walk—I had no extra men to carry him; so that when night came on, rain falling in torrents, we did not feel particularly happy.

In a reconnaissance that I made with one scout I had a great piece of luck, and succeeded in capturing a Mansaka whom I discovered lying in wait on the top of a tree with his spear ready to be dropped upon us when we approached. We got this fellow to show us the way to the nearest Mansaka settlement.

We now proceeded along other streams, the Mabub flowing north into the Pantod, which in its turn flows into the Nabuntaran. My Mohammedan carriers had told me that these Mansakas of the forest were an absolutely white tribe, and I was very anxious to see them. We approached very carefully so as not to frighten them, and when we got near enough, unperceived, I could see them busy making some coarse earthenware pots. Each had his long spear stuck into the ground by his side. There was a small clearing, with four houses on enormously high stilts. The people were chatting away, their voices sounding most musical and soft.

I advanced towards them. Dear me, what yells! The pottery works were abandoned, a much-adorned young lady climbing the long, notched bamboo of her house with the rapidity of a monkey, while the men with their spears vanished in the forest. But there were plenty more inhabitants up-stairs, and those I would not let escape. The inmates of the larger house and we had a good tug at the primitive ladder, which they were trying to draw up in order to prevent us coming up, and amid a regular pandemonium of threats we mounted the thirty feet or so to their eyrie, where two or three men received me, spears in hand, in an attitude of battle.

They were trembling all over. They evidently had a

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

shock when they saw me, for I noticed them looking at my clothing to identify to what tribe I belonged. Having made signs to them to lay down their spears, I entered. I placed one scout at the entrance to prevent them escaping.

When I had patted them a good deal, as you would a cat, to reduce them to their normal state of quietness, and shown them that I carried no spear or knife or anything to injure them, they eventually became calm enough.

Their houses were of the Mandaya type, of great height, with the usual inclined plane for dogs to enter the house. Inside there were two partitions, boarded off six feet by eight feet, one the sleeping-room for men, the other for women. Panter was the name of this place, and that of the chief, Aman, in whose house I was, and who was squatting near me.

My men, in the mean time, had gone about and captured a number of fellows for me to examine. I was amazed. These Mansakas were indeed as white as, in fact, whiter, than Europeans. It was the ivory white of Latin races and not the pinky complexion of Anglo-Saxons, but that they were white there could be not the slightest doubt. This does not mean that they come from the same stock as we do, nor is their color derived from stray, wrecked European crews which have dwindled in the interior and intermarried. Far from it. It is mainly due to these people living in the dark forest or in dark huts and being seldom exposed to the light of the sun. Also to their vegetable diet and to undue proportion of sweet food, which is bound to affect their blood, and eventually their complexion, and the constant immersion in water when moving about, the waterways being the only ones by which comparatively quick travelling can be effected in those regions.

This Panter tribe consisted of fifteen men and fifteen women in ten houses scattered in the forest, and they raised *tobo*, sugar-cane, *tigarig*, bananas, *paoda*, and *wacag*, two kinds of *camotes*, and *katumban*, pepper. On these they almost entirely lived, besides some wild game. Other similar tribes, which we will visit, were near.

When young they were beautiful people, with eyes in

THE WHITE TRIBE

perfect condition, of warm and most magnetic deep brown. The eyes were perfectly straight, like those of Aryans, large, with heavy upper lids and fine eyelashes, quick but somewhat shifty, like those of any people accustomed to hunt and constantly to fight and suspect.

There were two types clearly distinguishable, one much higher, much whiter, and more refined than the other, which had a slightly yellowish, occasionally a brownish, tinge in the skin.

Although the skin was white, the features of these people were in no way Caucasian like ours. They appeared to me of a marked Papuan type, especially noticeable in the lower type, the nose being flat and much expanded at the nostrils, while the better type possessed rather well-formed noses. The upper lip was prominent and more developed than the lower, but with most beautifully shaped Cupid's-bow lips. The ears, too, were of remarkable chiselling, beauty, and refinement, small and graceful. They were hairless on the chin, but had a slight down on the upper lip.

Men and women were so finely formed, with frail, delicate, graceful-looking arms and legs, but of immense muscular strength, that at first sight in young people it was difficult to tell a boy from a girl, by the face. They both wore long sidelocks of hair nicely trimmed and tied into a sort of double knot behind.

The women, very shy, had sentimental faces, very white—almost like wax—and with such nicely chiselled cheekbones and lips and unwrinkled, smooth skin, so well fitting the anatomical facial detail below, that they were quite attractive. They spoke softly and in a sort of sing-song like birds, and, indeed, there was much in the general appearance of these white folks to remind one of birds.

The men wore bark hats, oblong or elongated lozenge-shaped, perched upon the head by means of strings, slightly raised into a cone in the centre, and adorned behind with long cock-feathers.

As they seemed to spend as much time up trees as on terra firma, they moved just like birds, with extraordinary lightness, quickness, and jerkiness. To realize fully how

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

supple and light these people were on their long, flat feet, it was enough to walk after them for some miles through the forest as I had to do. They would squeeze through thorny places, untouched, while we in attempting the same feat had our clothes torn to pieces by the thorns and branches. They had a most graceful spring in their long steps, and they always kept their toes slightly turned in. When walking they held their long spears, close to the spear-head, on the right shoulder, with the long pole projecting outwardly behind. The women carried heavy weights in a basket suspended to a head-string, and resting low on the back.

In their houses was a regular armory—short bows of *palma* wood strengthened in the centre by *bejuco* lacings, reed arrows (54 centimetres long) having straight ends, with detachable lozenge-shaped bamboo heads double-barbed, or biforked single-barbed, and also shorter arrows (30 centimetres), consisting of triangular pointed bamboo sticks with four parallel circular shavings at the butt; *baddaos* or small daggers with crescent-shaped handles. The *baritian* is a typical knife of the Mansakas. The sheath or *tagoon* is very tightly bound in *bejuco* fibre, and the blade (*unod*) is double-edged and raised in the centre on both sides. The *taripusho* is a peg on which these knives are suspended while at home.

Here, too, as with the Tagaods and Mandayas, I found the small, wooden image—which was here called *manaog*, and which was more elaborately carved than previous ones I had seen. The Mansakas, too, say that this peg of *palma* wood keeps illness and distress away from the household. These *manaogs* were about five inches long, with occasional side ornamentations of angles, always with a flattened lower end, so that they could be inserted in the grass thatch of their roofs, and some had rudimentary suggestions of legs and nose and mouth. Others were mere conical pieces of wood.

The *asho-asho*, which I saw here for the first time, was an enlarged idol, rudely representing an animal resembling a cock or some sort of bird. A *tawagan*, or offering-box, where

WEAPONS AND IDOLS

all sorts of charms were kept—such as leaves, roots, stones, crocodiles' teeth, etc.—was generally seen in every house, suspended near these idols, which were further adorned with fringes of *chamanao*.

These people also have in their houses beautiful shields, spinning-wheels, the *anibun*, or dish made of bark of the *palma*, large baskets made of plaited *bejuco*, strengthened with bamboo ribs; others of plaited *palma* leaves, a row of wild hog's jaw-bones and fangs, and ingenious conical stands made of a large split bamboo interwoven with *bejuco*, upon which are rested the earthenware pots of local manufacture; *bejuco* loops and snares for wild boar, and *coglons*, elongated violins similar to those used by the Tagaods. Occasionally six-stringed bamboo instruments, with raised outer fibre used as strings, were to be seen, as well as the usual altars suspended from the ceiling, and closely resembling those of the Tagaods.

Very finely plaited armlets (*baccao*) from the *mangashah* plant (*nito* in Visayan), as well as bracelets (*pashogut*), or when of metal called *aquinud* and *ponod*, were worn by the women.

The fishing harpoons (*lingua*) of the Mansakas had a single-barbed detachable head tied to the pole with a long string.

Last, but not least, they had small, wooden and metal pipes (*sigupan*).

CHAPTER XLV

INTELLIGENCE OF THE WHITE TRIBE—BIRDLIKE HABITS—
ELEVATED THOROUGHFARES—A PLUCKY OLD LADY—THE
PEOPLE OF KANDAGAWAN—SUFFERING FROM LEECHES
—SWARMS OF COCKROACHES AND ANTS—BITTEN BY A
DEADLY SNAKE

I FOUND this white tribe of extraordinary intelligence, but as weird a people as it is possible to imagine—during the night they signalled to their neighbors by curious cries what was going on. I spent the night in the chief's house, and he and his were most hospitable and affable. They had never seen money, nor did they understand its value.

The Mansakas produce a fire by the friction of a sharp-edged piece of wood upon a flat, rectangular one, into which a central slit has been cut. Some easily inflammable powder, from dried fungus, or a small piece of tinder is placed in the slit, directly under the rubbing blade. Less than one minute is sufficient to produce a fire. The lighted powder is then placed on a charred piece of wood and becomes ignited by being blown upon.

Early the next morning I received many polite callers, who brought in presents of *camotes*, sugar-cane, and bananas, and their delight was great when I gave them needles, thread, beads, and tins of salmon and beef. They insisted on my drinking some of their wine—*bais*—with them, terribly acid stuff.

There was a thick mist over the forest in the morning, and the plants, saturated with moisture, were dripping as if it were raining heavily. In the dark forest was heavy slush and mud, and stuffy vegetation, spiked palm leaves like saws, the large-leafed *baghiki*, and the *maghilan*, a palm with long, narrow leaves split at the end. The air was sti-

IN THE DARK FOREST

fling, and thorns of all sizes and shapes were underfoot, at the sides, above one's head.

Some of my Mansaka friends accompanied me, and after one hour we came to another settlement with similarly white people. These, under Chief Tilican, had cleared quite a good bit of ground, and had fenced fields of *camotes* along the banks of the Tabignanan River.

As we went on, through difficult country, swampy and slushy, my sick scout had great difficulty in keeping up, and I endeavored to obtain men to help him along; but the Mansakas, who by now knew of our approach, had nearly everywhere bolted. Only one sportsman I was able to catch—a young fellow who was so engrossed in attracting doves by imitating with marvellous fidelity their song on a *tambuan* (a whistle) that he never saw us come. We had a most amusing scene with this distracted gentleman, who carried with him, and would on no account part from, a *limokun*—a pear-shaped cage of split bamboo with a tame dove inside meant to decoy the wild birds. Into a *tambuan*, or cylinder with sticky stuff from the *tagup* tree, he dipped a rod to which the birds stuck if once they rested on it. This fellow, when we took him along, talked all the time to his bird as if it had been a human being, and certainly his affection for the pet was quite touching.

We struggled a good deal in the muddy Kandagawan stream, and we were now in a region of immense bamboos, regular forests of them, most troublesome to get through, for the older ones break down and get so interwoven with their neighbors as to require endless acrobatic performances to get along, unless, of course, one could spend a lot of time and cut one's way through.

We were now in a region which had never been traversed by a European, and I had deviated from my course in order to look for some other Mansaka settlements which I had gathered were strewn about here. In this bamboo region the settlements were difficult to find, as no trail existed. By mere luck I got to a point where, resting against the thick growth of bamboos, was a severed bamboo of

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great height with notches cut into it. On the ground were recent foot-marks in the slush.

Knowing the birdlike habits of these folks, I climbed the primitive ladder to see what there was on the top of the bamboos, and, to my amazement, I found laid on the top of the vegetation two long, horizontal bamboos on which muddy feet had trodden, as well as other horizontal bamboos in succession forming an elevated path. I signalled to my men to keep quiet and come on. Having gone some twenty or thirty yards on the top of the vegetation, balancing ourselves on the rickety bamboos—some twenty feet above the ground—I emerged into an open space where four large houses stood at a great height, bridged from one to the other. The primitive bridge—altogether about eight or nine inches wide—on which I was now crossed the open space, on supports, with a clear drop under me and no hand-rail of any kind, direct to the principal house; and having removed my shoes for safety, I went on, balancing myself as best I could.

I had no sooner got to the centre and most elastic portion of this shaky structure than the surprised Mansakas in the houses detected our presence. Suddenly I heard piercing shrieks and yells, which were echoed on every side, and between the fissures of the bamboo walls I could see people running to and fro. Two arrows passed within a few inches of my face, others not quite so near, while at the doors and windows, which were banged open, stood shrieking males and females brandishing spears and knives.

They seemed highly agitated, and it was quite a picturesque scene. An old woman presently crawled out of the house upon the scaffolding on which I was and proceeded to throw large stones, of which she carried an armful, at us with astounding and alarming force and accuracy, all the time advancing with shrill, angry shrieks, while other less reckless inhabitants followed behind. The excitable old thing shook the bridge so that had I not been quick to seize the two bamboos under me with my hands I should have been thrown off.

As soon as I had regained my balance I stood up straight

EXCITED MANSAKAS

again and held up my hand in sign of peace, the plucky scouts, who were just behind me, being quite ready to fire had necessity arisen. The old lady, half naked and with pendent, dried-up breasts, stopped aghast when she was half-way across—she evidently had never seen people dressed like my scouts and myself, and did not know to what tribe we belonged.

I took advantage of this to speak through one of my carriers who understood their language.

“Tell her that she must not be angry with me; she looks very ugly when she is angry. I am a friend—not an enemy. I carry no spear and no *bolo*. If they lay down their arms I will kill no one.”

The old lady, who still had some ammunition left and one missile held in an iron grip between her nervous fingers, seemed absorbed in deep reflection . . . she had another good look at us, while those screened behind her were flourishing their spears in the air and raising a regular hullabaloo; and eventually, and seemingly regretfully, she dropped one after the other of the unused missiles she nursed.

This old dame, it appeared, was the chief's wife. I went towards her and caressed her face. Heavens, what a rough skin! She seized my hand in her trembling two and pressed it fondly to her chest. The poor thing had a healed but terrible *bolo* wound right across her breasts. She was certainly very plucky.

After the great excitement she had undergone she became quite hysterical, and talked and talked away at the top of her voice, evidently to explain that she believed we were Mohammedans who had come for slaves; and while leading me to the house by the hand, she shook the unsteady bridge so that once or twice more I nearly went over.

Once inside the house the scene was most interesting, the men still holding to their knives and spears and bows and arrows, while the old lady insisted on my sitting by her side. In occasional outbursts of friendliness, on being presented with cloth and beads and thread, she threw her arms round my neck and rubbed her face against mine—I almost

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began to wish I had fought these people—and she even proposed that I should remain and be the chief of the Kandagawan Mansakas—an offer gratefully declined. Her name was Buddao, her husband's Tinui Amaniaban.

This particular tribe had very many points in common with the Tagaods. Their *carag* or shield was very pretty and serviceable, forty inches long and eight inches at its greatest breadth, with graceful curves in its upper part. It was made of *caoni*, a close-grained, hard, red wood, with four strengthening cross-pieces of *palma* and thirteen lacings of *bejuco* above and twelve below. The shield was divided into three sections, the central one being a rectangle, the upper half an ellipse, and the third section an elongated trapeze; a black stripe ran down the centre, and there were crosses made up of triangles. Sets of four acute triangles ornamented both the sides of the central stripe as well as the edge of the shield's face. A raised section of a cone projected in front of the shield at the place where the hand held it behind, and this cone was studded with beads in sets of three at each line radiating from the centre.

In these Mansaka houses I noticed a shelf over the fireplace upon which firewood was stored to dry. These villages were built right above bamboo marshes, and connecting bridges of great length ran from one house to another. At the house in which I had stopped the previous night, and which had been deserted by the natives at our approach, an additional bridge connecting it directly with the next existed at no less than thirty feet above the ground. At Kandagawan the chief's house had an outer balcony besides the usual connecting bridges, these bridges being lower than the level of the dwellings.

These Kandagawan people differed somewhat from the purely white tribes of Mansakas, although their color, too, was quite light; but their features showed some Malay influence. They had an irresistible craving for salt, which they found difficult to procure so far inland. They devoured a handful each which I gave them, after which they gave themselves up to copious libations of wine from a large bamboo tube, the old lady joining freely and seeming much



TILLING THE GROUND



CLEANING RICE ISLAND OF PANAY

A PRETTY CUSTOM

disappointed when I begged to be excused. My men and I, however, partook freely of sugar-cane and boiled *camotes*, which I exchanged for ornaments.

A pretty custom exists. At the beginning of the bridge upon an upright bamboo rests a cup full of wine, to welcome the arrival of friends from neighboring friendly tribes; but, personally, it would be the last place where I would care to drink anything intoxicating.

The women of this tribe were extraordinarily white, with huge and most lascivious eyes, but their appearance was not improved by the dirty habit of chewing betel-nut and tobacco, a masticated piece of which constantly protruded from their lips.

The men wore back knots and long fringes upon the forehead, cut straight on a line with the eyebrows, and two side locks, the ends of which were also cut straight.

I had experienced a good deal of trouble in discovering this place, and now three of my men, Mansakas, had bolted, so I had to get fresh men. I had to retrace my steps along the Kandagawan River for some four miles, the water being continuously up to our knees, and a low, stooping position being necessary all the time in order to get under the long tunnels formed by big, rotting bamboos that had fallen across. The river was only twenty feet wide. When we got out of the water we proceeded through muddy, slushy ground with a thick layer of decomposing and decomposed leaves upon it. The bamboos were a great nuisance and impeded our progress at every step. Now and then we came to an open patch of sugar-cane and a Mansaka house or two. The natives generally escaped, but left behind their fat pigs, dogs, and chickens. These people are very kind to animals. The dogs and chickens share the rooms of their masters, but the pigs have quarters of their own under the house.

Whenever we passed a patch of sugar-cane we were worse than a swarm of locusts. We each carried away a couple of sticks, which we chewed on the march—most delicious and refreshing. I generally left some presents in the houses to make up for the damage done.

We halted for the night on another high-perched settle-

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

ment on the Kandagawan stream, some fifteen miles from the other. Chief Mapandi sent word from the forest where he had hidden that he could not come as he had run a spike into his foot—a spike, probably, which he had laid for us. These people lay numerous bamboo spikes in the ground, which are very dangerous to people marching at night. We found any number of them near their settlements.

Bastian, the chief's son, who had been confabulating with us from a distance in the forest, eventually came in, dressed up in a prettily embroidered coat and wearing gaudy bracelets around his wrists. His hair was curly, his features good, and his eyes quite intelligent. Most, but not all, Mansakas blacken their teeth.

These northeast tribes of Mansakas showed an infusion of Mandaya or possibly Manguangan blood, the Manguangans being a warlike tribe resembling the Mandayas and inhabiting the upper waters of the Agusan. They are short, well set up, and possess elongated skulls, with prominent foreheads and very broad, sunken noses that give the face an appearance of great depression in the central portion.

After leaving the Kandagawan River, which flows north, we crossed the Tagubun, a stream with high, slippery banks. Then we came to the Dilawan, a deep rivulet with a swift current flowing northeast. We crossed it, balancing ourselves on a huge tree which had fallen across. The Assogun and Tud were mere brooks. We were now practically out of the Mansaka country and among Mandayas. Their villages also were approached by bridges above the vegetation, but not quite such high bridges as those of the Mansakas. Their houses were much nearer the ground.

After crossing the Mabog we arrived at Tepreun, where the natives had had a feast, the remains of a bird offered to the deity still lying on the *tabagan*—high altar—decorated with the *tamamai* or hangings like the *inaos* of the Ainu. This shrine was outside the house, and the women at this place were highly decorated with bracelets of *shagai shaigai*, a kind of black root, and of *pashogut*, a bark of a fibrous plant, or else with brass bracelets that had triangular indentations. Biforked, double-headed arrows, each barb of a triangular

LAND AND AQUATIC LEECHES

section, were noticeable; these are considered preferable to the double-barbed single head. Highly decorated *tang tangs*, or cylinders for lime, with small ball stoppers of woven *bejuco*, were noticeable, and also beautiful shields much resembling those of the Mansakas. Parallel lines, coils, and circles with lines radiating from them formed the chief ornamentations.

In this region, the land lying low and being marshy, we suffered much from leeches, dozens of them clinging continually to our legs, arms, and even to our faces. They were little fellows that lived on damp vegetation, and jumped on you, adhering to your skin and drawing blood at once. They seemed to possess extraordinary sucking powers at both ends, and when you tried to remove them from one spot on your skin they adhered to your hands, and clung from one hand to the other when you wanted to get rid of them altogether. Although these little brutes had no visible eyes they seemed to have a most wonderful knowledge of human anatomy, and jumped direct onto some artery where the bleeding was very difficult to stop. In the streams there were bigger fellows, three, four, and five inches long, which were terrible. My poor carriers, who were bare-legged, were streaming with blood, and so was I, for those devils found their way through my breeches, inside my leggings, and inside my shoes.

At last I discovered an expedient which saved me some trouble. I filled my socks and the available space in my shoes with salt, rubbing also my hands, face, and lower garments well with it. When the land leeches jumped on me—they are marvellous jumpers—they generally jumped back again, much to the amusement of my men. Salt is deadly to them. Unfortunately, in crossing and wading through water the salt would soon wash off, and the process involved great waste.

As though these land and aquatic leeches were not enough, another surprise was in store for us. By another highway of bamboos we arrived at a deserted Mandaya village called Tud, where I halted for lunch; but no sooner had my loads been placed upon the ground or on the floor of the principal hut than thousands of cockroaches ascended and descended

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from everywhere, and baggage and ourselves were simply swarming with them in a moment. More impudent and fierce cockroaches I have never seen. On attempting to find refuge inside another house as the usual afternoon storm arrived we got literally covered with ants! I had my baggage full of both ants and cockroaches for weeks after, and the most minute hunt was not sufficient to destroy them. Fleas were also abundant. No wonder the village had been deserted.

Half an hour's walk brought us to Tauaghish, a purely Mandayan village. The women were extraordinarily white-skinned, with a very slight yellowish tinge, and had deep black, expressive eyes. They wore enormous circular black earrings inserted through the much-expanded lobes. Short red jackets with blue sleeves and with bead trimmings round the shoulders and an opening at the neck were the fashion. A silver breast-plate hung from their necks, and, like some of the tribes on the Gulf of Davao, they hung upon their left side bells, a bunch of shells, etc. A large, silver-mounted, wooden comb adorned their hair. A short skirt like a diminutive *sirong* covered the legs down to the knee. The men were short, with fat, square faces, depressed in the central portion, and very much suggesting a Papuan origin, and rather curly hair. They used long arrows and spears and shields ornamented with tufts of bristles and human hair.

Before entering and after leaving Tauaghish we crossed the Gabi River, and after marching briskly till sunset through a thick forest, then forcing our way through a dense growth of very large bamboos, some five to six inches in diameter, we now heard the sound of the Batuto River, a tributary of the Agusan. I had no opportunity of seeing the Dibabaon tribe, which inhabited the mountains, too far from my route.

While sleeping upon the grass I was unfortunately bitten by a very poisonous, small, green snake, which I touched in stretching my arms. As luck would have it the snake's fangs caught only the knuckle of my second finger, instead of a softer part of the left hand, so that, in pressing against

EFFECTS OF SNAKE POISON

the bone, poison enough was not squirted into my system quite to kill me, as is usually the case when you are bitten by this particular snake. Although I made a hole so as to extract as much blood as possible, the poison was sufficient to cause me terrible cramps in my limbs and excruciating pains in my spine and head, with high fever which lasted some ten days; but the hand remained swollen for some three months after, and the effects are still felt even now as I am writing this, ten months after the occurrence.

	Mansakas (of Panter)	Mansakas (Kanda- gawan)	Mandayas (Batuto Region)	Mandayas (Gandia)	Manobo (Agusan River)
	Metre	Metre	Metre	Metre	Metre
Standing height.....	1.480	1.500	1.547	1.527	1.560
Span.....	1.396	1.567	1.560	1.675	1.652
ARM					
Hand.....	0.175	0.180	0.175	0.190	0.185
Maximum length of fingers..	0.097	0.098	0.097	0.102	0.102
Thumb.....	0.098	0.102	0.101	0.120	0.101
HEAD					
Vertical maximum length of head.....	0.221	0.236	0.225	0.233	0.236
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head).....	0.184	0.185	0.191	0.199	0.186
Width of forehead at temples	0.130	0.124	0.129	0.127	0.127
Height of forehead.....	0.065	0.067	0.080	0.065	0.070
Bizygomatic breadth.....	0.123	0.127	0.127	0.129	0.130
Maximum breadth lower jaw	0.110	0.111	0.111	0.109	0.118
Nasal height.....	0.056	0.061	0.058	0.062	0.055
Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0.037	0.039	0.041	0.037	0.042
Orbital horizontal breadth	0.035	0.036	0.033	0.034	0.032
Width between the eyes....	0.029	0.033	0.031	0.028	0.030
Breadth of mouth.....	—	—	—	0.052	
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose).....	0.021	0.022	0.023	0.022	0.023
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin).....	0.034	0.035	0.040	0.042	0.031
Length of ear.....	0.060	0.055	0.068	0.065	0.060

The above tribes greatly objected to having the mouth measured.

The curious effect of the poison was the combination of intense sleepiness and exhaustion, with considerable aching

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all over my body. Unfortunate as this was, I look upon myself as very lucky that this occurred when I was within a short distance of Old Compostela, near the head-waters of the Agusan, from which place I could proceed by raft or canoe. It would have been impossible for me to march on foot in that condition. My men were much upset, as they said there was no remedy and I must die.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE UPPER WATERS OF THE GREAT AGUSAN RIVER—CHRISTIANITY AND BATTERED BOWLER HATS—INTENSE SUFFERING FROM SNAKE POISON—A FAIRY LAGOON—TY-PHOON

SUFFERING greatly, I eventually reached Old Compostela, on the Batuto River, a quaint, abandoned Visayan settlement of six or seven houses, some made of split bamboo with nicely carved windows, others having bark walls, but all smothered in creepers, high, untidy grass all round, and looking quite picturesque. On examining these houses it was plain that a scene of blood and horror had taken place. Those windows and doors which were not altogether smashed were slashed with *bolo* cuts and spear-holes. Inside, too, similar evidence of fighting was apparent. It seems that the Mandayas had pounced upon these few settlers and had murdered all. Large lemon-trees and the remains of gardening and agriculture were noticeable, but now everything was overgrown with grass.

Due east of Compostela was a somewhat high peak, Mount Dagdalu, forming part of a range extending from north to south. At this place I paid off my Mohammedan carriers, and despatched a Mandaya on a raft down to New Compostela on the right bank of the Agusan to procure a canoe. The Batutu flows into the Agusan River, 300 yards southeast of Old Compostela, the Batuto being twelve feet wide and four feet deep, and the Agusan at the junction seventy-five feet wide, and quite deep and swift. We got carried along at a rapid pace by the current when we were in the larger stream, which was flanked by high bamboos and trees directly along the banks, but the country seemed quite open behind.

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We arrived at Compostela Nuevo, the farthest Christianized village up the Agusan River, there being some thirty people in the place, mostly converted Mandayas and Mandaya *mestizos*, with a pure Visayan or two.

Fausto, the *principal*, and Alejo, his assistant, who had dressed up for the occasion, received me in the absence of Tearodo, the Gubernadorcello. I crawled up the rickety bamboo ladder to land and sat under the shed at the landing-place, but I was in such terrible pain, the snake poison just spreading all over my system, that I was not able to notice much.

Fausto was garbed in a gaudy pair of trousers trimmed with red and white tassels, and with ornamentations of one long line intersected by a series of parallel ones. Upon his head a much-battered felt bowler hat of Spanish origin marked the degree of his civilization. He and Alejo were extremely civil and considerate.

In facial type they bore a great resemblance to the American Indian, with curved noses, elongated faces, and hawk eyes, but with curly hair. They were, of course, Indonesian.

They had built themselves a little bamboo church. Supported by the two chiefs I crawled up to examine some of their houses, raised on immense stilts, and closely resembling those of the Mansakas, except that they were entirely constructed of split bamboo. The Gubernadorcello's house stood no less than forty feet above the ground.

This place marked the limit, on the north, of Catholic influence among these tribes. Besides acquiring the bowler hat, they have been taught some prayers and a few Christian principles, which they practise simultaneously with their tribal superstitions. They cultivate rice, hemp, bananas, *camotes*, and *gabi*—a large potato.

Personally, my experience was that the less Christianized the people the nicer they were. I felt that very forcibly on going down the Agusan, where each settlement as I proceeded northward was getting more and more civilized.

From Compostela, I lying half dead in terrible cramps upon the bottom of a canoe and two of my scouts ill with

MANDAYAS

fever, we floated down the stream, quite open all round except near the banks. Some three hours later we passed Pungo, two high Mandaya houses; then three more at Iligan, with a chief called Mlack. Farther on was Tinghi village, before coming to the tributary Mapakal.

At Pilang I halted, to meet Chief Pilis, a young fellow, in a black bowler hat, too, and with frizzly hair. This was a purely Mandaya settlement of nine houses and a chapel. The young man respectfully kissed my hand, and Benito, a *conseljales*, shook hands—a bundle of crippled fingers. On examination I saw that the man was a leper, the skin of his body being in large patches of brown and ivory white—not unlike a tiger skin. Above their ample and prettily ornamented trousers of square shape these Mandayas wore a thin, black, gauze coat, with shoulders, sleeves, and chest trimmed with white and red.

On the right bank, as we continued, came forth the small tributary Nabok, then farther on the Tabagan Aiugan. We arrived at Gandia, where there were ten houses and forty people under Cecilio, the captain. All these little settlements had at the landing-place a neat little shed with a bamboo cross above it, and a couple of seats below. High-stilted houses again, the natives most friendly, the bamboo chapel dilapidated.

On being conveyed into some of the houses of these Christians I was not surprised to find their *mangaod* idols, such as I had seen in the purely pagan tribes, stuck in profusion into their roofs. The same altars, the same offerings, the same rites were observed as among the Tagaods and Mansakas. It was at this place, in fact, that I became convinced that, by the rude, wooden carvings, these tribes intended to suggest the representation of a man or a woman. As the carvings were so rudimentarily done, and the natives cannot be induced to give reliable information about them, I was not sure until now. At this place I discovered *mangaods* which had been more accurately carved—too accurately—and which left no doubt whatever in my mind that the idols were intended to be of one sex or the other.

What small trade exists upon the upper waters of the

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to exist in some quantity. Had I been less suffering and able to walk I would have gone up to ascertain. Exaggerated stories are given of veins of gold of considerable size.

The high Mount Masiu was now to the west of us, and occasional Manobo houses could be seen on tree-tops of immense height. There were large plantations of hemp on the right bank and more arboreal Manobo houses, some at an elevation of over fifty feet above the ground. The solitary house of a Tagalo came next.

After passing on the right the tributary Dinupatan, which during its course forms a lake, we arrived at night at Veruela—sixty houses, and 500 people, all Visayans, a few cows, many pigs, innumerable geese and chickens—all in a damp, swampy place, although fairly high above the river-level. The streets were deserted, the houses, of regular Visayan architecture, as well as the convent and church, were tumbling down, for cholera had killed and was killing many people, and many scared folks had run away. The natives were at first much upset at our arrival, mistaking us for escaped insurgents.

Having come forty miles that day, I halted for the night, and proceeded at six the next morning. Half an hour later we entered a sort of "fairyland" lagoon, the river dividing into many channels and forming a number of little islands, with reeds, ferns, and palms. Picturesque clusters of *uango* palms and tall trees stood right out of the water where the land had apparently subsided, and my canoes wound their way among trees, the high reeds on both sides brushing our faces and hands and causing nasty cuts. In some places my two-foot wide canoe, with no outrigger, was only with difficulty got through the very narrow passages. Farther, a little islet had a growth of the stately, immense-leaved *bagghian*, and as we went through picturesque channels bridged over with leaves of all sorts and shapes, and scraped our way under fallen trees, which left just enough space to proceed, the scene was indeed quite enchanting. The humid air and putrid vegetation suggested somewhat abundant germs of malaria, but anyhow I could have been

A VIOLENT STORM

no worse off than I was, and I greatly enjoyed—in my suffering—this ideal spot.

This was the Dagum Lagoon. In the centre was an inhabited island where, at Clavijo (eight houses), I endeavored to get fresh men; but, unhappily, all had gone fishing, and only some women and children remained. My men were much tired after the great exertion in the lagoon, two of my scouts were still very sick with fever, I was worse than ever, and we had no medicine of any sort. I was nearly beginning to get anxious as to whether I should arrive alive at the coast or not. The last stroke of luck came as we pushed along. A violent storm, which was a destructive typhoon farther north, broke loose, after hours of suffocating heat, the sun actually broiling us as we lay in the canoes shivering from fever when we did not broil. Never in my life have I seen such rain—regular sheets—when it did come down. The energy of all combined was not enough to bale the water out, as it came in at fifty times the speed that we could throw it out, so that we had to beach our boats and find some device in order to continue our navigation. Some large bamboos were fastened along the canoe-side like air-chambers, and down with the stream we went again, I actually having to lie for several hours with water up to my neck, as you would in a bath, as I had not the strength to stand up. The lagoon seemed endless and lost a good deal of its charm during the storm, which showed no signs of abating.

The channel we followed was in places as much as 100 yards wide. No more reeds were to be seen, but grassy banks instead, with high trees upon them and dense foliage of a deep green. The water flowed very slowly here. It was almost stagnant. Here and there a patch or two of lotus-leaves floated on the water.

At last, aching all over, as I have seldom ached before, burning with fever, soaked to the marrow of my bones, and with my skin peeling off from the constant moisture, I arrived at 9 P.M. at Talacogon, after fifteen hours of canoe-travelling that day, mostly in a torrential rain.

The tree-dwelling Manobos of the Agusan Valley are large-

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featured, coarse, and of a negroid type, with very dark-brown skin, and a trimmed mustache and beard. They are much tattooed on the arms and chest, with intersecting series of parallel lines forming checkers, angles within angles radiating from the corners of a quadrangle, and successions of crosses. They are very fond of supplementing the corners of a square with decorations, generally of straight lines.

Taken together with the Manobos of southwest Mindanao, a superior tribe to those of the Agusan, they form one of the largest tribes of Mindanao after the Mohammedans. They are not exactly nomadic, but they occasionally shift their residences about the same district for the purpose of cultivation. They are treacherous, cruel, and suspicious of everybody, and their principal reason for the high location of their houses is that they may be protected against enemies. In many customs they resemble their neighbors, the Mandayos, possessing practically the same religious beliefs and superstitions and the same idols as most Indonesian tribes of Mindanao. They are fond of sombre colors in dress and decoration, dark brown and black being evidently their favorite hues.

Talacogon, with a population of 3000 people, was the most important place I had seen since leaving Davao. A very intelligent and polite Spanish *padre*, Francis Nibot, was stationed here, who had a fine wood and corrugated-iron church full of all sorts of Catholic images, and a spacious convent annexed. In front of the church were the premises occupied by Macleod & Co., an English firm which was attempting to develop the trade of the lower Agusan—especially in hemp, which was plentiful but of poor quality and color. Three Chinese traders were also settled here, and did fairly well in a small way.

I was in great luck. Macleod & Co. had sent up a small gasoline launch on her last trip, and she was to leave early the next morning. Mr. Mack, the engineer, having recovered from the shock of seeing us arrive from up-river, and in such a condition, most hospitably entertained us to an irresistible and copious supper of potted delicacies, as

WHIRLPOOLS

well as strong doses of quinine and other medicaments, and took most thoughtful care of us during the night, which somewhat alleviated our troubles. Moreover, the pleasure of seeing an Anglo-Saxon again after leeches, cockroaches, snakes, and bewildering tribes was considerable. And as we slept soundly, undisturbed, we did not start till 10.45 the following day.

There were extensive plantations of hemp on both sides of the river for great distances, but principally on our left. The country on the bank opposite Talacogon was undulating and seemingly very fertile. We passed San Louis (fifty houses, of which only twenty form the nucleus of the village) some five or six miles down stream on our left, the river being very tortuous along its course, from west, swinging round to northeast and then northwest-west, its width being about 100 feet, and of considerable depth. We came to the rapids of St. Agnes and to whirlpools—the worst one opposite St. Agnes itself under a big cliff. From this point the current was very swift. The left tributary, Massan, had a small island at its mouth.

We went our twelve to thirteen miles an hour, as with the heavy rains of the previous days the current was swift. Reeds covered the banks, and there were occasional pretty, red flowers. At noon we arrived at Guadalupe (twelve houses), with plenty of hemp plantations, and here the river made a grand *détour* west among nice scenery, but the soil seemed swampy, and trees were growing sunken into the water. The place is flooded altogether when the river rises during the rainy season. The level of the river is highest in March.

Another whirlpool was found near the Libang Island and the tributary of the same name, where the river widened considerably. On the left bank a Manobo village of ten houses existed, inhabited by members of one family, all the members of the population being related to one another. As we got farther down the stream many canoes with a double cabin were seen upon the water. They were propelled by means of primitive paddles made of a mere rod with a circular disk attached to it.

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We reached Esperanza at 3 P.M., and here the Agusan formed a wide basin, very shallow in its northeast portion, the navigable channel being on the southwest side along the high bank opposite the settlement (population 2500), which stood on the right bank of the stream. The country was very open all round. The important tributary Ojoz, which came from the west-southwest, joined the Agusan below Esperanza, and the river ran almost straight in a northerly direction for quite a distance, swerving but little to the east.

We passed Anbacon Island, flat and low, of gravel and sand, and the two Pinganan isles, after which a very pretty view was obtained of De las Nuevas town (twenty-five small, ruined huts) and another island. Small rapids and little islands, more hemp plantations on either side, and bananas, were next seen, and we described another big S at Las Nuevas Viejo before again proceeding due north.

San Matteo town (twenty-five houses) stood twenty feet above the river, the rapids at this point being very swift. The river channel was now wide, with shallow water on our right. Again came a long, straight run northward (340° north), and after passing the Bogobos tributary (on the left), low hills, thickly wooded, stood on both sides of us. Large sementeras of hemp were now all along, and we received a most exuberant ovation when the launch whistled a salute on passing the flourishing little Emparo, a Visayan village of twelve houses. Last but not least came San Vicente (twenty houses).

On approaching Butuan City one began to see cocoa-nuts all along on both sides of the stream, and plenty of *abaca*; and, basking in the muddy water, *carabaos*, which I had not seen for some time.

The river was here very deep and quite navigable for good-sized boats. Between luxuriant groves of cocoa-nuts I at last arrived at Butuan at 6 P.M. on May 31st, having completed a great loop of no less than 800 miles in the most difficult and unexplored parts of Mindanao, journeys which everybody had so far deemed impossible to accomplish.

At Butuan, where I stopped for my birthday, June 2d,

BUTUAN

I was most hospitably entertained by a countryman of mine, Mr. Campbell Dauncey, agent of Macleod & Co. I was still suffering from my snake bite, and I spent most of my time in having leeches sucking away blood from a swollen and semiparalyzed hand and arm. He (Mr. Dauncey) was the only Anglo-Saxon residing in the place, Mr. Mack being due to proceed for Sebu.

There is little of interest in Butuan except the church, which is elaborate, rich, and well constructed of masonry, of wood, and of corrugated iron, and the large convent in which lives a pompous, prosperous, and popular Spanish *padre*. The Visayans of this coast are very religious, and give all their money to the Church, their former superstitions and rudely carved native wooden objects of worship having merely been supplanted by more elaborate and highly colored stucco images of foreign make, that is all.

CHAPTER XLVII

ACROSS SEBU ISLAND—AMONG INSURGENTS—ON A NATIVE
BOAT FROM SEBU TO NEGROS—ACROSS NEGROS ISLAND
—A SUCCESSFUL MODEL FARM—GUIMARAS

I TOOK the opportunity of the launch *Holdfast*—a well-deserved name when you were on it in the open sea—laden with hemp which was to proceed to Sebu, to convey my scouts there and hand them over to the commanding officer at that post.

These three men—Miguel Montero, a Tagalo, Balvino Enriquez and Cipriano Anastasio, two Zamboangans—proved themselves to be most docile, obedient, faithful, patient, thoughtful, plucky men, who did great honor to their company and their country. Although two of them were extremely ill, I never heard a complaint from their lips, and they came along like men. In the villages and towns they behaved with extraordinary dignity, never associating with the natives, whether Christian or not, and were most sober in every way. Their conduct was, indeed, quite exemplary, and deserves particular admiration in a country like the Philippines.

We steamed out of Butuan at 6 P.M., and went down stream three miles before emerging into the open sea. We skirted the coast of wild Bohol Island, divided in three hilly sections, the northern being broken up into a number of peaks. At the northeast of Bohol was Lapinin Island, a long series of low, circular, brown earth-mounds with slight vegetation at their base. More picturesque was the high volcanic rock of Tunobo, which had vertical sides. There appeared to be two settlements on the northeast point of Lapinin. On Bohol a fine stone church with a high tower could be seen, as well as a convent; the scenery was pretty all along, and

SEBU ISLAND

there were numberless islands of sand with cocoa-nuts upon them. Then other long, low islands covered with dark vegetation. Sebu Island, very mountainous, spread before us to the west.

There was a fair sea on. As the launch was laden to the utmost, deck and all, with hemp, and there were no cabins, we made ourselves comfortable for the night on packages of hemp, tucking ourselves in with great care so as not to roll overboard while in our sleep. After rounding the north-west corner of Lapinin Island and proceeding westward, screened by reefs and islands, we were in smoother water.

We passed north of the Kabulan reef and south of Olongo Island, with its extensive reef; the many neighboring islets spreading eastward were mere sand-pits upon a wide coral base. Maktan, too, which rose directly east of Sebu town, was a long, low, flat island, and was famous as the death-place of the great Magellan. The illustration, from a photograph by Mr. D. C. Tatom, shows the Spanish monument to the memory of that great traveller.

Some of the sand-pits I had observed were so low that the few fishermen's houses upon them appeared as if they had been built in the middle of the sea. Extensive fish-traps had been constructed near these dwellings.

Sebu—or Cebu, just as you please—Island is quite nice-looking as one gets near, with a sky-line like the teeth of a saw, and white, globular clouds playing around its highest summits.

Having entered the channel between Maktan and Sebu, we soon were in front of the town, a well-known coast-trading and hemp-exporting centre, having considerable intercourse with Manila, and formerly with Hong-Kong and Singapore. In 1898, 618,556 piculs¹ of hemp were exported, the highest record known for that port. Sugar and copra were also exported in some quantity, but trade, I was informed, had considerably fallen off of late.

Sebu town is one of the largest in the Philippines, with nice buildings, especially those owned by British companies,

¹ One picul equals 137.9 pounds.

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who, unlike the temporary American business-men, had come here to settle and had accordingly built themselves fine offices and houses. The famous black-faced Santo Niño, which can perform all miracles, is one of the sights of the place in the church of the same name, and in front of this church is a sort of kiosk, protecting the wooden cross planted by Magellan on landing upon this island.

Sharing equally in the unbounded and delightful hospitality of the American commanding officer, and in that of the jovial local Britishers, and having my snake bite attended to in the hospital, I rested for a whole day, and, leaving my scouts here to be returned to their command, on June 6th proceeded unguarded to walk across Sebu Island over the mountains from east to west.

Sebu Island was at that time very much disturbed by bands of *ladrones*, or insurgents, who had taken refuge here from rebellious Samar and Leyte islands and the Surigao Peninsula. Mr. Sheward and an American customs official offered to accompany me part of the way, as far as some gold-washings on the mountains, and, having proceeded by launch to Naga down the coast southwest, we started off on foot with an escort of some twenty constabulary men.

In front of the coral stone church at Naga lay some dead bodies in open hearses, the eyes open and the joined hands holding a cross, while a crowd of relatives and friends—men on one side, women on the other—squatted round them, waiting for the local *padre* to come and bury them.

On striking across the island upon a capital cart road we found hot springs at Mainet village, situated among nice, round hills prettily cultivated right up to the summit, hemp plantations, bananas, sugar-cane, tobacco. Beyond Pandan, the former *hacienda* of Pablo Mejir, who was assassinated for his friendliness towards the Americans, one obtains a magnificent view from the top of the hills of a beautiful valley to the northwest at the foot of the Albaco volcano; to the north is thick forest, and northeast a flat stretch of cultivated land with an expanse of sea behind. One could get a good idea here of the great backbone of

PATHETIC LIFE

mountains stretching from one end to the other of Sebu Island.

We left the road and travelled north-northwest by a little trail over grassy, undulating country, rising higher and higher the whole time. We marched till about nine o'clock in the evening upon the mountain, when by a steep and slippery descent among high grass we went down to a stream, and up on the other side, where a shed marked the site of the gold-mine. The miners had been celebrating. They had not seen anybody for some weeks and felt rather dull. One of their companions had died and he lay buried just outside the front door, under a pathetic wreath of flowers made by the coarse hands of his rough but good-hearted companions.

"There he lays under that heap of earth upon his chest and body! You see, we made that cross, we did," exclaimed one burly fellow, as by the mixed light of the moon and a lantern he showed me the grave. "Then last night—no, two . . . no . . . three nights ago we killed a boa-constrictor in the chicken-coop. We all shot at him, and . . . it is a marvel to me no one was killed . . ."

We had been caught in a heavy shower and we were drenched, so those miners—there were about six—who had been able to wake up, hastened to place at our disposal all their spare clothing to give us a change; and to please them not only had we to change once but twenty times, as in their kindly hearts, but somewhat hazy brains, the fixed idea of changing had taken root, and change we must. Then the same about washing one's face and hands, until it nearly led to a row.

The meal they prepared for us would have been ample for a company of soldiers, and whether you wished accessories in your coffee or not, or salt and pepper and mustard and pickles and tomato catchup, you must perforce accept—and a watch was kept that you ate everything, or else entered into a long argument.

More good-hearted devils it would have been difficult to find. But their life was pathetic. Stranded upon these mountains, these men had no resource but drink. It was

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too bad. I heard later that the mine had been abandoned.

When I left alone, with only three native carriers, the next morning—my friends and the escort returning to Sebu—I climbed again the steep hill and proceeded over the ridge forming the backbone of the island. Once upon it one got a magnificent view of the sea to the northwest with Negros Island and its high peaks. The trail I followed went northwest through high and troublesome grass and occasional patches of hemp. On my left a high pinnacle of white rock stood vertically, a landmark for great distances.

When once we had got over the ridge the trail was easy, either in a gentle slope or level, although at a considerable altitude; now among high grass and reeds, now between bananas, *abaca*, ferns, and trees.

Here, unexpectedly, on rounding a corner, I came upon a band of insurgents. Some were armed with Remingtons, but most only had *bolos*. They were resting, and had not seen me come in the high grass. They sprang to their feet, but I went forward and grasped the most respectable-looking fellow by the hand.

"*Buenos dias, señor!*" I quickly put in, in Spanish, which he quite understood. "*Como està? Me alegro verle Vd. en buena salud. Tenga la bondad de sentarse.*" (Good-morning, sir. How are you? Glad to see you in good health. Pray sit down.)

My interlocutor was evidently startled and amused.

"*Muchisimas gracias,*" he replied, feebly, and we both sat down. "But you carry no revolver!" he exclaimed, in surprise; "and you have no soldiers with you!"

"I do not need soldiers or fire-arms," I interrupted, "when I am travelling among such *buena gente* as you. . . . What do you keep in that bag slung upon your shoulder?"

"*Mangoes: le gustan a Vd. los mangoes?*" (Do you like mangoes?)

"Yes, thank you; let me buy them from you."

"You cannot buy them, but you will accept them as a gift."

More polite *ladrones* it would be difficult to imagine. Un-



LINDOR

IGURROTE MEN AND WOMEN BANAVE DISTRICT

POLITE INSURGENTS

fortunately, the result of mutual misunderstandings had driven these fellows to the hills, and once an exciting life of adventure of that kind is undertaken it is not easy to stop it.

They showed me the way to Toledo, gave me more mangoes as a parting gift when I left, and begged me not to give information about their whereabouts to the American troops. Cordially shaking hands with everybody all round, my three carriers and I departed.

On the western side of the water-shed a good deal of cultivation was noticeable, mostly tobacco and hemp, and at Bai a few huts were built on the hill-side. The country was undulating, and to the southwest white limestone rock was visible among the vegetation. On the trail many volcanic rocks were to be observed. Towards noon, walking at a brisk pace, we had got down to the flat where we travelled between plenty of *abaca* plantations and fields of Indian-corn, the trail going due north in a valley between low hills. Some miles inland from Toledo, petroleum of a very dark, bituminous quality was found. Attempts have been made to work this well.

A suburb of great length lay along the trail, now excellent; and, as it was Sunday, women dressed up in all their finery paraded about, and little stalls were erected by the way-side on which *buyo*, tobacco, fruit, and *tuba* were sold. More groups of "insurgents," with their wide-awake hats, were met with on the road, who, after observing in surprise the unwarlike appearance of myself and my carriers, saluted most respectfully. (I heard that some days later over 100 of these fellows were captured by American soldiers from Sebu.)

At two o'clock I reached the west coast of Sebu Island at Toledo town, an industrial place whose inhabitants grow tobacco, some hemp, and quantities of *magai*—a fibrous plant, whiter than hemp and of extremely fine texture, but not very long, five feet being considered a good length.

Now, if there is one thing that makes Americans angry in the Philippines it is that they can never get the natives to obey quickly, especially in the way of supplying any kind

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of transport, endless delays always occurring; but, personally, in nine months and a half continuous travelling in these islands I never experienced the slightest difficulty in that way—possibly because I knew the right way to ask for what I wanted. On arriving at Toledo I requested the Presidente to procure me a boat at once with two men, as I intended crossing over to the island of Negros. Although it was Sunday, the sea rough, and the crossing troublesome, both boat and men were made ready in one hour.

Before leaving Sebu, one word upon that island, which is geographically one of the most favorably placed for commercial purposes, as it is situated practically in the centre of the archipelago, so that the products of other islands must flow to Sebu for shipment. The commerce is looking up a little in some ways, such as in *abaca*, *copra*, and leather; decreasing in others, such as coffee, sugar, and *balete*. The principal imports, which greatly exceed the exports, are aerated waters, beer, rice, petroleum, and linen. The larger trade is principally in the hands of English firms, the lesser in those of Chinese and Filipinos.

Unfortunately, no important public works have been undertaken since the American occupation, and everything is falling to wreck and ruin. The roads are mostly in a lamentable condition, and only two good trails exist across the island—one to Dumanjug, the other to Barili. The east coast is less cultivated than the west, and when a wheel road has been made upon the trail on which I have taken my reader, I think it will greatly improve and help further to open up the agricultural resources of western Sebu. There were formerly fourteen steam-mills and three hydraulic ones for sugar, but many of these have since ceased work. Maize is grown mostly for local use, and the tobacco trade is practically monopolized by the *Compañia General de Tabacos*.

Agricultural, industrial, and trade schools, as well as model farms, are sadly needed. Home industries, such as hemp cloths, *pina* and cotton textiles, *bejuco* and bamboo furniture, *buri* and *ticog* mats, hats and cutlery are now carried on by the natives.

IN A CHOLERA HOSPITAL

The sea was dashing on board all the time when I pulled out of Toledo, and when we put up a sail the crew of two had to sit perched upon the outrigger to windward in order to prevent our craft turning turtle. There they were, these fellows, well up above the level of my head, whereas, in normal conditions, that outrigger should have been resting on the water.

We were making, as best we could, for Valle Hermoso, on Negros Island, where I understood a trail existed across that island. When sunset came we had not made as much progress as I expected in the right direction, although we had travelled a great deal and at an astonishing speed, tacking about; and when, late in the evening, we were in mid-channel where the currents were strong, we had some little trouble to get on. There was a moon, and Negros with its high and rugged volcano loomed to the west before us.

The distance in a straight line between Toledo and Valle Hermoso is twenty miles, but we travelled steadily from 3 p.m. till 12, shipping a good deal of water all the way. On seeing a light on the coast we made for it, believing it to be our destination; but much to my surprise, when we beached the boat and I landed near a house, I saw against the light of the large window some men armed with rifles. They called out to me in Spanish to halt and say what I wanted. They had barricaded their doors when they saw us land, and they were evidently mistaking me for a runaway insurgent from disturbed Sebu Island! Of course, on perceiving their mistake—which it took them some time to do (they were Spaniards and *mestizos*)—they unbolted the barricaded doors and asked me in. The town, they informed me, was two miles farther south; so bidding them good-night, I got on board again and continued my journey.

Towards 1.30 A.M. I had reached my destination, and, not wishing to disturb the Presidente at such a late hour, I had my baggage conveyed to the tribunal, where, by the moonlight which streamed through a window, I prepared myself a bed upon a table. I thought the place rather smelly, and during the night I was awakened by moans and groans in a distant corner of the spacious room. I paid no heed to

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mutual misunderstandings. Robberies and assaults were frequent, as well as cattle-lifting. Cholera, which was raging and had killed 11,574 people in four months, more than half of those who had been affected, was infamously put down as usual to the wish of the Americans to destroy the Filipino race.

The postal service and telegraph seemed somewhat deficient, but the work on roads and bridges, I was glad to see, was progressing, although very slowly—a good *carretera* (road for wheel traffic) existing from Bacolod to Silay, the first an important coast-point. Practically all the export trade of the province finds its way to Bacolod, as it is in almost daily communication by launch with the town of Ilo-Ilo.

Having rested two or three hours while fresh carriers were obtained for me, I started off again on foot on a splendid, wide road, first to northwest between sugar-cane plantations, then upon green, grassy hills, between black, volcanic boulders, shot up evidently during eruptions from the neighboring volcano. Beyond the village of Tepolo, some five miles from La Castellana, the country which had been undulating became absolutely flat. Three sugar-mills were to be seen by the road-side. At Candiguit, a village of unscrupulous thieves, including the police, an unbridged river had to be crossed. The road was beautiful all along—very wide, with *bonga* palms on either side. The government farm of La Carlota, under very energetic management, the best kept farm in the Philippine Islands, was a short distance northeast of the latter village, and should be a splendid example to the native agriculturist.

On Negros, as well as in many other islands, the private farmer is not always a proprietor, but more frequently a lessee or a partner, in the case of fully equipped farms, which were formerly let for about one-third of the gross receipts, and now since the fall in the prices of sugar, for only one-fifth. This has many disadvantages, principally that the land is not taken proper care of nor its resources fully developed. When let out for fixed sums the lease is calculated on a ten per cent. value of a fully equipped estate. In other cases the half-profit system, as in Italy and Spain,

VALLADOLID

has been adopted, the proprietor providing all except the labor, the products being divided equally during the year. For the cultivation of hemp this mode is generally employed, but for sugar-cane the labor is usually obtained by contract, the price being fixed by the *picul* obtained.

Wages are seldom entirely paid in cash on Negros Island; food-stuff, such as *palay* and fish, being accepted in payment for work done, twenty-five cents a week and board being the average wages, except during the harvest-time, when wages go up even to thirty and forty cents, Mexican, a day.

I had so far been travelling northwest, but from La Carlota the road turned due west and went direct towards San Enrique upon the coast, a very large and nicely kept town with a very handsome stone church and houses. There was a market going on when I passed at 8 P.M., and smoky oil-lights innumerable shone upon baskets of fruit and fish and highly colored fabrics of cotton, yellow and sallow complexioned, tapered-fingered Filipino girls doing most of the trading, while men stood about apparently resting from the day's fatigue. As I still had some five miles to go before reaching Valladolid I invested all my spare change in mangoes, which I much enjoyed as I strolled along upon the excellent road. Notwithstanding what doctors say, I have ever believed that fresh fruit—not tinned stuff—is necessary to keep one healthy in a tropical climate, and none is surely more wholesome than the mango.

At 9.30 I had reached the big town of Valladolid (population 10,000), whose inhabitants devote their time to cultivating rice and some sugar-cane. Eight sugar-mills exist in the neighborhood. Here are to be found a fine stone-domed church in the shape of a cross, a spacious *cuartel*, and a street of Chinamen's shops—and the natives boast that no matter what you wish to buy, it can be got in Valladolid. Well, that is only a boast—very much of a boast; but Valladolid is, for a Filipino town, quite progressive and industrious, and the Presidente, Estevan Meno, a very intelligent, obliging, and enterprising man.

The natives, when not busy on land, take to their boats

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

and go to sea to fish, or go farther afield to trade. They are born traders, and, like all workers, they are of a quiet disposition, civil and amenable to reason.

I had walked twenty-five miles that afternoon since lunch, and hearing that a Spanish launch was to leave Pulupandan (five miles farther north along the coast) for Ilo-Ilo, I continued my journey along the fine road upon the sea-shore, among cocoa-nut groves. With the moon shining on the sea, and Inampulagan and Nadulang and Natunga islands just off the coast, with Guimaras beyond, stretching in pale blue from west-southwest to north, and a continuous string of houses all along the road, I eventually reached Pulupandan, having walked seventy-five miles across Negros in thirty-six hours, including halts (some six hours altogether), to obtain fresh carriers for my baggage. In a tropical climate, where ten to fifteen miles in twenty-four hours is considered fast travelling on foot, with baggage, this was a fair record.

Pulupandan was a collection of native eating-shops, with a market square, a few cocoa-nuts along the beach, and dozens of large outriggered boats. I arrived in plenty of time to catch the Spanish launch *Moleno*, a filthy craft laden with pigs and goats, which shared the decks with passengers. In the first saloon, which was the ship's bridge, the company was slightly more refined. Two or three pensive Chinamen, with long, pallid hands, disported fancy straw hats and puffed away at cigarettes, dreaming, no doubt, of future commercial successes and the troubles of a high protective tariff; next on the same wooden bench sat some Filipino girls with supercilious eyes and mouths, the upper lip so prominent and raised as to project beyond the nose, and displaying a row of big, long, clean, and useful, but not ornamental, teeth, while sham jewelry in profusion adorned their ears, fingers, wrists, and necks. Even their names, in abbreviated form, were made public on metal wire brooches which held together the *pina* neckerchief. Streaks of moistened powder, washed down by the perspiration, were flowing down the face, neck, and shoulders, which had originally been besmeared in an even coating of ghastly white; but

GUIMARAS

their hands were, indeed, most charmingly pretty and graceful.

The channel between Guimaras and Negros is only seven miles at its narrowest point. The northern end of Guimaras is very picturesque, split up into a great many little, rocky islets much eroded by the waves, so that they resemble mushrooms, and they possess some grottos of great length. Hidden here and there, huts of fishermen and fish *carals* can be seen all along the waters of the coast. The entire coast is very precipitous.

In the interior of this island, upon the hills, over 200 feet above the sea-level, near some good springs of water, the Americans have established a fine military station, Jossman Camp, which ought to be very healthy. By blasting rocks and employing prisoners and native labor a good road has been constructed.

Ilo-Ilo is only a couple of miles across the strait from Guimaras, and twenty-five miles by sea from Pulupandan, on Negros, whence I had come on that journey.

CHAPTER XLVIII

A RIDE ACROSS PANAY ISLAND—*JUSI* AND *PINA*—REMARK- ABLE INTERIOR TOWNS

ILO-ILO town itself, the second in importance in the Philippines, is too well known for me to describe it over again here. It was partly destroyed by fire, but many nice buildings still exist, a good church, and, last but not least, the best store in the archipelago—an English concern, Hoskyns & Co. There are banks, also English, and clubs, and a number of business houses, this place formerly carrying on an important inter-island trade as well as trade with foreign ports. Although the current is strong either way, according to the tide, there is a fair anchorage in the channel, and also up the narrow river for steamers not more than fifteen-feet draught. A picturesque Spanish fort stands at the mouth of the river.

The town is of the Spanish type, and the suburbs of the usual *nipa* houses, on piles five to seven feet high, of the familiar Filipino pattern, but with extra balconies and verandas.

One is struck here principally by the rudeness of the natives; by the enormous cigars, eight or nine inches long and two inches in diameter, smoked by women and even young girls; by the number of lanterns which, by order, hang one outside each house along every street; and by the two-wheeled carts which are hooded and drawn by a *carabao*. Nearly every man (native) one sees in the streets nurses his fighting-cock upon his arm, while a great many impudent Chinese seem to boss the minor trade of the place.

The suburbs are slightly more picturesque than Ilo-Ilo itself; Jaro, with its curious three-tiered tower standing by itself, its fine cathedral and immense episcopal palace and

JUSI AND PINA

seminary standing, well preserved, on one side of the dilapidated plaza. Handsome residences of masonry and wood are to be seen both here and in the other suburb of Molo, where the stone church, they say, is one of the handsomest in the Visayan group of islands; at Mandurriao and Oton, also, beautiful churches are to be found. The nicer buildings possess shell windows.

Perhaps Ilo-Ilo is better known to American ladies as the place where *jusi* and *pina* come from. There are cotton and silk *jusi*. Silk *jusi* is not unlike an imperfectly made *mousseline de soie* or *chiffon fin* or grenadine, but somewhat harder under the touch, sometimes having a slightly wiry feeling. It is generally made in rolls of twenty-four *varas* (one *vara* equals thirty-three inches) which constitute a dress - length of the ordinary width of twenty inches. If wider it becomes disproportionately expensive. The plain white or plain black *jusi* is considered better and costs more (from sixteen to twenty-four pesos) than striped or fancy *jusi*, which is sold to Americans at fourteen or fifteen pesos for a similar roll.

The *jusi* thread is imported from China and is woven in three kinds—either pure, with silk, or with cotton. It is generally woven of bright yellow, light pink, or a crude blue or green, striped or in squares, and is coated with rice-starch to stiffen it.

Pina is a similar gauze fabric, but of a different fibre, and when quite pure is said to last well; but, personally, I could see no great beauty in either of these materials, striped in aniline-dyed silk of such crudeness that it set one's teeth on edge to look at them; but Americans readily pay four times the worth and more for these much overrated stuffs. I grant, nevertheless, that they are the best of locally made materials, but not to be compared with similar fabrics from China or Japan.

The looms used are worked by women, by means of three bamboo pedals which raise and lower the two frames alternately, displacing the two sets of threads, and leaving a space for the shuttle to pass through, the third pedal raising two parallel sticks inserted between the sets of threads.

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The shuttles were most ingeniously made and ran on sixteen little rollers. While the double set of threads, according to the design wanted, was kept in tension around an octagonal grooved bar, a suspended bamboo grating or comb swung backward and forward to beat the cross-threads home.

Large spindles were used for winding the silk and *jusi* threads upon bamboo reels, and, in order to arrange the sets of threads according to the required design needed, a long sort of spindle is made on which the threads are carefully arranged and counted in sets.

When I passed through Panay Island, on which Ilo-Ilo is situated, the economic conditions of the various provinces were dejected—indeed, quite critical. Rinderpest, malaria, and drought prevailed, most of the land was unplanted, and the crops insufficient. The action of the government in providing foreign rice at a reasonable price was, I think, appreciated.

The fusion of the many municipalities which now exist would be of great help. The island is, taking things all round, fairly quiet, especially in the coast towns, but the interior towns are to my mind unreliable, or, anyhow, doubtful. Outlaws keep the unarmed inhabitants of *barrios* fearful and unsettled, and unscrupulous merchants take advantage of the misery of the people to irritate the masses. What little cattle remains is apt to be stolen, but the constabulary show great energy in running down outlaws.

Constant applications for fire-arms are made by *barrios* and interior towns to defend themselves against marauding bands, but great caution should be exercised, as these guns may one day be turned against Americans. Some of the *Presidentes* I met in the interior of this island left a very poor impression upon me. To provide an efficient force of constabulary would, I think, be a safer plan than arming the municipal police.

Martin Delgado, a former insurgent general and now Governor of the province, is greatly in favor, and rightly, of the establishment of schools of arts and trades and agriculture, as he was telling me that in those lines only are the Filipinos showing any aptitude worth cultivating.



IGORROTE HOUSES, BANAUE DISTRICT

NEW INDEPENDENT CHURCH

Cholera had caused great ravages when I visited Panay, and had killed some 19,813 people, the American Dr. Winslow distinguishing himself greatly in fighting the evil. In connection with this there were curious cases of real well-poisoning by a certain friar and a Spaniard who had done this to cause ill-feeling against the Americans.

Panay is, I think, taken as a whole, the most civilized island in the Philippines, no savage tribes being found on it except a few miserable Ati or negritos scattered mostly upon the river-banks of the Antique province. They are short, deformed, weak chested, with bony legs and arms, coarse, notchy hands, the joints of which are enlarged, and big heads of frizzy hair. They occasionally descend from their haunts in the mountains and beg in the towns for food. Their skin is quite rough and black, with a brownish tinge in it. The Buquidnons or Mundos also form a separate, semi-savage population located in inaccessible mountain regions, and having no political relations with the Christian inhabitants. They are chiefly found on Mount de Verdin. There are some 300 Mundos and about 200 Ati all told.

It is probably owing to the hatred which the natives have for the friars that on the island of Panay the new Independent Filipino Church has made more headway than anywhere else.

As I had been in Ilo-Ilo several times before, I only remained two days on this occasion, in order to prepare for a trip across the island, some ninety-six miles—from south to north. In the pleasant company of Captain Hartmann, of the signal corps, and an escort of cavalry, we set out on June 12th, I on a splendid horse which had belonged to General Baldwin, but which had become insane through sunstroke. He had jumped off a high bridge into the river with an orderly on his back only a day or two before, and when he was brought to me that morning he threw the soldier who rode him and bolted. He was captured and brought up white with perspiration. When I got on he did his best to throw me, and backed into a house and then bolted out, evidently with the intention of "scraping me off" under the low doorway. Well, he did not succeed, and

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as I had ridden mad horses before, I proceeded to render him sane, which I did in less than no time.

I learned later that the soldiers had prepared this joke in order to have a good laugh at an Englishman falling off his saddle—you see Americans believe that no Englishman can ride. It was too bad that I had to disappoint them!

There is a most excellent Spanish road nearly the whole way across the island, except that almost all the bridges have fallen in. The first day's journey was mostly across a flat plain highly cultivated as rice-fields, in which men with huge circular hats, and using bamboo and wood ploughs drawn by *carabaos*, were at work. Here and there were rough, bamboo platforms on which natives threshed grain by trampling upon it.

We passed Pavia, with its mutilated church and buildings, and saw cocoa-nuts until quite far inland. To the northeast were a good many trees and a few houses. Then came Santa Barbara, a large village with a pretty square and a discordant drinking-saloon; from this settlement the road, which had been quite straight, became more tortuous, had higher vegetation and less cultivation on each side, and passed over slightly undulating country. There were fair cantilever bridges over the larger streams. The houses got scarce and far apart, and we met only a naked child here and there upon the road, while now and again a scared female, young, or old and shrivelled up, peeped in astonishment through partly lifted shutters (which when open altogether were kept up by a bamboo lever) as the cavalcade went by. Occasional groups of natives baking shells—regular heaps of them—were encountered by the road-side; and after an otherwise unexciting journey Lucena was entered, a big place.

As far as Santa Barbara we had come north, but now we were going northeast on a flat stretch of country between a mountain-range to the northwest and a hill-range to north-northeast. There was nothing new about the houses of these people except the hand rice-mills—a plaited bamboo section of a cone with a quadrangular aperture at the bottom, revolving on a bamboo surface of rods radiating from

ACROSS PANAY

the centre, the interstices filled with mud. A large basket below this collects the cleansed rice as it falls through.

We eventually got to Pototan, a very large town with several masonry buildings and a nice church with corrugated iron roof. In the plaza were neat market-sheds, wherein sat women in bright-colored dresses with their goods. A number of "fire" trees with their iridescent color enlivened the pretty scene. This town is protected by a stockade with spiked bamboo gates, as a protection against bands of *ladrones*.

After passing a curious coral hillock we arrived at Dingle at 7 P.M. on June 12th, where we spent the night. Here, too, a most wonderful church existed, and large stone buildings on the east side of the plaza; whereas the *cuartel* with the prison occupied the west side. In the prison was a bamboo cage in which an old fellow was kept. Much to his joy he was let out to help the soldiers make up a fire, and went about free until his work was finished, and then duly returned of his own accord to be locked up. This was not quite so amusing as in a place on Mindanao where prisoners actually went and spent Sundays with their families and returned to jail on Monday morning.

Beyond Dingle a good deal of limestone was noticeable, and the country was more undulating, with a lot of bamboos and bananas about. Chickens and young pigs played about upon the road, and by-and-by we came to some miniature dwellings. There were occasional stalls of native food along the road, and groups of sulky men and women smoking giant cigars stood near them. These people never saluted or smiled, and evidently looked upon us as intruders.

After crossing the river Ulian we had another stretch of flat country with high grass. For a couple of miles the trail was bad and stony, over hilly ground, but after that the road was again good, although not quite so wide as before reaching Dingle.

At Duenas, in the very centre of the island, I was astounded to find a beautiful stone church with an iron dome and two high towers, and a fine *cuartel*; but all the other houses,

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although neatly made of plaited bamboo and *cogon* roofs, were very small.

On coming to the Jalaur River, which we had to cross, Passi town looked picturesque, with a huge church and an elevated tower. An immense and most elaborately ornamented convent perched on high posts overlooked the stream. In the water dozens of men, women, and children were gayly bathing—for propriety sake the women plunging neck-deep when we rode across. After leaving Passi, the trail, which ran in a general northeasterly direction, again became less good. It went over several small ridges among *mimosa* trees and other kindred sensitive plants; then through a thick growth of bamboos, passing, after the first portion, between two hill-ranges, one grassy to the west, the other wooded, to the east, until we arrived at the small *barrio* of Atambo.

The trail was tortuous and occasionally through thick brush. The native rest-houses were packed with itinerants, male and female, watching the row of blackened pots, in which delicacies to eat were boiling upon the fire. When walking, women carried their young astride on the shoulder or else generally on the right hip.

After some undulations we came to well-cultivated country, suggesting the approach of a town. Each time we asked the distance of a native the farther we were told our objective was. We had endless trouble to get our horses and baggage-mules across a deep creek with a lot of entangled vegetation, the bridge having collapsed; but some two miles farther, in a well-cultivated plain, where we found a regular string of men, women, and children travelling on the trail, we arrived at Dumarao, the end of our second day's journey, thirty-one or thirty-two miles from Dingle.

At Dumarao, too, there remain the ruins of a huge church, the façade and tower still in good preservation, but the rest destroyed. Under the large convent, with spacious halls and rooms, were subterranean passages and mysterious trap-doors communicating with several rooms. In the tower were five handsome bronze bells. The new, wooden church had just been destroyed by a typhoon which had

THE MAMBUSAO RIVER

lately swept over this region, and of the severity of which we had had ample evidence upon the trail. Trees of great size had been blown down and houses had collapsed. The natives unconcernedly lived in their telescoped abodes, the roof which formerly stood upon high posts now resting upon the ground amid débris of smashed bamboo walls and furniture. They had cut a door and window in the thatch of the roof. Dumarao is a famous place for *buri* hats, the best of which sell from fifteen to twenty pesos (seven and a half to ten dollars gold) each, the inferior quality from three to four pesos. Fine mats are also manufactured here.

By six o'clock the next day we were again on the trail on the left bank of the river, and, still going north, we crossed two spacious valleys separated by a low hill-range. After crossing the stream we were again on a good road, but now with roofs and walls and broken furniture scattered upon it by the typhoon. Various little villages had avenues of the deliciously scented betel-nut palms; behind us to the southwest we left the high hills, one of which had a white patch of limestone resembling snow. East-northeast in the distance loomed in pale blue two high peaks, Mount Sibala, 1959 feet, and two more sharp peaks, 2815 feet, to the east.

In the large, well-cultivated plain before reaching Pantero nearly every house had been destroyed by the wind. At Dao, a big town almost swept away altogether by the typhoon, were more remains of former splendor: a fine stone church of great size, school-houses for boys and girls, the tribunal, and other buildings, of most of which the lower portion only remained standing.

We crossed the broad and deep river Mambusao, which joins the Panay River at this point, and after that we travelled east across extensive and fertile, well-cultivated valleys, slightly undulating on the northeast portion, and having groves of betel-nut palm. To the north we now had two very pointed, conical peaks.

The road was excellent, but the bridges were in a most unsafe condition, one or two Spanish masonry bridges excepted, and we passed through fairly well-cultivated land,

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picking our way among tumble-down huts and uprooted trees, till we reached Pamitan, another large place, with a fine, walled graveyard, such as you might find in any good-sized Spanish city. Here, too, only the more solid houses had stood the storm, but most of the city was wrecked. Even the roof of the fine, white-plastered church had been blown away.

Although all these churches were very impressive outwardly, the inside was generally tawdry and fell below one's expectations. Of course, war and insurrections are always very disastrous to buildings of this sort, but I rather doubt whether these were ever very beautiful. Still, one cannot help being struck by the splendid way in which the Spaniards did everything, down to the most minute details, in public works. There was no shabbiness about them. Everything was made in a practical way, and made to last—a great contrast to the American way, which builds everything flimsily and temporarily. Where Americans put up bridges of wood, which tumble down with the first rain, and cut down roads without metalling them, so that they are soon overgrown with vegetation and impassable with mud, the Spaniards built solid bridges of masonry, iron, or of strong, well-tarred wood on cantilever principles. Most of even the smaller bridges were walled at the sides, generally with ornamental seats for travellers to rest upon. Their school-houses—one for boys and one for girls—their *cuartels*, their tribunals, were usually of stone and wood, instead of the hurriedly run up *nipa* buildings now constructed, which last but little time.

Panitan lies on the west bank of the Panay River. The road along the river, although circuitous at first, took us now due north, then northwest, and there was a curious basin like a half-crater upon a mountain on our left. Then again we turned north towards Loctugan, a place formerly of some importance, with a red brick church and remains of public offices. Rice-fields and beautiful green groves of betel-nut palms, bananas and *nipa* swamps, cultivation everywhere round, and *carabaos* basking in mud-pools; women in pink or brightly colored skirts, men in black



CHIEF OF BANAUE HEAD-HUNTERS

CAPIZ

bowler hats; villages following in quick succession—these things were evident signs of the neighborhood of a big city. The road was getting excellent, and at 4.30 P.M. on June 14th we had arrived at Capiz, having ridden ninety-six miles from Ilo-Ilo with only two stoppages between. It may be further noticed that the entire journey across Sebu, Negros, and Panay occupied seven days actual travelling, the distance covered being over 270 miles, of which only twenty-five miles were by steam. Capiz was indeed a large and handsome town, handsomer than Ilo-Ilo in its present condition, the buildings (although now rather blown about by the storm) being in better preservation. When we crossed the very shaky bridge, we had before us a really beautiful stone church, and stone school-buildings, constabulary quarters, etc., while down the main street, wide and neatly kept, were residential houses of great size. The river described an arc of a circle in the town, and had upon its front barracks for the scouts, hospital, and government offices.

The market-place behind the church was quite picturesque; there was a street of little shops with open fronts and *nipa* screens for protection against the sun, and farther on the market-square with innumerable sheds, where squatting women sold fruit and vegetables, cakes, cotton, buttons, needles, and other such articles of commerce. Many of the women wrapped round the head a stiff kerchief of *pina*, forming a high, pointed head-gear not unlike the attire familiar in Holbein's pictures. Other women wore enormous, round hats, such as the coolies wear in China, and these hats were made of fresh leaves in a cane frame. When new the leaves are of different colors and quite pretty.

For a change, let us go inside the church. We find a tiled floor, a glazed, white-tiled border along the lower portion of the plastered walls, high, flat columns of wood painted to resemble granite, a gallery all along, and a marble font. As we neared the elaborate altars, one in front, one in each of the two wings, we saw the usual stucco images adorning niches; but even I could not help receiving a moral

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shock when my eyes rested (*pour façon de parler*) upon a large image of our Saviour, evidently meant of Visayan nationality—at least judging by its features and the color of the skin. This was, it must be supposed, a well-devised trick of the local *padres*—Visayans, and bright, jolly jokers at that—to attract the faithful.

The people of Capiz, mainly owing to the excellent influence upon them of an American scout officer, Lieutenant Weusthoff, were most civil and respectful, but not so the many Chinese traders, who were insultingly impudent. Beggars, who here were innumerable, went about in regular swarms, like bees—lame, blind, crippled, hump-backed, or deaf and dumb. Men and women, covered with sores of all kinds, formed an ugly procession along the streets, with a buzzing noise of prayers or anguish or something, in order to move well-off folks to compassion. They were only allowed to go about on certain days.

Capiz is certainly an attractive town, and were it not for the low bar, the channel of which changes constantly, good-sized steamers could come up the river to the town. The low, swampy land along the stream and around the city is used extensively for growing *nipa*. On the beach, where the new cable-landing is, among groves of cocoa-nuts, are four graves of Americans.

I arrived here just at a moment when this post was to be abandoned by the military, the company of scouts under Lieutenant Weusthoff making preparations to embark. This company was one of the best, if not the best, drilled I saw in the Philippines. It was an excellent example of what can be done with Filipinos as soldiers if proper methods are adopted. The scene of the departure of the company from Capiz, where they had been a long time and done splendid service, was most touching—the men and their painstaking commanding officer, Lieutenant Weusthoff, being much loved by the entire population.

By the transport *Butuan*, along the north and east coast of Panay, I returned to Ilo-Ilo. Concepcion—in a bay protected by little islands—and lots of little villages were visible along the coast. Banate, as far as we could see, seemed

THE SEVEN SINS

one of the largest towns in eastern Panay, and after entering the channel between Guimaras and Panay we came to the Seven Sins, a group of dangerous rocks in the centre of the passage, the largest, however, being provided with a good light-house.

CHAPTER XLIX

SAMAR — AMERICAN MILITARY POSTS — PICTURESQUE SAN JUANICO STRAIT—LEYTE—THE SURIGAO INSURGENTS

AFTER having had just enough time to breathe, have washing done, and enjoy the delightful company of the American and English residents of Ilo-Ilo, I again set out on the transport *Ibidan*, Captain Winch, a witty Welshman, bound for Samar, Leyte, and Surigao. Colonel A. H. MacCauley very kindly made special arrangements for my comfort on that particular journey.

We went direct to Calbayok, passing to the north of Maripipi Island, 2992 feet—a picturesque mountain rising from the sea. To the north we had Talajit, an island of most irregular and indented coast, with a pointed peak 1791 feet high. To the east of Talajit lay the low islet of Tomaso, and soon after we passed between Kamandak Island to our north and Limbankanayan Island—the latter an island as large as Maripipi and 1519 feet high. It showed a sugar-loaf peak standing by itself on the south. This island, with many houses upon it, seemed fairly well cultivated, whereas Kamandak was thickly wooded, with hardly any cultivation, and with a precipitous coast. A little village existed on the south side of the island.

The channel between these two islands was some two miles wide, and on going through it we obtained a good view of wild Samar, fourteen miles off to the east of us. Mount Samoong, 1745 feet, in northwest Samar, was the only high point which at first attracted our eye. Near it were other peaks of lesser importance.

My principal object in visiting Samar and Leyte was to see the new American military camps, otherwise there was nothing of special interest in either of those islands, which,

SAMAR

in a way, were quite civilized. Calbayok town had a handsome church, with holy-water fonts made of enamelled iron frying-saucepans upon pedestals of masonry; and many other buildings which displayed former grandeur but present squalor.

The military camp, some little distance from the town, was begun in April, 1903, and much work had already been done by the 14th Infantry—a regiment very dear to me, for I had seen them in active service, when they greatly distinguished themselves during the Chinese War of 1900. The camp seemed pleasantly situated among groves of coconuts along the sea-shore; but possibly, as it was only twelve inches above the sea-level, there may be a prospect of its being washed away by tidal-waves, which, during the southwest monsoon, are extremely frequent on this coast, and rise as much as eight feet. Otherwise the large barracks for men, and the neat sets of officers' quarters, the hospital, commissary, and quartermaster's storehouses, the ice-plant, and men's clubs, all built of American timber, seemed very comfortable, although they gave the impression of being intended for a temporary camp rather than a permanent one. Most of the buildings were covered with roofs of ruberoid—a patent stuff, over whose merits for tropical use much discussion occurs.

A road had been cut through the camp and was being metalled with coral stone, and only the water question seemed to give a little trouble, the water being obtained merely from surface wells. A deep well had been dug east of the post, but with no appreciable results, when I visited the place, June 27th. Considering the amount of work which had been done, the expenditure was comparatively small, the entire work having practically been done by white labor under the supervision of Colonel Jocelyn.

It was a real pleasure to meet here again some of my old friends of the march to Peking, and to shake hands once more with that plucky American who was first to climb upon the wall of Peking on the day of the attack, Captain H. G. Leonard; but all good things must come to an end, and I had to depart.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Catbalogan, also on the west coast of Samar, where the 39th Filipino Scouts, under Lieutenant Speth, were stationed, was a biggish town, with a handsome church, a large fort (turned into the provincial jail), the wall of which had in great part been demolished. The town extended mostly to the east of the fort, in two long, parallel streets intersected by cross thoroughfares, with a great many nice buildings. To the west a bridge connected the town with a small hill on which were the remains of an old Spanish block-house—a position occupied later by the insurgents, who placed a piece of ordnance here.

Although the bay seemed well screened on all sides, except the west, by islands, the inhabitants say that very heavy seas—regular tidal-waves—run up the coast during the southwest monsoon, and often reach up to the level of the street, eight to ten feet above the normal high-water mark.

Catbalogan is the capital of Samar, an island which possesses a terrible reputation, mostly because it is not generally well known. Samar has a very healthy and fine climate, and the natives themselves are tame enough and even polite. Unfortunately for them, all the remnants of *ladrones* and insurgent bands from neighboring provinces landed upon their island, and, owing to the thick forests in the centre of the island, gave the natives and the American soldiers a great deal of worry. A few bands of outlaws are still at large in the forests of Samar, but they possess no fire-arms and devote their time to pillage and petty robbery, attacking undefended *barrios*. All arms have been confiscated in the island since the treacherous attacks on the Americans, and even the police of many *barrios* were, at the time of my visit, armed with wooden spears and sharpened sticks. Only a few possessed fire-arms.

No means of communication exist between *barrios* and cities. There are no cart-roads, and only a few bad trails. In Spanish days I believe there were roads along the north and east coasts, but now they are abandoned, overgrown with vegetation, and impassable, the bridges destroyed or tumbled down. There are two navigable rivers in Samar, the Gandara River and the Galbiga. No regular postal

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SAMAR

service existed, and the communication along the coast by sea was imperfect, hence the comparative ease with which the *ladrones* had carried on their work.

Agriculture was dead, although the island might be extremely rich, and has produced hemp and cocoa-nuts in great quantity. Rice, tobacco, potatoes, and corn could be raised profitably. The few natives who have remained in Samar are well off, owing to the high price obtained for hemp, and the Americans find it almost impossible to get native labor even at exorbitant wages. A capable man earns a good deal by working and preparing hemp. He can generally prepare two *arrobas* (fifty pounds) a day, the price of one *arropa* (four dollars, Mexican), on the half-profit system, being his day's earnings. So all the pueblos, except Guiuan, grow hemp, of which a considerable export exists. Living, which was formerly very cheap, is now extremely dear in Samar, meat, chickens, and rice fetching ridiculous prices.

The industries of Samar are not many. They consist of mats, hats, baskets, *ticug*, a finer material than *buri*, and hemp goods—these last made chiefly at Tubig and Sulat. *Vino* is distilled from *nipa*. The commerce is entirely in the hands of foreigners, such as the Compañia General de Tabacos de Filipinas, who practically control all the west and east coast; Smith, Bell & Co., Warner Barnes, the American Commercial, and Oria Brothers, having representatives at different spots along the coast. Although some large Chinese firms are also represented there are but few Chinese residents, owing to the hatred of the natives towards them.

The forests produce excellent timber, and were one or more roads cut across the island from the west to the east coast, this island, I think, would be greatly benefited and would develop quickly. The province is only now emerging from a bloody war, only thirteen out of forty pueblos remaining undestroyed. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining a license to cut timber, the few natives who have returned to their own land prefer to build themselves humble huts of *nipa* and bamboo, hardly large enough to hold the family.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

The natives themselves, not the imported *ladrones*, are very quiet and peaceful, and they firmly disclaim any kindred with the murderous *polajan* and *dios-dios*. In fact, the Governor of Samar reports that great respect is shown for the American authorities, and that help in stamping out outlaws is given to the government. Possibly Major Glenn's salutary example may also in a great measure account for the present good behavior of the people. It is, nevertheless, a pity that nine out of ten of the natives of Samar are suspected by the Americans of having been traitors in the lamentable Balangiga murders. There is nothing more likely to make people bad, even when they are not, than suspicion and fear.

On leaving Catbalogan, we went in a direct line south 8° west for ten and three-quarter miles until quite clear of hilly Daram Island. For ships of light draught it is possible to go south through the inner route between Buad and Daram islands, but the sea is shallow and has great reefs, frequently with a depth of only three and a half fathoms, and the course somewhat dangerous.

Turning southeast on our outer and clear course we leave Biliran westward with high peaks, 3550 feet, 4472 feet, 4285 feet. The first and most northern is a handsome, pointed peak, the central is a volcanic mountain of majestic lines and forms a central basin like half a crater, with precipitous rocky walls and extremely rugged upper edge. Southeast of this mountain, where the coast-line forms a bay, a sharply pointed conical peak rises to 3511 feet, but most prominent of all and most beautiful is the southern peak, 4285 feet, sloping in a most beautiful curve into the sea at Panikan Point.

We now came to Kangan Bay, formed by the north coast of Leyte Island, flat towards the northwest portion, but rising gradually in a series of small humps, where the narrow channel separates Leyte from Biliran Island. Our course was close to Daram Island.

At the entrance of the Janabatas Channel, where we sharply turned due east, were two peaks, one to our north, one to our south, both 1300 feet high, both thickly wooded.

THE SAN JUANICO STRAIT

Once inside the strait the scenery is quite charming, far prettier than anything I ever saw in the Inland Sea of Japan. Small islands with villages, low lands cultivated here and there, pretty coves with houses and boats sheltered in them. On Cananay we picked up a pilot to go through the wonderful San Juanico Strait between Samar and Leyte—the most famous spot for beauty in the Philippine Archipelago.

On Leyte side stretch out small peninsulas from one to two hundred feet high, and on Samar (north-northeast) is a high peak like a camel-hump, and two more, sugar-loaf shape. In mid-channel, very narrow in the northern part, in some places not more than 350 yards wide, are small islands. On one can be seen two picturesque towers half buried in creepers, and the pillars of a large building, probably former barracks. In front of this, also in mid-channel, a smaller islet covered with cocoa-nuts.

After a flat stretch of some miles on the Leyte side we came to some mountains, 1787 feet. Until this point, after rounding Bacol Island, we had practically come from north to south among numerous islets for nine miles, but from the Tinaugan Point (Samar), where the channel broadens again, we turned in a southeast direction, and emerged in San Pedro Bay. There were strong tidal currents in the strait; at flood the tide sets to the north, and at ebb to the south. Many whirlpools and eddies were noticeable. The channel was nowhere of any great depth, the soundings on the steamer track varying from a minimum of twenty-three feet to a maximum of 115, the average depths, however, being between thirty and sixty feet.

There were few dwellings in the central part of the strait, except a quaint little fishing-village or two perched on the hill-side. The country on both sides became very flat; there were many cocoa-nut groves; the curiously shaped Mount Danglay, 1145 feet, showed on Samar, and a lower conical peak to the south. We observed some wonderful effects of mirage. A high island reflected in the water appeared at north 35° west, which was only Mount Suiro on south Biliran Island, the lower part of the island disappearing entirely by this optical illusion.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

At Tacloban, on Leyte Island, where I stopped, there was nothing of exceptional interest except the construction of the new American military post, nicely situated on fairly high ground and built on sensible, if not permanent lines, under the supervision of Colonel (now General) Sanna. There was some trade in hemp, rice, corn, and sugar. This was the capital of Leyte Island.

The roads, except a dozen miles or so near Tacloban, were in a deplorable condition, and land communication difficult to most distant points of the island. A good road across the island should certainly be made from Abuyoz to Baybai, and other roads and trails which the Spaniards had made should, at the earliest opportunity, be reopened and thoroughly repaired. There was formerly a good trail from Tacloban to Palo, and from Palo to Tanauan, Tolosa, Dulag, Mayorga, and others from Palo to Alang-Alang, Jaro, Barugo, Carigara; Tanauan, Dagami, Burauen, Dulag; Dagami to Tabon-Tabon; Dagami to Pastrana; and Ormoc to Macrohon.

I understood that there were some 400 bridges in Leyte which needed repair, and some, rebuilding altogether.

Leyte has suffered much from its vicinity to Samar, the evil-doers on that island crossing over the San Juanico Strait to Leyte, when convenient, and carrying on successful depredations. The *dios-dios*, on the island of Biliran, were curious fanatics who killed every one who did not think like them. Their leader was supposed to pay nightly visits to Rome to confer with the Virgin Mary! As late as October, 1902, some hundreds of these *dios-dios* came over to Leyte and pillaged and killed until checked by the constabulary force. Even towns as large as Ormoc were attacked by these people.

From Tacloban I followed southward the east coast of Leyte. The mountains on Leyte were high all along and the chain ended at Marapion Point with the lofty and impressive Mount Kabolian, 3130 feet, cultivated well up its slopes. Gibuson and the Two Twins, which stood between us and Dinagat, had no special attraction. Panaon Island, stretching in a southeast direction from the most southeast point

A MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT

of Leyte, bore the same characteristics as her neighbor, and had a rugged mountain-range extending to its full length, rising in the centre of the island to 2313 feet. Its peaks were generally abrupt to the north, and gently sloping to the south.

To the east we had elongated Dinagat Island, with its far-stretching northern peninsula ending in Desolation Point, and a much-broken-up island it seemed to be, very mountainous from north to south; Mount Redondo, 3337 feet; Mount Picudo, 1726 feet—a very pointed but massive peak with precipitous slopes; Mount Cumbra, 2395 feet; two-humped Mount Tristan, 2074 feet; a conical peak, 1060 feet; Mount Caballete, 1791 feet. Unip, Sibanag, Tabucaya, Cabilan, Sibalé, Gipdo, were islands, mostly flat and unimportant, visible from the most northerly point of Mindanao, but Kamiguin volcano, 5338 feet to the southwest was most graceful in line and quite attractive. Our objective was now Surigao, on Mindanao Island, where considerable trouble had arisen lately with insurgent bands.

The Surigao peninsula is very mountainous and lends itself to guerilla warfare, the pretty Lake Mainit in the heart of the mountains being some 500 feet above sea-level. This lake is fed by numerous mountain-streams from the north and the east, while its principal outlet is the Tubai River (south), some fifteen or eighteen miles long, capable of being navigated the whole way in native canoes. The south side of the lake is low and swampy, the east side is partly in valleys from half to one mile wide, and partly of a difficult series of mountains dividing the lake from the east sea-coast. The north coast is also mountainous. The lake is said to be about four and a half miles wide and fourteen miles long, and is subject to a heavy swell in high wind.

There is a mountain-trail from Mainit to the centre of the west shore of the lake (Tagbayu-huan), and from there to Jabonga along the lake-shore, and by-and-by it strikes the river down to the coast. It was on this lake that Adriano Concepcion, the insurgent leader, an illiterate, common miscreant, with some 100 followers, carried on quite a successful little war. He and four others escaped from

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

jail, organized an insurgent band, and seized an opportunity when the constabulary men were at dinner to assault the barracks, seize all the weapons, and kill Captain L. M. Clarke, who behaved heroically. Colonel A. L. Myer with troops arrived soon afterwards, and after a number of engagements recaptured most of the rifles and revolvers, as well as all the leading insurgents, including their chief, who were subsequently sentenced to death or to long terms of imprisonment. Captain Weigel, Captain Battle, and Lieutenants Seaman and Delaplane distinguished themselves greatly in these fights. The native scouts did excellent work.

In Surigao town itself there is little to see, except a fine avenue with gigantic acacias on either side, giving delicious shade, leading to the plaza, where there is a church with tawdry images, some school-buildings, and the tribunal. The town stretches from southeast to northwest.

Saying good-bye for good to Mindanao, I now proceeded to Ormoc, on the east coast of Leyte. We passed between Limasana Island and Point Taancan (Leyte) a channel of great depth, as much as 807 fathoms of water being registered. On the Leyte coast were many villages and extensive groves of cocoa-nuts, even on the hill-sides, quite an unfamiliar sight. The town of Maasin displayed a fine church, with an iron dome, and a great many two-storied houses, while in the valley which opened beyond were great plantations of hemp. To the southwest we had a cluster of islands off the Bohol coast: Lapinin, with conical hills; Timuibo, a semispherical rock; Gans, a low reef; Bulan and Balingui; Bilanbilayan, all with low, conical hills upon them.

The Carmen shoal is marked on charts off Tagurus Point to the west, but its position is not accurately known, and great care is necessary in going through the channel between Leyte and Kamigao islands, the most eastern end of a long and broad coral and sand reef called Danajon Bank, which extends almost uninterruptedly, except a channel half a mile wide, for thirty-eight miles westward, where it then turns to the southwest for seven and a half miles. Its greatest width is four miles. It encircles a number of

ORMOC

low, coral islands, among which—the reader may remember—I passed on my way from Buluan to Sebu.

Makalon (west coast of Leyte) possesses a ruined Spanish fort and a church, and between this town and Gibagnan the hills give way to a beautiful undulating valley partly under cultivation and partly grassy. Ilongos, where a fair anchorage exists during the northeastern monsoon, was formerly a flourishing place, but is now in a half-destroyed condition. Northwest of us from Ilongos were the Camotes Islands and the Quatro Islands—the latter mere reefs; of the former, Pacijan is a flat island in a crescent; Poro is hilly; and Ponson, the smallest, shows several ridges, with two high peaks of considerable height in the centre.

Ormoc, the principal place in the north part of Leyte on the western coast, had been selected by the military for a post named Camp Downs. The 11th Infantry, under Major G. S. Young, were building the post, which occupied some 100 acres and stood eighty feet above the sea, where a nice breeze was always obtainable. It promised to be one of the healthiest posts in the southern Philippines, and a vein of water was struck which gave a daily supply of from seven to ten thousand gallons. The entire buildings had been constructed by American labor except the *nipa* roofing.

Along the beach lower down were numerous miserable huts of the natives, and in the town a large church inside a former fort. The resident Filipino Catholic priests seemed very jovial, and they seem to have behaved very well in sheltering the sick in their convent during the cholera and other epidemics. The post-office and drinking-saloon were combined.

The bay was fine and well protected, but notwithstanding this a tidal-wave caused great damage only a few days before my visit, the wind which accompanied it blowing down every tent in the camp and most buildings in and near the town. Major Young was telling me that his house was blown away and his entire family had to lie under the fallen roof in mud and water until the following day, while most of their belongings were either washed or blown away.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

I left Ormoc on July 2d for the north, among other places visiting Laguan, off the north Samar coast. Laguan is merely an island because the Catubig River has formed two channels, one west, the other east, leading into a lagoon, with a northern opening into the sea. The town of Laguan itself, which was formerly on the Samar coast, was for greater protection removed by the Spaniards to Laguan Island, where it is located on a high bluff of volcanic ashes and lime, superposed on coral rock. The strata are so regular, and with such straight layers between of salt and lime, that at first sight the coast-line has the appearance of a well-made, artificial wall.

The Americans have original ways about them. In selecting camps for their troops one would have thought that first an appropriate supply of water should be found, then a camp built near it. The American first builds a camp at great expense, then proceeds to find the water. Very often he does not find it. Here, too, after boring through volcanic ashes a hole 100 feet deep (twenty feet below sea-level) no water was obtained. Some years ago, they say, during an eruption of Mayon volcano, Laguan was covered with cinders, the sky being black with them for several days.

We find here the usual structures of American wood nailed together—which will of course fall down when the nails become rusted by the damp of the climate—and roofed over with ruberoid. The hospitals are walled up with coarse matting—if ever there was an unsuitable material for hospital walls it is matting, which collects dust and dirt and cannot be kept clean. These things and other such up-to-date arrangements rather astonish the practical man. It is a pity, because with the money spent by the United States most perfect and sensible arrangements ought to be made.

The distance across the shallow channel from Laguan to Samar is one-eighth of a mile. The Catubig River is a large stream, navigable for even fair-sized craft up to Catubig, fifteen miles from Laguan. It runs from south to north.

CHAPTER L

MINDORO, "THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE"—THE MANGUIANES —THE MYTHICAL WHITE TRIBE

WE will next visit mysterious Mindoro Island. I started for that island on August 29th, a very bad time, as the rains were torrential and travel inland impracticable—not that there is much to see in the interior of Mindoro. Calapan, the capital of Mindoro, where I first landed, was a dreary, desolate-looking place, with a fort and a church and a prison. Some of the inmates of the latter building had brutal faces. They seemed well cared for, quite fat, and struck attitudes when I photographed them.

West of Calapan town was a large plain extending from north to south, bounded on the west by Mount Halcon, and other high mountains to west-northwest, forming the northwest point of Mindoro. As we cruised down the northeast coast the scenery was pretty, the country being undulating and with rocky islets, Mount Halcon, said by some to be 9697, by others 8865 feet, and the long chain of mountains to which it belongs looming in the background.

After four hours' steaming we called in at Polak, situated in a nice bay of fair size, that afforded good anchorage during the southwest monsoon. A better although smaller anchorage than Polak was to be found a short distance north of this place. Polak was a humble town, near which hemp of excellent quality, very white, but only eight feet long, was cultivated. One day's journey north of Polak along the coast was a settlement of Manguianes, who in appearance and language were not unlike uncivilized Tagalos. These went about naked, except for a loin-string.

In the northern part of Mindoro, along the coast, the present population consisted mostly of Tagalos, where

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in the southern part we mostly found Visayan settlements. In central Mindoro were Manguianes, as well as a few Negritos.

Lieutenant Cheatham and Dr. Gardner took a journey in the interior from Polak and had great difficulty in progressing, owing to the dense vegetation. It took them twenty-one days to go 120 miles and to arrive at the large Naujan lake, which can be reached with greater ease by canoe from the north.

Two hours' run around Point Dumali brought us to Pinalayan, where the main street was festively decorated with bamboos whose skin had been shaved in curls, a reminiscence evidently of the decorations of shrines we have seen in Mindanao. There is hardly one tribe, whether Christian or pagan, which does not favor this style of decoration. The town was nice and clean. The growing of a good kind of hemp and the cutting of timber were the chief industries of the natives.

There is a trail from this place to Mangarin on the southwest coast of Mindoro. Going farther down the coast we indulged in fishing, the Filipino crew catching some large *tanghingi* fish, over four and a half feet in length, and considered to be the finest eating fish in these waters. It is not unlike a sturgeon in shape, and is beautifully colored in gradations of blue and green, with a very pointed head, the lower jaw projecting far beyond the upper.

The coast-line was getting hilly as we went southward, and thickly wooded, with occasional patches of grassy clearings. The rocky and rugged Point Buyallao and the island of the same name were separated by a narrow but deep channel affording good anchorage in a gale. There was another emergency anchorage farther southwest, protected by the island and reef of Soguicay.

We next had before us the long Pandan peninsula, with Tambaron and Masin isles off its point. We cautiously passed along the narrow and very picturesque channel, with a rocky coast on either side and thick forest down to the water's edge. After a few hundred yards we emerged into the Bay of Bulalacao, with high mountain-ranges to



IGORROTE, SHOWING RAIN-COAT



IGORROTE MOTHER CARRYING BABIES



M. 700



THE MANGUIANES

north and west. The large island of Semarara loomed to the south.

Bulalacao was the most interesting place to me on Mindoro, as I was able here to examine some Manguianes, who lived in settlements close by. This tribe was chiefly distinguishable by the flatness of the nose—which was almost on the same plane as the cheeks—but the nostrils were widely expanded. The eyes were almond-shaped, slightly slanting up at the outer corners, and possessed a perfectly well-defined, deep-brown iris, with no discoloration whatever. They had straight, black hair of a fine texture; the men had a slight mustache, and a complexion of a dark, chocolate color, somewhat intensified by an accumulation of dirt. Men and women filed their teeth down to the gums.

Undoubtedly of a Malayan type, with high cheek-bones, receding chins, supple frames, pretty, delicate hands and flattened feet, extraordinarily elastic fingers with well-shaped but dirty nails, and open countenances, the Manguianes are rather pleasant folks than otherwise. They possess a very keen sense of humor, and can laugh more heartily and noisily than any tribe in the archipelago. They are timid and much frightened of white men. It is seldom in their natural state that they wear more than a long coil belt made of plaited *nito*, generally white and black, and with a *bejuco* cord dyed red, which encircles the waist several times.

It is said that over a century ago there lived numerous Tagalos on Mindoro, and many were driven to the mountains by raids made upon them by the piratical Mohammedans of the south. The remnant of these people are said to have been the ancestors of the present Manguianes. Whether identical or not, the two races have characteristics closely akin. The Manguianes seem averse to settling in large communities, and they have suffered and suffer a good deal when they come in contact with some Christians, who swindle them unmercifully.

The women are very gentle, affectionate, and fond of ornaments, the most frequently seen being a row of Chinese

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

brass bells fastened to the waist on the right hip; *galang*, anklets of brass or red beads; white shell bracelets of great size; and bead necklaces made of the odoriferous *ranghiran* wood. But most characteristic of all is the belt of *bejuco* buttoned behind and the *bejuco* band eight centimetres broad over the shoulder-blades and breast-nipples to prevent them drooping. The women had very beautiful breasts, somewhat underdeveloped, but quite firm and well shaped, while their arms and legs were nicely rounded and of great suppleness.

These people make a fire with flint and steel. They use bows made of royal *palma* or of bamboo, with poisoned reed arrows. The point of these arrows is of *palma* wood, either of conical or pyramidal shape. Their poisons, which they call *bashlai* and *catipan*, are said to be very deadly. Animals wounded by a poisoned arrow cannot run more than twenty feet, and men last but little longer. A Spaniard who was wounded died, so poisonous the arrows certainly are. They extract the sap from some plant and boil it; the arrows are repeatedly dipped in the decoction and each time allowed to cool, the process continuing until they are perfectly saturated with the poison. Cane flutes decorated with feathers are also made here.

A pathetic incident occurred. I had kept Bakit, the chief of the tribe, and Biddiao, his daughter, up the entire night, in order to draw up a vocabulary of their language. When I had finished I presented each with a silver dollar. Their intense amazement and joy were plainly visible in their eyes, which shone like beads as they gazed upon the coins in their hands. Three times they asked me whether I really intended them to keep them, or whether I expected the money back! When I assured them it was a present and I should never ask for them back, the girl rubbed herself against her father and placed her coin in his hand, whereupon the father took both coins and pressed them into her hand for safe-keeping.

There is a trail running from this place across to Mangarin on the west coast, but during the rainy season it is impassable. Rubber (*ducton achas* in Tagalo) is plentiful all

THE "CITY" OF PANDARUKAN

over the island, and is procured by the natives by rudimentary methods. *Almacega*, ebony, *ipil*, *nara*, *molave*, and camphor wood are also plentiful in the forests.

Just before sunrise we steamed out of Bulalacao and rounded Point Burancan, the most southern portion of Mindoro, where the island is less hilly; in fact, very low in the southwest portion of the coast between Point Lalauigan and Point Bancal, the soil, where not sandy, being swampy and forming a regular lagoon. The long island of Ylin protects the bay of Mangarin from the southwest winds. Curious tide-lines were visible on the surface of the narrow channel between Ylin and Mindoro, dividing the still waters into two sections, one of emerald green, the other of a deep blue. The difference in color was, I think, caused by two currents of unequal temperature travelling in opposite directions side by side along the division-line.

Pandarukan, where I next landed, has a Visayan population of about one hundred souls. The Spaniards had a town called Mangarin some three miles from this place, Pandarukan being situated on a small peninsula at the northern entrance of Mangarin Bay, a fairly well protected anchorage, although not very deep, from two to eight fathoms being registered in the centre. In the eastern portion of the bay is the entrance into a lagoon extending south. New Mangarin, which is really the older of the two Mangarins, is situated in the northeast corner of the bay.

In a regular downpour I landed at Pandarukan, and after struggling through sand for a quarter of a mile arrived in the "city"—one rambling wooden house and about a dozen *nipa* huts. Between Mangarin and Sablayan, farther up north, the west coast was picturesque enough, and displayed thickly wooded mountains, with but occasional barren slopes.

Sablayan itself, where I halted next, was a somewhat larger and more pretentious town than usual, boasting of two parallel streets, a church, some neat houses, and extensive groves of cocoa-nuts. The small bay with a coral bottom was remarkable for the myriads of enchanting col-

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

ors visible through beautifully limpid water. It afforded, nevertheless, a most unsafe anchorage. Most fascinating formations of coral of all kinds were to be seen, especially where the water was shallower, and to reach land, the reef extending far out, one had at low tide to wade a very long distance—and what agony this was, with one's bare feet on the sharp coral formation!

There are two double-humped mountains almost identical in shape near Sablayan; their formation is volcanic, and the summits of them have been blown off in some eruption. In north Mindoro one cannot help being struck by the flatness of the highest summits for great distances, and the comparative regularity and smoothness of the sky-line.

About half-way between Sablayan and Paluan there exists a low depression in the mountainous mass, and it would appear as if a low valley extended almost across the island. Paluan Bay, although affording fair shelter in the northeast monsoon, is but a poor anchorage in the southwest winds. Transports with provisions and men were unable to discharge passengers and cargo for many consecutive journeys, so that the military post established there was eventually abandoned.

The wreck of a large Japanese steamer lies near Point Pantokomi. The most western point of Mindoro, Cape Kalavite, is extremely picturesque, with a mountain upon it 2000 feet high.

On the north coast of Mindoro, before we complete the circuit, is Port Galera, the former capital of the island, possessing a good anchorage on both sides of a long and irregular promontory stretching in a northeast direction. The Ensenada de Varadero on the southeast side of the peninsula is the more favorite anchorage, as it is well protected even from the northeast monsoon by a low point forming the northeast end of the bay, while on the southwest it has the high Mount Talipanan, a formidable screen. This mountain is the beginning of a long range of which Mount Halcon forms part.

Mindoro is generally known in the archipelago as being the "white man's grave," but its unhealthiness is greatly

WILD TRIBES

exaggerated. Far from being in their graves, the few white men stationed there enjoyed excellent health. There is also a legend that it is the presumed home of a white race, with one woman so beautiful that any man who had once seen her never came back from Mindoro. The white race, on this particular island, is a pure myth and does not exist. The report originated in the imperfect knowledge or conscience of some American reporter who, on translating from a Filipino newspaper, mistook a legend of the Batanganis tribe for real facts, and, lavishly embroidering the fairy-tale, made of the Batanganis themselves a purely white tribe. It so happens that the Batanganis (who live east of Sablayan in central Mindoro) are the darkest-skinned natives of the Philippine Archipelago! That is rather unfortunate for a white tribe!

In many ways they resemble the Batacs of Palawan, and have flattened, aquiline noses, very broad at the base. They have a dialect of their own. Other tribes, such as the Bangon or Bupuid, are found near Pinamalayan, and roam about in groups with an old man as their chief. They are great workers, and make nearly all the canoes on the island.

The Manguianes are found scattered in various parts of the island, chiefly near rivers, as they are great fishermen. But they are semi-nomads and shift their quarters occasionally. The Manguianes of Mansalay, on the east coast, are great agriculturists, and raise rice, cacao, maize, lemons, and collect wax, but usually the Manguianes can boast of nothing better than a rough shed or the hollow of a tree for a home. These wilder tribes are imposed upon to an outrageous extent by Christian Filipinos. Governor Offley was telling me that ten years' slavery was the price paid by a Manguian to a Filipino for a twenty-five cent knife; while a boat was taken in exchange for a handful of salt.

Mindoro will be in a bad way until roads are constructed. When properly developed it will be an immensely rich island, for the low lands are capable of raising rice in great quantities and hemp of a good quality. The mountains are covered with excellent timber, and rubber-trees, *ylang-ylang*, *cinchona*, or quinine, are found. *Nara* wood is plen-

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

tiful. The mineral resources promise well—gold, copper, and coal being found, they say, in several places. The streams near Polak and Bulalacao are coated with oleaginous matter, possibly petroleum, and a Spanish company now intends building a ten-mile railway to open up coal-mines near Bulalacao, the coal being of fair quality. On Semarara Island coal-beds are worked by the same concern. Copper and gold have been discovered near Looc, but in such a volcanic country it is necessary to be cautious about gold-mines. •

The estimated population of Mindoro is 30,983, without counting non-Christians, which gives a stretching space of 107 acres to each living soul.

MANGUIANES

	Men. Metre.	Women. Metre.
Standing height	1.610	1.475
Span	1.630	1.495
Hand	0.190	0.160
Maximum length of fingers	0.100	0.095
Thumb	0.110	0.090
Vertical maximum length of hand	0.226	0.225
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0.193	0.185
Width of forehead at temples	0.123	0.121
Height of forehead	0.075	0.065
Bizygomatic breadth	0.126	0.114
Maximum breadth of lower jaw	0.119	0.100
Nasal height	0.050	0.050
Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0.040	0.038
Orbital horizontal breadth	0.040	0.037
Width between the eyes	0.032	0.032
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0.020	0.018
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0.043	0.038
Length of ear	0.058	0.050

CHAPTER LI

IN NORTH LUZON—ILOCANOS—A FUNEREAL BREAKFAST—
THE CRUEL ILONGOTES — THE CARABALLO PASS — A
STRANGE WEDDING PRESENT

LAST, but not least, there now remains for us to see the magnificent island of Luzon. I will not touch upon the better-known provinces, but will take you for an extensive journey in the northern part, among the interesting tribes of head-hunters.

I left the railroad at Bayambang, where, under that magnificent officer, Major E. F. Glenn, the construction of the new military post was progressing favorably. Cholera was raging and reaped many victims daily. Governor Bennett, of Nueva Vizcaya province, and I rode upon the muddy road along the river Anno until we reached Alcalà, where the road was gravelled and was nice and dry. There was a continuous string of houses on both sides, with bamboo bushes, cocoa-nuts, and banana-palms. Goats and pigs, with triangular collars elongated at the sides—to prevent the wearers from passing through fences—played about in swarms upon the road. Each house displayed a weaving loom, and each gateway was adorned with a *carabao* skull, which, they say, prevents rinderpest and keeps off cholera. Skulls of other animals have not the same power. Sheds covering the whole road were occasionally found.

It was during the latter half of July—the height of the rainy season—that I was travelling in this region, and a drenching rain with strong wind necessitated our finding shelter now and then in native houses. Even the amphibious *carabaos* ran under shelter of a house in the pelting rain. The rain-coats worn by the natives were interesting,

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heart-shaped when spread flat, and carried on the back; others were like regular small mantles, made of a species of fan-palm. The Ilocanos who inhabit this province were fond of the heart-shape, even the shutters of their windows being cut on that pattern, and fully overlapping the square aperture of the window itself.

The more educated Ilocanos are very reticent in talking of former times when they were but an uncivilized tribe, and they pretend to look down upon their former superstitions, which, under a veneer of Christianity, they still retain. They still firmly believe in the spirits of the rivers, whom they call *serena*, but possess no spirits of the mountains, like some other tribes. In former days, and occasionally even now, when people died, the corpse was left inside the house and no one went near it for nine days. The children of the dead man were only allowed to pass outside, with their backs turned to the paternal home, and were permitted to look at their former dwelling over their shoulders with the corner of the eye.

Rosales, where we halted the first night, was a big place of 9000 souls. The country was covered with the high cones formed by white ants, some even as much as five feet high, and I only wish I had sufficient room to describe the marvellously interesting work of these indefatigable and most destructive workers.

From Rosales our road made a great détour east-southeast to Bulangao, a poor place, from whence we proceeded to the village of Angayan, absolutely under water owing to inundations. Humingan, farther on our journey, had no particular attraction, but beyond opened a beautiful valley with a blue mountain-range to the northeast—a mountain-range we had to cross to enter the central province of Nueva Vizcaya, for which we were bound.

The few men we met on the road were chiefly remarkable for their beautifully plaited, silver-mounted hats. Most beautiful *silag*, fan-palms, some forty-five feet high, could be seen along the road. We reached Humingan, where a downpour of rain compelled us to stop in the Presidente's house. Towards midnight one of our men, who slept in

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS





1901



CHOLERA AND CONTAGION

the room where we were, was seized with terrible cramps and woke us up.

"Señor Gobernador, I am dying, I am dying!" cried the poor devil, as we went to his assistance. The moment we held a light over his face, of a ghastly greenish-yellow, and sunken, staring eyes, we saw that the poor boy—he was only twenty years old—was past saving. It was a case of cholera of the most violent character.

Perhaps a few points about this case may be of interest. The boy's father was kneeling pathetically by his side, rubbing the cramped limbs of his son and attempting to bring life again to his face. Every few seconds, while the fellow was breathing heavily and foaming at the mouth from internal agony, the poor old man stooped over his beloved child and kissed him fondly over and over again upon the lips; from the same cocoa-nut cup, constantly refilled with water, both father and son drank copiously. Moreover, the affectionate father, when the son closed his eyes in semi-death, would gently open them again, and with the same unwashed fingers with which he had rubbed his son all over the body he also wiped the tears from his own eyes.

Now, if there is any truth in the theory of cholera from contagion, the old fellow, if anybody, should have certainly been down with it, not to speak of our party of some twenty-five, all counted, and the Presidente's family, some six or seven more, who all were in the same small room, and unable to go out in the torrential rain.

Well, the boy was given some medicine, and shortly he was dead—only three hours after he had been taken ill. The father—poor old fellow!—took no medicine, and is, I think, still alive. As the death occurred at 3 A.M., and we could not leave the house owing to the terrible weather, it was certainly not pleasant to spend the remainder of the night with the corpse; but we did. In a corner of the room was a big table on which we had had a lavish dinner, the half-consumed tins of delicacies which were to be finished for breakfast lying on it. The constabulary men and carriers, in order to be as far away as possible from the body, placed it under this table; but the next morning we carried

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

the table away near a window, for to breakfast with a dead man—who had died of cholera—under the table was too much even for us.

While we were eating, the father, helped by two other men, carried the boy out to be buried.

“Jesus Maria!” exclaimed the old man, as he walked away with the load slung to a bamboo, “my son is heavy now!”

It was certainly one of the most funereal breakfasts I have ever had.

The trail from Rosales to Humingan went practically due east, and had on the north the Rio Banilan. From Humingan, in a northwesterly direction, was the trail to San Quintin, an abandoned Spanish trail also leading to our destination, Bayombong (Nueva Vizcaya). The re-opening of this trail would, I think, be very beneficial to the Nueva Vizcaya province, as it is so much shorter than the present way—which makes an immense *détour* here. Our objective lying to the northeast, we actually had to travel some miles southeast from Humingan as far as San José, on an excellent road except the bridges, which were destroyed. Then from San José to Puncan it went up again, first northeast, then north, and after leaving Puncan it proceeded north, then due east. From Carranglan it strikes due north again.

San José is an interesting spot, for there are trails from it to Pantabangan and to Valle, at which point the road to San Isidro (*via* Talavera) is to be met.

In the province of Nueva Ecija we are among Ilocanos—a people with slanting eyes, the iris badly discolored in the upper portion, heavy, overlapping upper eyelids, and bunched-up lips, so prominent as to project beyond the nose. Their complexion is of a dark yellow. The hair is straight in most cases, but curly and wavy in some instances; the ears daintily formed, with detached and well-rounded lobes; and the hands graceful and supple.

From San José, first between wooded hills, then crossing and recrossing the river and picturesque brooks four or five times, we entered undulating country through most poetic woods, with here and there bright patches of grass.

THE CARABALLO PASS

At Puncan, where we emerged, a church and masonry bridge, said to be over 150 years old, exist; but beyond innumerable pigs and chickens that had possession of the plaza there did not seem to be a soul about.

Our next march was through beautiful undulating grassy country with delightful panoramas from the higher points. The trail seemed to have been cut to go over all the highest points of the hill-range. We did not stop at Carranglan—a place formerly of importance, with a large convent, church, and plentiful “fire” trees in full bloom—but continued up towards the Caraballo Pass.

Some Ibalaos or Ilongotes, a long-haired, nomadic race, smaller and lighter in color than the Igorrotes, are to be found in Nueva Ecija. We camped at the foot of the pass, in a mere shed with a flooring of logs, which we had to fill between with lots of grass, in order to be able to sleep on them; then early the next morning we went on among large blocks of black or brown volcanic rock, among a mass of broken trees and branches washed down by a fierce tornado and cloud-burst some two years ago. On getting higher we passed through forest and patches of open country, beautiful land for cultivation, but now covered with reeds, sometimes higher than my head while on horseback.

We halted again for the night about one and a half miles south of the pass, the rain being torrential every afternoon. The last ascent to the pass was steep and rocky, very slippery when muddy. On the pass, where blocks of granite showed through, a large cross had been planted, where the poor old man who had lost his son knelt and prayed fervently, while I was boiling water in the hypsometrical apparatus to obtain the correct altitude (3834 feet).

Magnificent panoramas opened to the south and north; in Nueva Ecija the course of the river we had followed was traceable by the black growth of trees along it, while in Nueva Vizcaya (to the north), Caraballo being the geographical boundary-line, were fine undulating grassy hills. The so-called San Nicolas trail, the shorter of the two, crosses this range northwest of Caraballo, on Mount Dalandem, 1200 feet. It enters Nueva Vizcaya by a long and

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

narrow valley north of us. Between that trail and ours are grassy hills, the western ones with big, volcanic boulders.

We descended through thick forest and semi-formed granite boulders, among giant ferns and thick undergrowth of reeds. Butterflies, white, white and black, and small blue ones, played charmingly among the vegetation and across the road, while our ponies stumbled and slid down on the steep, slippery slope. Some 200 feet below the Caraballo Pass is a most delicious cold spring. Farther on, enormous volcanic boulders, having vertical corrugations and a deep hole in each, like a small crater, were to be found, and also a large earthquake crack in an upper stratum of volcanic ashes. Treacherous ditches of black mud had to be crossed; in one, Governor Bennett's pony disappeared altogether, and was rescued in an unrecognizable guise—a regular mass of dripping slush.

The first town we came to in Nueva Vizcaya was Dupaz, a very quaint place, with crosses on cones of masonry at short intervals everywhere in the streets. We entered by an old, vaulted bridge of bricks over an artificially paved stream forming a cascade, then through an avenue of the deliciously scented *buyo* palms, bananas, and cocoa-nuts. Rows of typical storehouses for grain and chattels were to be seen away from the houses. They were shaped like inverted sections of pyramids, made of timber, with heavy, *cogon* roofs, and were raised above ground on low supports.

The tower, which was in imitation of the famous Giralda of Seville, had been built in 1775, and the church a year later. The tower had very solid brick walls, twelve feet thick at the base. The remains of an older chapel were visible close by, as well as a now ruined tower commanding the road, evidently for defensive purposes.

In the three pueblos of Dupaz, Bambang, and Aritao, the same language is spoken, which is quite different from that spoken in other towns even of the same province, and many of the people in these places are related to the Isinay tribe, a dialect of whose language they have adopted. In fact, the folks of those three pueblos are called Isinays.

ISINAYS AND ILONGOTES

The purer and wilder Isinays, who in their more primitive condition are called Ilongotes, frequently come into the town to sell potatoes, beans, *camotes*, cabbage, and coffee, because they are, like the Igorrotes, much given to agricultural pursuits.

These Ilongotes have good and bad points about them. They respect, almost worship, their elders; husband and wife are incredibly faithful to each other—possibly because adultery is punished by death. The wedding present given by the prospective groom to his sweetheart does not lack quaintness, and consists of a human head, part of a breast and heart, as well as a finger or two. Unless a man can produce these gifts he has to remain a bachelor—but these gifts are invariably procured. The "inclined to wed" lies in wait in the high grass until an unsuspecting man, woman, or child happens to go by, who a few minutes later is left dead upon the trail, minus the anatomical portions enumerated above. The head is placed upon a stick in front of the youth's house, and the tribesmen collect and dance round it for nine days.

The groom's father provides further gifts of spears, knives, and other effects, and hands them over to the bride. The head—after nine days—is interred directly under the prospective bride's home, and the marriage is celebrated directly over that spot. The heart of the murdered person is used principally to be cut in pieces, which each tribesman rubs on the blades of his knives and hatchets for luck. The blood which is spilled over the arms, body, and legs, while committing a murder, is never washed off.

After killing some one the Ilongote does not return to his home for three days, or at least does not enter the house for that period of time; and before killing they take a piece of cane one foot long and stick it in the ground and place on it a ball of cooked rice. They sit on one side, *bolo* in hand, and pray, in order to learn whether good or bad luck is forthcoming, which is learned in a very simple manner. If a fly settles on the appetizing rice the *bolo* is flourished about and they work themselves into a frenzy, saying they are on murder bent. If no fly appears, no blood is drawn.

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In their prayers they address Aghimman, "the spirit of the departed."

Another way to ascertain one's luck, Ilongote fashion, is by measuring the space from finger-tip to finger-tip upon the shaft of a spear, marking the exact reach, after which some hard blowing is indulged in and the experiment is renewed. If the length corresponds exactly with the first measurement, to kill they go; but if too short or too long, bad luck is sure, the enemy too strong, and failure in the enterprise may be expected.

When tribesmen die, no ceremony is performed, but the body is placed in a sitting posture above ground, and when well advanced in decomposition is eventually interred, still in a sitting attitude with legs bent up. A mere bamboo stick is placed to mark the burial-place. Intense grief is shown at the death of relations. Women shut themselves up in the house and do not work for six days at the death of a husband, in sign of mourning, and men do the same at the loss of a father, mother, or wife. On the death of an orphan bachelor, the brother secludes himself and speaks to no one, but holds his *bolo* slung to his belt in order to kill any stranger, or even an inimical member of the same tribe who happens to drop in. This in order to mourn for his lost relative. If his thirst for blood is, however, satiated at the expense of some unfortunate caller, the head is instantly severed from the body, and with this graceful operation the mourning ends, and daily occupations can be resumed—except, of course, by the victim.

The Ilongotes use bows and arrows, *bolos*, and spears. The arrow-head, although made of a separate and harder piece of wood, is always firmly tied to the shaft, and the butt of the arrow is feathered. Their bows, called *annao*, are made of *palma brava*, whereas the bow-string, called *litich*, is of a strong, plaited fibre.

The Ilongotes are small in stature but very powerfully built, with rounded shoulders well padded with muscle. Their legs are very hairy, and hair is plentiful in their arm-pits. Although their eyes are dark brown, the pupil is often veiled with a curious bluish tint which might easily

A PAINFUL OPERATION

be mistaken for a symptom of cataract. But it is not. They have thick and arched eyebrows, and a mustache, and frizzy beard on the under lip and chin, but the hair of the head is of a fine texture, quite straight and abnormally dry. The skin is dark brown, with a yellowish tinge, the cheek-bones prominent, with deep hollows beneath, the jaw-bone mean and comparatively undeveloped, and the chin small, but the forehead very high and broad. In fact, the skull is altogether well developed, with posterior bumps of abnormal size, particularly in women. The nose is well shaped, rather broad at the base, but not nearly so much so as with other races of the archipelago, and the lips, which they keep tightly closed, are well formed, the upper lip projecting beyond the lower. The ears, especially in the lower half, are malformed, coarse, and lumpy—always a sign of degeneration; the ridges most indistinctly marked, the outer ridge being hardly traceable in the upper part of the ear, whereas it is lost altogether in the lower part.

Some slight Mongolian influence was traceable in these folks. The men wore long hair, which they tied into a knot behind the head, and they ornamented the forehead with tattooing. A rattan belt (the *kanaud*), dyed red, was twisted round the waist, and a fine brass chain was also worn. The women wore brass earrings. These people squatted down in an attitude typical of their own race, sitting on the heels and balancing the arms upon the knees, but in doing so they kept their feet wide apart instead of straight, which was largely due to their extraordinary development of the thigh and underdeveloped calves of the leg. Their feet were flat and broad, of extreme power, but coarse in the extreme, with lumpy, shapeless toes, not unlike short sausages, the toe-nails worn off almost altogether.

The women were somewhat smaller made than the men. Both males and females filed their front teeth in a cylindrical shape, so as to separate one well from the other. They were then blackened with a hot iron. The operation is begun at the age of fourteen.

The women, when about to give birth to a child, retire alone to a forest and remain there unassisted till the child

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is born. The umbilical cord of the child is cut by the mother and interred in the spot where the event took place, then both mother and offspring adjourn to a neighboring stream for copious bathing. Maternal love is greater for boys than for girls.

The chief of each household salutes the sun at sunrise, and, holding his *bolo* before him, prays to the spirits of his ancestors that he may pass a happy day.

Heavy earrings are worn by the women, either attached to the lobe, where a great elongation is caused by the weight, or else affixed to the upper portion of the ear.

The *culibao* (jews-harp), the *culassin* (cylindrical bamboo harp), and the *ghinogor* (a kind of bamboo violin) are the musical instruments of the Ilongotes, upon which they play rather sentimental, wailing music, with a slow rhythm and monotonous variations upon a resonant note. After killing a victim, they rejoice with much chanting, the men and women singing alternately in chorus. They dance, flourishing their spears, not unlike the head-hunting Igorotes, whom we shall visit presently.

Fire is obtained either by friction of two pieces of wood or by concussion of compressed air, a most ingenious device called the *bantin* being used. This instrument, generally made of *carabao* horn, is found among various tribes of north Luzon, and also in south Luzon, among the curly headed Aetas of the Gulf of Ragay. It is a short tube with a tight-fitting piston with concave end. At the bottom of the tube is placed some dry tinder, which becomes ignited when the piston is forced through by a violent blow. In the more elaborate ones a receptacle for the tinder-balls is carved and a metal spoon attached.

The Ilongotes have a good deal of feasting after their crops of rice are gathered, each family giving a sort of elaborate dinner of pork, rice, *camotes*, sugar-cane, and pumpkins, to all the neighboring friendly families, who, each in their turn, are expected to return the hospitality on a similar scale.

When a rich man dies, some of the tribes place the body on a high seat, where it is left for ten or fifteen days. His

ILOCANO AND ILONGOTE MEASUREMENTS

friends gather round him and eat all his *carabaos*, pigs, etc., braving the odor of their fast-decomposing host.

	Ilocano		Ilongote	
	Men	Women	Men	Women
	Metre	Metre	Metre	Metre
Standing height.....	1.578	1.520	1.510	1.425
Span.....	1.626	1.534	1.470	1.455
Hand.....	0.178	0.165	0.180	0.175
Maximum length of fingers..	0.102	0.095	0.100	0.095
Thumb.....	0.111	0.101	0.103	0.110
Vertical maximum length of head.....	0.229	0.219	0.223	0.225
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head).....	0.177	0.173	0.187	0.177
Width of forehead at temples	0.131	0.132	0.135	0.142
Height of forehead.....	0.066	0.059	0.075	0.065
Bizygomatic breadth.....	0.125	0.130	0.137	0.126
Maximum breadth lower jaw	0.116	0.119	0.113	0.110
Nasal height.....	0.057	0.051	0.066	0.055
Nasal breadth (at nostrils)..	0.037	0.032	0.036	0.035
Orbital horizontal breadth..	0.033	0.030	0.025	0.023
Width between the eyes....	0.034	0.032	0.032	0.030
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose).....	0.024	0.026	0.021	0.025
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin).....	0.040	0.040	0.045	0.050
Length of ear.....	0.060	0.060	0.058	0.060

PULSATIONS PER MINUTE:

Ilocano	Men.....	70	Ilongote	Men.....	94
	Women....	68		Women....	82

Through fields at first, then through uncultivated land among low hills, we arrived at Bambang (nine miles from Dupaz), another large pueblo of Isinays, with a church, convent, and raised plaza, finely paved with tiles.

Seven miles southwest of Bambang are the salt springs of Dapol, which for the last fifty years or so have been worked by the Igorrotes. The salt water, quite warm, runs out of the mountain and is collected in a bamboo pipe line half a

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mile long, wherein it is conveyed to a site where fuel is plentiful, in order to evaporate it. This is done in large, flattish, iron pans. Some 1000 *cargo* of salt can be turned out in a year. One *cargo* weighs 125 pounds, and is worth \$4.50, Mexican. It is prepared in 62-pound loads enclosed in wicker baskets lined with banana-leaves.

Bambang supplies salt to the entire province, except to the large non-Christian population of head-hunters, who possess the salt springs in the west part of Nueva Vizcaya, at a place called Asim (in Tagalo), Ahim (in Igorrote), which means "salt." Other minor springs are to be found at Buya-Buyan (district of Ayangan), but so small is the quantity of salt contained in this water that six days' continuous evaporation is necessary to obtain salt in a crystallized form. The latter springs, worked to their utmost, produce some 400 pesos worth of salt a year.

The Igorrotes prefer using copper vessels some three feet in diameter for evaporating purposes, and all copper money they can get is used in manufacturing these pans.

The Buya-Buyan district is also rich in resinous trees, one species particularly discharging, when punctured, a gum beautifully white and resembling very fine copal. The natives use it for making torches, for mending broken pottery, gluing together pieces of wood, joining stones together, and also for starting a fire.

At Bambang, I was again much struck by the marvellous way the Spaniards had laid down all these interior towns—every street properly drained in neat channels bridged over with brick vaults.

We had here entered a region of most delicious coffee; for delicate flavor—and I am a great lover of good coffee—I do not think that I have ever tasted better coffee than in these central provinces of north Luzon. The climate and soil seem appropriate for its cultivation, and were some enterprising folks to waste less energy in digging for lumps of gold, when plenty of gold may be won from the ground's surface by cultivating such products as are bound to command good prices, I think great fortunes might be made in the Philippines. The Spaniards, in their lazy way, made quite a

THOUSANDS OF GIANT MOSQUITOES

nice little profit out of the Nueva Vizcaya coffee, but war brought about great destruction and distress, and many plantations are now ruined.

We advanced along a trail which was pretty good, but overgrown with tall grass, with blades so sharp-edged that when they brushed violently against the face and hands deep cuts were the result; or else through a lot of musty undergrowth of struggling plants trying to force their way one on the top of the other; then farther came a regular carpet of a stunted species of mimosa, with a mass of pink ball-flowers. Rice-fields and pretty bits of scenery came next, until the trail became rocky and began to ascend through forest and some volcanic boulders.

At a little stream where I stopped to drink, the surface of the water was covered with thousands of long-legged, giant mosquitoes, the powers of which for skidding lightly upon the water surface, backward, sideway, and in any direction, even against the current, at an amazing speed, were remarkable.

On arriving on the low pass, a fine valley, intersected by a wide stream flowing west-northwest, was disclosed before us (north), high mountains of abrupt lines rising to our west. A great many volcanic rocks lay scattered about, as if shot here from some commotion, some bearing the appearance of having been exposed to terrific heat, the rock having been actually molten.

Owing to the heavy rains, we had some difficulty in crossing the stream, our baggage-train having to wait at the other side one day until a raft could be constructed—and now we had arrived in the capital of Nueva Vizcaya, the city of Bayombong.

CHAPTER LII

THE CAPITAL OF NUEVA VIZCAYA—THE GADDANES—AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS—THE QUIANGAN IGORROTES AND NEIGHBORING TRIBES

BAYOMBONG consisted of a wide road, with a row of crooked telegraph-poles in the centre and the charred supports of what had been wooden houses. A disastrous fire had destroyed almost the entire city, and of the principal buildings only one was saved, by a miracle, the residence of the Governor. The octagonal and solidly built brick tower and the church had also been spared. Behind the convent was an annex of great age and a picturesque old Spanish well. In the northeast portion of the town a few houses were to be found; the windows of these houses were festooned with tobacco to dry, while the window-ledges were lined with cigars packed in bundles of twelve. The road was absolutely in possession of geese, chickens, pigs, and a few dogs, but at the windows fair maidens were visible, smoking huge cigars—so big that the circumference of fully expanded lips was hardly big enough to contain the cigar.

A few workmen with heads wrapped up in kerchiefs were slowly repairing some of the houses, the roofs and walls of which had been thrown into the middle of the road to save them from the flames. Now and again a lagging *carabao*, on which sits a little boy, comes along, dragging a primitive sledge with large earthen jars of native wine, the sledge being cleverly constructed on two bamboos, and the weight of the load equally divided between the two shafts and two bamboo trailers, these latter resting at an angle on the shaft, so as to establish a complete balance and therefore minimize the effort of dragging the load.

AMERICAN METHODS IN EDUCATION

I was very much pleased to see that Governor Bennett, a very able and sensible gentleman, was much in favor of industrial and agricultural schools in preference to higher education, on which much money is expended now, and which is absolutely of no use to the natives at large. With the new American methods the prospect exists that in a few years, when the old generation of laborers, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., dies out, there will be no one to replace them, but there will be instead plenty of youths who can sing "Yankee Doodle" with Filipino pathos. Upon the strength of this and a few English words they will expect high salaries in government employment, but the lookout for the country and the beautiful and fertile land is gloomy. Foreign songs do not draw much produce from even the most fertile of lands.

The teaching of the English language, which is deemed so essential in schools, seems more or less absolute waste of time, for to the inaptitude of boys in learning you must add the difficulty—in fact, the impossibility—of retaining what little they have learned, owing to want of practice when they leave school. Why, then, waste money and trouble and time in teaching these boys matters which will render them unhappy, discontented, and disappointed? Would it not be better and cheaper to teach them to work their fields—most sadly abandoned—with up-to-date methods, and to teach them trades and industries by which they and their country could some day become rich?

The pack-train with baggage having eventually arrived, Governor Bennett and I started for a journey to the head-hunting district in the northwest of the province, from which I proposed to proceed farther over the high mountains forming the boundary and come out at the sea.

By way of Solano, a much-spread-out town, with enormously wide streets and good houses of wood, we travelled on a capital road with nicely kept bridges, solidly built and protected with *nipa* roofs. We passed through Buscaran, an agricultural village, with a lot of Indian-corn and rice-fields irrigated by canals from the river. Tuao was another

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

similar village, and by moonlight, in a flat, open plain, we arrived at Bagabag.

Here we were among the Gaddanes, a people now civilized and Christianized, who show quite a refinement of race, their ears and fairly high-bridged noses being delicately chiselled. They were hairy on the arms and legs, had wiry hair on the head, and a moderate mustache. The skin was of a fairly light brown, the eyes dark brown, with the iris much discolored in the upper portion.

GADDANES

	Metre.		Metre.
Standing height.....	1.595	Bizygomatic breadth.....	0.119
Span.....	1.644	Maximum breadth of lower jaw.....	0.109
Hand.....	0.180	Nasal height.....	0.054
Maximum length of fingers.....	0.100	Nasal breadth (at nostrils).....	0.036
Thumb.....	0.107	Orbital horizontal breadth.....	0.034
Vertical maximum length of head.....	0.227	Width between eyes....	0.034
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head).....	0.172	Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose).....	0.021
Width of forehead at temples.....	0.125	Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin).....	0.041
Height of forehead.....	0.060	Length of ear.....	0.063

Early the next morning (August 1st) we advanced through flat, grassy country at first, then through patches of forest with thorns of all kinds and many trails leading in every direction. Having crossed two rivers, we began rising over undulating country—beautifully fertile, but deserted, as it lies in a zone where the head-hunting Igorotes do not care to dwell in too great proximity to Christians, while the latter prefer to have this neutral territory between themselves and their head-hunting neighbors. What is called the Alimit trail branches northward from this point, and near it, on a dominating position, formerly stood the Spanish outpost of Tayauan, placed here to watch the movements of these dangerous tribes. The valley below this hill was swarming with deer. There was a dense growth of bamboos, through which we went for a long distance. Then began a sharp ascent to a shed which had been



HEAD-HUNTERS' SPEAR AND AXE DANCE



HEAD-HUNTERS AT REST



1870



HEAD-COLLECTING

put up to receive the Governor by the Igorrote woman chieftain, Dominga.

Continuing our climb in intense heat, among stifling high grass and vegetation, we suddenly came upon a band of Igorrotes—on raiding and head-collecting bent, judging by their warlike appearance. They had their spears, head-axes, and shields in good trim, were unaccompanied by their women, and carried food, evidently to last them some days.

They were greatly upset when they unexpectedly came upon us, and on being asked questions were most evasive and bore a guilty look upon their countenances. When we let them off they disappeared like lightning, while we plodded along the steep trail, now mostly on the summit of the ridge, and among high reeds which cut one's fingers and face, and long, thorny strings which tore one's clothes to shreds.

On getting higher we came upon the first Igorrote huts and met a number of head-hunters squatting under a shed. They wore their hair in a tuft on the crown of the head and shaved all round upon the temples and back. Brass-wire earrings, either in a coil or else large rings with a white shell ring inserted, were the fashion, as well as necklaces of red and yellow beads. Their *bolos* were guarded in open sheaths of wood, the blade being kept against it by a metal or *bejuco* band. Nearly each man possessed a shoulder-basket and shower-coat combined, with fringed cover of fine fibre dyed black or blue. Our trail led us to the San Domingo Pass, where we got the first real view of the Igorrote country, the mountains cultivated in rice-field terraces and patches of sweet-potatoes to their very summits. We had entered the valley of Quiangan, and to the west-north-west was Pindungan village, generally but erroneously called Quiangan. The Igorrotes call the entire mountain district and valley by the latter name, but no special village.

And now let me tell you. These Igorrotes, these fierce head-hunters, these most savage people of Luzon Island, were, upon my word, the most sensible, industrious, scientific agriculturists I have ever seen in my travels, and when it came to irrigation works they could give points not only to the Spaniards and Americans, who are trying to civilize

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

them, but to a great many other nations besides. Every inch of land upon the steepest mountains is brought under cultivation by these astounding people, and advantage is taken of every rock to build up walls filled in with earth and irrigated so as to make another rice-field. In the centre of the paddy-fields, upon little humps of earth, cotton and two kinds of beans are raised.

Take, for instance, this first and least important village of Pindungen, half hidden in a cluster of trees on the summit of a hill with rugged peaks behind. The entire face of the mountain was terraced up—thousands upon thousands of terraces, all so regular and straight that they gave the impression from a distance of a staircase of incredible magnitude. Each terrace was filled with water, the streams being switched off from their highest point into these rice-fields and gradually filling all right down to the lowest. On the mountain-tops, where it was not possible to irrigate, *camotes* and excellent little potatoes and vegetables of all kinds were grown.

Let us go into the village.

Igorrote houses are really nothing more and nothing less than a huge roof of *cogon* with a sort of sleeping-box, a mere semblance of a house, underneath. These dwellings are built on four posts four to five feet high and either conical or cylindrical. On the upper end of these pillars rests a large, wooden cylinder, the lower face of which is concave, so as to prevent mice and rats climbing into the abode. These four posts bear two parallel beams, upon which three cross-beams are placed with a flooring of planks upon them. The walls of the houses in this village were made of a coarse bamboo matting, and fastened bodily to other short uprights inserted in the two larger lower beams. These four uprights supported a quadrangular wooden frame on which rested the roof. A space for ventilation was always left between the wall and the roof. Twelve feet square outside, walls six feet high, twelve to fourteen feet high in centre of roof was the measurement of good-sized houses. A light ladder gave access to the house and was always drawn up when not in use.

TROUBLESOME WALKING

At Pindungan the Spaniards had a *cuartel*. Major Atkinson, of the constabulary, who had come up with us, hoped to establish a constabulary force here to patrol the district. These Pindungan Igorrotes were well-to-do and fairly quiet.

The men went in for a good deal of tattooing upon the chest, arms, and neck, parallel lines and series of angles one within the other being frequent patterns, also successions of angles forming a frieze, and circles with radiating lines. The favorite pattern, however, seemed to be the single or double leaf—especially upon the breast—and also series of crosses up the side of the neck. Human figures were attempted by mere lines, love tragedies being coarsely but graphically represented.

A typical and most graceful ornament used by nearly every tribe of Igorrote was the C-shaped earring in gold, silver, or copper, and frequently embellished with side ornamentations. This was not only used for earrings but, either singly or in bunches, was worn as an amulet round the neck. Earrings were also worn made of coils and spirals, with or without white shell pendants.

From Pindungan began our trials. We bade good-bye to Major Atkinson and left behind most of the constabulary men, Governor Bennett most kindly offering to accompany me to the boundary-line of his province. Among the tribes we were to visit were the fiercest in Luzon, the Banaue people holding the record for their cruelty and dash. But it was less the ferocity of the people than the marching through their country which was the most trying part, because there was no trail and we had to balance ourselves all the time on the slippery edge of the terraces, with water on one side and a drop of from three to twenty or thirty feet into more water on the underlying terrace. The edge of these terraces was hardly ever more than one foot wide, frequently less, so that when one had gone for several miles, in a sort of "tight-rope" walking, one began to feel rather giddy. One constantly slipped with one foot into the nearest water, and one felt rather glad it was not the other foot which had slipped or one would have been precipitated from a varying height into the paddy-field below. More-

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

over, as the country is very undulating, it involved climbing or descending from one terrace on to the next, where very slippery stones had occasionally been inserted by way of steps.

After going at a good rate, for our Igorrote guide, being barefooted, kept a lively pace, we climbed up a hill-side to Mungayan, under Chief Bubut, a man whose toes were so terribly distorted inward, owing to the constant climbing and descending of mountains, that the big toes were sideways almost at a right angle to the line of the feet instead of being their continuation. It made one feel quite uncomfortable to look at them.

The constant work in water, evidence of which can be noticed in the bluish-black, corrugated toe-nails, that of the big toe being even rendered convex instead of concave, no doubt greatly increases this deformity of the lower limbs, which in a less accentuated form we have already noticed among other wild tribes of the archipelago. It is not only common but quite general, though not always in so aggravated a degree among the Igorrotes of the east watershed. It is acquired at a tender age, as I frequently noticed it even in children three or four years of age.

The Igorrotes with us professed to be afraid to go on, so we had to change carriers, and, preceded by Bubut himself, we descended—or, rather, slipped at an alarming pace most of the way—down to the wide Ibulao River, where the water had risen so that we had to remove all our clothing and carry it in a bundle tied upon the head. With a large audience of Igorrotes armed with spears upon the banks, and led by the hand by Bubut, who knew the river-bed well, we managed to get across, although the water was well up to our necks and the current so swift that it was very difficult to hold one's footing. Swimming was out of the question, owing to numerous rocks.

More paddy-walls had to be climbed on the opposite side, this time higher than usual—over fifteen feet—as the hill-slope was steeper, and, soaked in perspiration after our cold bath in the river, we got to Higip, a settlement of some few huts fenced off in the usual Igorrote fashion. We intended

IMPREGNABLE KURUG

camping here, but the stench from pigs' refuse was such and the "best spot" allotted to us so reeking with filth that we thought we would continue to the next place, although night had come on. The streets were something appalling at Higip, and we sank in pestilential black mud well up above our ankles on our march through.

The next village we had just discerned high up, hidden among rocky boulders upon a farther hill. Down we went again to another stream, this time bridged over by a magnificent natural stone arch some seventy feet high and about twelve feet wide. This was very picturesque, but this rocky formation unfortunately extended to the entire face of the hill we now had to climb—a regular wall some hundreds of feet, on the top of which was perched the village—and, you can take my word for it, the Igorrotes had made it as inaccessible as they could, for one village—containing a tribe—is ever at war with nearly every other neighboring tribe.

Eventually, minus a good many patches of skin upon one's hands, knees, and shins—for unless one had distorted toes like the Igorrotes it was difficult to hold one's footing on the slippery rock—we arrived at impregnable Kurug, protected by a stockade. We caused a great scare among the pigs when we squeezed through the posts of the high fence, and chickens ran giddily about, disturbed from their sleep, while the natives stood, spears in hand, wondering what kind of welcome they should give us.

Camping in the Igorrote country is very difficult, for every available space is irrigated, and only in the village itself is it possible to find a comparatively dry spot. In the rainy season—in which I was travelling—matters were worse still.

At Kurug we encamped under the chief's house—it would be impossible to put up in their sleeping-boxes—and we had a very lively night. The number and size of fleas and bugs and worse was such that sleep was the very last thing one could possibly obtain. They came in swarms and fully showed their traditional predilection for strangers. Kurug—also called Pugu—is renowned all over the Igor-

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rote country for its high-jumping and creeping parasites. Well, all I can say is that it fully deserves its name.

The front wall of the houses was covered with pigs' skulls. Some had *carabao* skulls, but the human skulls occupied a place of honor, generally inside the house. They were stuck in sets upon a sort of altar with plaited-grass ornaments and other emblems, some once more closely resembling the *inaos* of the Ainu. The men of this tribe had wavy, even curly, hair, which in young men was prettily adorned with an aigrette of three or four white feathers just above the forehead. I saw here an old man with chest and arms literally covered with tattooing, mostly of a primitive leaf pattern on the breasts and outer sides of arms, whereas the side of the arm closer to the body was ornamented with a chevron. Men and women smoked pipes of wood, copper, or brass with long mouth-pieces.

CHAPTER LIII

ASTOUNDING IRRIGATION WORKS—INNUMERABLE TERRACES
—THE IGORROTES ANATOMICALLY — A WEIRD CUSTOM—
THE BANAUE IGORROTES THE FIERCEST HEAD-HUNTERS.

THE scenery was really superb. An immense rock with a beautiful water-fall was an enchanting detail of nature among the astounding work of these quaint humans, and the top of one hill before us had actually been cut off and flattened so as to bring it under cultivation. The centre of the hill still remained like a cone in the centre of a large paddy-field.

Where the rocky formation along the hill-side made it impossible to cultivate, we had some difficulty in proceeding, as we had to cling along the face of the rock to whatever vegetation had sprung out in the interstices, and had a nasty drop below us in case we had slipped.

We passed to our left the village of Namulditan hidden among trees, as is habitual among the Igorrotes, and intended to screen their houses from sight; and this village was generally noted for the rascality of its people. Our Igorrotes dreaded to come along with us, so great was their fear of this tribe, and it was only under compulsion that they carried our loads to the next village.

On the summit of the hill we struck a portion of an old Spanish trail, which had been cut through by Padre Domenico, a Spanish priest with a real genius for work of that kind. Unfortunately, most of the trail had been destroyed by the head-hunters. The trail led to Bontoc over the mountains. After crossing innumerable terraces we came upon another bit of the trail, which seemed to us like walking in Piccadilly or Broadway after the wretched terrace balancing.

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This trail, it seemed to me, would be capable of restoration at comparatively low expense. Its advantages in connecting Nueva Vizcaya with Bontoc and Lepanto provinces, besides the facility which it would afford of keeping these inaccessible tribes in order, were, I think, beyond doubt. The Spaniards seemed to attach great importance to keeping this way of communication open, which was also one of the nearest to the sea for the central province. The trail rose high upon the mountain-side, and what existed of it was smothered in high grass, reeds, and ferns. In one or two places traces of coal deposits were evident.

On the summit of the hill a semicircular excavation had been made on the side of which was an aperture (now blocked up with rocks) into a cave wherein Igorrote corpses are laid to rest. These burial-places are locally called *lubuh*.

The chief, Cababuyan, a magnificent specimen (barring his distorted toes), was highly ornamented with interesting tattooing. Upon his chest were crude representations of headless enemies and also of a bird. The angle pattern covered his arm from the shoulder to the elbow, and from there to the wrist on both sides of the arm was an elaborate frieze of inverted angles. On each side of the central line of angles a single leaf pattern extended from top to bottom of the arm. From the nipple of each breast radiated a double leaf pattern reaching up to the shoulder, with three similar smaller ornamentations filling up each side of the breast. In the centre of the neck were two upright lines filled in with squares, while the sides of the neck were decorated with a frieze of inverted angles, at a slant, similar to that on the arms. Spear-heads were also occasionally represented in these designs. The side of the legs were occasionally tattooed.

Nearly every tribe wore different patterns of ornaments, but coils of all kinds evidently had a great fascination for the entire race. Cababuyan wore doubly coiled earrings and heavy brass spiral circlets below the knee. The little pipes used here, which when wooden are pyramidal in shape or when of brass form the half of an oval, generally had a

LEPANTO IGORROTES



THE IGORROTES ANATOMICALLY

chain to attach the bowl to its short channel. Clay pipes I only found later in Bontoc and Lepanto.

The chiefs of villages displayed elaborate belts of large, white shell disks, occasionally fastened by a buckle made of a demolished brass clock-wheel. The under belt upon which these shells were fastened was of *bejuco* dyed red. Leather waistbands were sometimes to be seen, and frequently the shell disks were fastened, chainlike, one to the other, with a pendent end reaching to the knee.

The women weave small black or dark-blue shawls with a sober, geometrical design of white and red lines. They drape this garment gracefully over the shoulders. When walking or working it is wound round the head, turban-like, and tucked in. At a sufficient distance to lend enchantment, Igorrote ladies are picturesque enough, with copious hair parted in the centre and hanging loose behind, often reaching below the knees. Their arms are laden with heavy brass bracelets up to the elbow. I observed occasional tattooing on women's arms, but not on the body. When young, Igorrote women are remarkably supple and well formed, except the feet, which are out of proportion to the size of the legs. Their only other article of dress is a narrow loin-cloth, worn so low down that it might almost be discarded altogether were it not for mere decoration. This garment is held up by a band similar in design to those of the men, but smaller.

Anatomically—and there is plenty of scope for anatomical study—the Igorrote woman, according to European notions of beauty, does not compare in perfection with the Igorrote man. She neither possesses the grace of line nor the well-defined modelling of the latter, possibly because she leads a different existence. Her body is stumpy, generally underdeveloped at the loins, and a prominent paunch is quite a deformity in many cases. The breasts are always small, conical up to twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, but elongated and pendent at a later age. The hands are good and graceful, with long, tapering fingers.

The skin of the Igorrotes is of a rich, yellowish light brown, the nose very flat and expanded even in the central part,

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

with supraorbital bumps and brow ridges abnormally developed. The mouth is ample, with large lips, and the eye luminous, quick, and shifty in the extreme.

Children are quite pretty, decorated with aigrettes of white feathers upon the head, but the men, leading a life of hard and continuous exercise, do not possess an ounce of superfluous flesh, and, as I have said, with the exception of the distorted feet, are anatomically of extremely beautiful proportions. I do not mean by this the modern idea of manliness—the coarse, lumpy, unnatural, unhealthy, artificial, good-for-nothing development—but the real wiry, perfectly defined—but not deformed—muscular detail which gives an impression of immense strength and agility with plenty of grace into the bargain. Their torso—a regular mass of delicate sinews of immense strength and in magnificent working order—was so well chiselled as to remind one of the less exaggerated drawings by Michael Angelo, while the arms and legs of these fellows were so well rounded and smooth as to resemble bronze statuary of great perfection. The spinal column described an abnormal arch inward, forming quite a low depression at the waist.

Armlets of two hogs' fangs joined together were worn round the biceps. There were hairy Igorrotes who had some beard and mustache, whereas others had hairless cheeks and chin and only a few hairs on the upper lip. The nose of these people was Papuan, depressed but slightly arched, turned up at the lobule, with widely expanded nostrils, and the deep, brown eyes were more luminous, unsteady, and flashing than those of the women.

If the Igorrote lady's wardrobe is infinitesimal, the Igorrote man can do with even less. A loin-cloth—a sort of gala dress—is occasionally festooned in a loop on the side of the right leg, and the end of the cloth is thrown over the shoulder.

The coarseness of Igorrote ears is notable; the ridges are flattish and the lobes elongated, with one or two slits for inserting the heavy earrings. The teeth, of an ivory yellow, are the very picture of strength, and are not filed. The upper gum is of great length and of a dark pink.

IGORROTES

	Pindungan		Kurug	Liyon	Banaue	Bayo (dwarfs)
	Men	Women				
	Metre	Metre	Metre	Metre	Metre	Metre
Standing height..	1.601	1.543	1.544	1.560	1.500	1.415
Span.....	1.617	1.520	1.525	1.550	1.559	1.418
ARM						
Hand.....	0.180	0.180	0.182	0.178	0.180	0.160
Maximum length of fingers.....	0.106	0.100	0.100	0.102	0.100	0.095
Thumb.....	0.110	0.100	0.105	0.122	0.106	0.090
HEAD						
Vertical maximum length of head..	0.229	0.221	0.230	0.230	0.230	0.208
Horizontal maxi- mum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head).....	0.185	0.184	0.191	0.183	0.177	0.165
Width of forehead at temples.....	0.125	0.121	0.127	0.132	0.129	0.115
Height of forehead	0.060	0.060	0.070	0.070	0.069	0.060
B i z y g o m a t i c breadth.....	0.124	0.106	0.122	0.131	0.123	0.102
Maximum breadth lower jaw.....	0.105	0.100	0.116	0.114	0.114	0.100
Nasal height.....	0.055	0.053	0.065	0.060	0.059	0.043
Nasal breadth (at nostrils).....	0.036	0.036	0.039	0.040	0.035	0.040
Orbital horizontal breadth.....	0.033	0.029	0.033	0.032	0.031	0.030
Width between the eyes.....	0.032	0.030	0.036	0.035	0.031	0.032
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose).....	0.024	0.023	0.024	0.030	0.025	0.018
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to un- der chin).....	0.040	0.045	0.047	0.050	0.044	0.038
Length of ear.....	0.065 ¹	0.062	0.072 ¹	0.065	0.065	0.058

¹ Elongated.

PULSATIONS

Pindungan { Men.... 68 Banaue { Men.... 82 Bayo (dwarfs) 76
 Women. 86 Women. 92

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

The pulse of these savages was as regular as a clock, from sixty-eight to ninety-two pulsations a minute, according to the altitude of the village, and each pulsation as vigorous, steady, and well defined as possible in men, but rather weak in women. No discoloration was noticeable in the upper part of the iris of these people. The Igorrote possesses a nervous, restless temperament, easily excitable, and untrustworthy except when restrained by fear.

The inside of an Igorrote house is blackened by smoke and dirty in the extreme, with hundreds of pigs' jaws hanging from the walls, while pigs' skulls ornament the upper part of the wall, both inside and outside. *Carabao* skulls are generally used for decorating the beams supporting the structures, and a long rack of hard wood, with coarse imitations of *carabao* horns, generally nine of them, hangs underneath.

Earthen jars with *bubud*, a strong liquor locally made from fermented rice, can be seen, and provisions of rice and potatoes upon appropriate shelves. The *pario* is the large iron pan for boiling and evaporating the juice of sugarcane after it has been crushed in a suitable bamboo arrangement.

Although the houses are so small, the fireplace occupies a good portion of the flooring, and is made of hardened mud and stone fitting into the boards of the flooring, with a circle of stones in the centre and others at the corners to fit larger and smaller earthen pots; while two or more cross-sticks are placed above, in order to suspend cooking-vessels. The firewood is preserved on a rack directly over the fire.

While I was in one of the villages, writing my notes, with the chief sitting close by, we heard weird cries from a distant village on the hill-side opposite, then a chorus of moans and groans, then more long, howling cries. Presently these cries were answered from all over the mountains wherever there were Igorrotes. The chief who was by me jumped to his feet, and he too, standing on the edge of his settlement, sang the quaint ululations at the top of his voice, the arteries of his neck swelling in the effort.

AGAINST EVIL SPIRITS

It appeared that a child had just died in the first village, and these weird cries—the *Immayah bumangadha*—were to implore the departed soul to return to the body and restore it to life. Howling and moaning all round us from hill to hill went on the entire night.

At Liyon, a village to which we came farther on, the houses differed from those we had already seen. They rested upon the ground instead of upon stilts, and had a stone flooring. The porch was protected by a rustic wall of tree-branches. Here the tattooing on the women's arms was more elaborate than usual, but still of the angular pattern, and the hands were also ornamented in a similar fashion.

At the end of the rice harvest the Igorrotes place on their trails bundles of reeds, called *pilapil*, usually in couples. These are to prevent evil spirits approaching their settlements and bringing ill-luck and misfortune.

When we had reached a high point upon the mountains, the magnificent valley of the tortuous Alimit River opened before us, and on either side of this valley were probably the most astounding irrigation works in the entire archipelago. The rice-field terraces extended to the very summit of the high ridges, like a magnificent amphitheatre of almost inconceivable proportions. Higher Banaue, the settlement of the fiercest head-hunters in Luzon, was beautifully placed on a high site commanding this rich valley, while Poctan village was located lower down. Lower Banaue, which occupied a position on the opposite ridge to higher Banaue, consisted of only a few huts.

We had some slight difficulty here, as the Banaue folks were unwilling to let us proceed, and we fully expected trouble. They had not long before been victorious over another Igorrote tribe which had come to attack them, and they are said to have killed every man, making a wonderful collection of heads. This victory had made them very supercilious. Notwithstanding the threats and the apparently warlike preparations they seemed to be making in the village, we pushed right in—after an awful sweat up the steep, almost vertical position on which stood the place. We made our camp under the chief's house.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

The Banaue tribe was decidedly the most interesting of the head-hunters I had so far seen, and their type varied considerably from that of the Quiangan Valley tribes. Shorter in stature, they had flat faces, the profile being almost a flat plane, and immensely long teeth protruding far forward and giving the face a very cruel, brutal appearance. Their eyes possessed no slant whatever, but were **small**, beady, and unsteady. They had many facial characteristics which resembled those of Papuans. Occasionally, on the chin or side of the face, one saw a small mustache and a few hairs, of which they seemed to be very proud. They wore their hair shaved at the temples and back of the head, and cut straight all round.

Unlike other Igorrotes, who were comparatively clean-looking, these Banaue folks were the dirtiest devils I had come across. Living in tiny sleeping-boxes, one quarter of the floor of which was occupied by the fireplace—and no chimney—possibly contributed to their uncomely appearance.

Except that they were wilder, very excitable, impudent, and morose, in their habits and attire they closely resembled the tribes we have already visited. Their houses were generally in sets of two or three, the roofs adjoining, with ingenious doors sliding upon a *bejuco* line when not resting on the projecting ledge of the doorway. All the houses showed the same architectural lines, the structures, as usual, being raised upon a levelled platform of earth bordered with stones and having a stockade of reeds, bamboos, or logs of wood.

At Banaue, the place standing on the crown of a rocky hill, the natives had dug holes in the rock, in which they kept their ducks and pigs. One does not see many dogs about, as the Igorrotes cherish them more as delicacies for their festival dinners than as pets. Still, a few vicious watch-dogs had been spared and were at large in the villages.

The chief of Banaue, a man who boasts of having won many human heads—he had marked their exact number upon his cheeks with a tattooed cross for each—was a fel-



IGORROTE WOMEN
(Showing resemblance to Ainu of north Japan)



BONTOC IGORROIDS
(Showing resemblance to Ainu of north Japan)



1400



IGORROTE SPEARS

low of remarkable activity and irritability, spending his time in angry quarrels with everybody all round.

At our approach the dwellers in Banaue had hidden away their collection of human heads, for fear of punishment, but they generally keep them in their houses, in bags suspended to the wall.

I saw here some of the *bubullo*, or *anito*, carved wooden images, very closely resembling the carvings of New Guinea. These figures are represented stooping with hands resting upon the knees. There are male *bubullos* and female *bubullos*, as well as combined groups. The handles of their wooden spoons are very frequently ornamented with these figures, single or in a pair.

The *udio*, a large, wooden drinking-bowl, rendered black by being soaked in wine, has at the rim a number of concave spaces all round to fit the lips.

Each house has a number of chicken-coops hung from its lower beams, and on one side is a heavy, angular sort of lounge, scooped out of a trunk of a tree, and with semicircular end apertures. These benches are used for sleeping on in hot weather, and also for beheading victims during feasts.

Igorrote spears are beautifully made, with a finely tempered steel head, from thirty to sixty-five centimetres long, of an elongated rhomboid or leaf shape, but quadrangular or octagonal in section. Then others are of the harpoon shape, double-barbed, quadruple, and even with six and eight barbs, but these are generally of a commoner kind, and for the iron ring fastening the head to the shaft is substituted a strong plaited *bejuco* lacing, the spear-head being inserted into a hollow filled with some elastic substance like india-rubber. The most common throwing-spears are of pointed bamboo with a triangular head about twelve centimetres in length, and have a total length of 1.50 metres. They are of light, fine wood and have a notch and *bejuco* ring about 65 centimetres from the butt, at the exact point which gives the best balance at the moment of throwing. The more ornamented spears, with long, triangular steel heads and elaborately worked *bejuco* rings dyed red

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

and black, are used more for show and for hand-to-hand fighting. These measure generally 1.80 to two metres; and the beautiful manner in which the Igorrotes can work steel and other metals by means of stone implements only is remarkable. The shafts are of finely chosen woods, white, black; or red in color. A notch is incised on the shafts for each man killed. Pieces of brass wire are frequently inlaid in the spear-shafts, both in parallel lines and also so as to form a spiral all the way round.

Igorrote knives are not so good, and their shape has evidently been suggested by those of neighboring tribes. Were it not for two coils extending from the blade at the hilt, they would resemble bread-knives.

Undoubtedly the most typical and prettiest weapon is the head-axe, a well-balanced and most serviceable tool, with a sharp concave edge on one side of its broad blade and a long spike on the other side. The handle varies in length according to tribes, and the longer ones possess a projecting piece to strengthen the hold while striking.

While hunting for heads, the natives, on seeing a prospective victim, lie hidden in the grass, with their spear and shield ready. The unfortunate creature, when near enough, is treacherously speared in the back, usually by throwing the spear at him, which generally causes him to fall. In a second the assailant pounces upon his prey, places his heavy shield—in which is a lower semicircular opening—upon the man's neck, and with his hatchet promptly chops off the head. This done, the Igorrote turns his axe round the other way, strikes the skull with the spike, and lifting axe and bleeding head upon his shoulder, triumphantly returns home.

Six blades of wood (thirty-five to forty-five centimetres long), angular, and with a sort of barb or hook at the lower end, are hung outside a man's house after he has brought home a head; or else a trophy of imitation *carabao* horns is made of wood with black blotches, and upon it rests a pig's skull which holds in its teeth a piece of white wood that has been used in the fire whereat the pig was roasted for a feast. Around the skull hang bundles of grass as well as colored leaves.

CHAPTER LIV

THE SAPAO IGORROTES—THE PEOPLE OF NUEVA VIZCAYA—
CROSSING THE CORDILLERA INTO BONTOC — WARLIKE
HEAD-HUNTERS—THE DWARFS OF BAYO—TALUDIN

BANAUE is the highest village on the Cordillera which forms the geographical boundary-line between Nueva Vizcaya and the Bontoc province. To cross the range, however, it was first necessary to accomplish a fearful descent into the valley, along very high terraces, and then an equally troublesome ascent on the opposite hill—on hands and feet, upon slippery, red clay. On reaching the summit of the first range one obtained a magnificent bird's-eye view of terraced-up Alimit Valley, which runs from north to south and then encircles Mount Pallao. Farther back was Aricanga, and still beyond, between these two peaks, were visible (southeast) the high mountains of the Principe province, a range mainly inhabited by Negritos and Ibalao, and extending along the coast of the Pacific Ocean—a country which is better known because there Aguinaldo was eventually captured by the Americans. East of Carig and of Tumauini, Negritos are also to be found upon the Sierra Madre, which extends north of Principe up to the most northerly end of Luzon. On the summit of the mountain were two *pilao*, or fascines of reeds. The immense Cagayan Valley was plainly visible, stretching from south to north.

We still kept on ascending, and now were going up the main range, leaving behind the beautiful terraces of Banaue, and coming in sight of others in the Sapao district—the industrial region of the Igorrotes, where all the wood carvings, images, brass ornaments, implements, vessels, spears, axes, etc., are manufactured entirely with tools of a hard, green

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

stone which is generally used. Curiously enough, although the Sapao people manufacture practically the whole of the weapons carried by all the wilder Igorrotes of the Quiangan and Banaue districts, they are themselves less warlike than any of the rest, being practically at peace with all the tribes, with whom they carry on considerable trade. They are great agriculturists, too, and their terraces almost surpass in beauty and grandeur those of Banaue.

The Sapao people pave their houses with a green rock—a sort of porphyry which takes a high polish—and their villages are well drained with numerous ditches of running water.

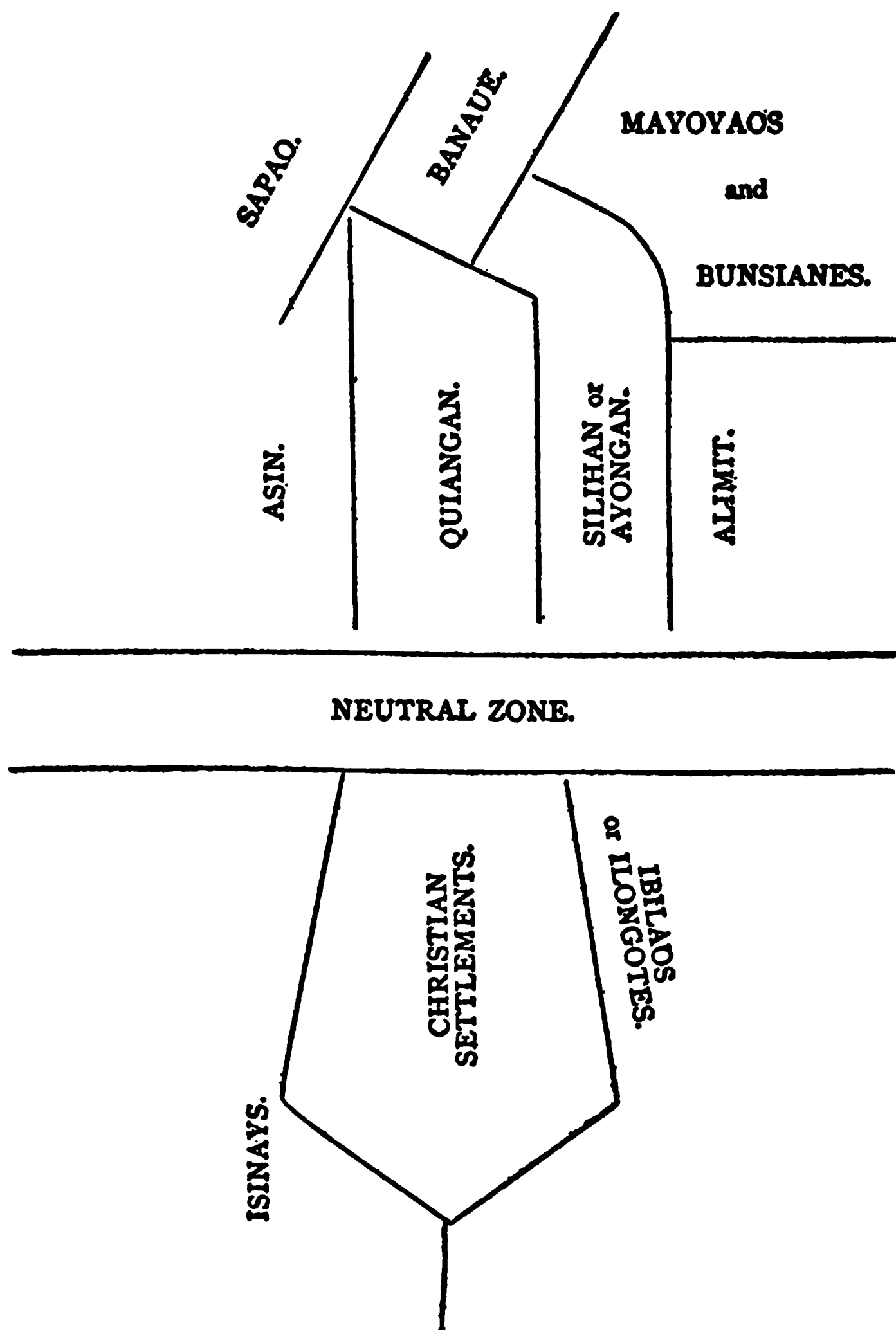
We climbed over the ridge forming the division between the Alimit and Ibanao valleys, and on the very summit the trail forked in two, one trail leading to Sapao (and to Cervantes in Lepanto), the other, which I followed, to Bontoc.

The Igorrote carriers declined to come any farther, as they declared that their neighbors were bad and would kill them, but eventually they were persuaded to continue. The trail was fairly good, although annoyingly slippery, and proceeded through thick reeds and immense ferns of great beauty. Thorns innumerable were rather a drawback to this otherwise enchanting forest. From our high position we had to descend to the head-waters of the Ibanao River—a very swift stream. From this point we began the ascent through a forest to the high Pulish Pass, where the Spaniards had established a small *cuartel* to watch these tribes. This pass, on the summit of the water-shed, stood on the frontier between Nueva Vizcaya and Bontoc. Its altitude by hypsometrical apparatus I found to be 6329 feet.

The diagram here appended will give an idea at a glance of how the various tribes of Nueva Vizcaya are located.

About seventy per cent. of the Christian population of Nueva Vizcaya consists of Ilocanos who migrated there, the remaining thirty per cent. being mainly Gaddanes and Isinays. In a Christian population of 16,000 souls three distinct local languages are spoken. The Igorrotes num-

TRIBES OF NUEVA VIZCAYA



ber some 46,000 to 47,000, or, rather, 36,000 Igorrotes proper and 10,000 to 11,000 Ibilaos and Isinays, who cannot strictly be classified with the Igorrotes, their customs and manners being quite different. The Ibilaos use bows and arrows,

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and although they, too, indulge in head-hunting they do it, as we have seen, mostly to conquer a wife rather than for the sake of collecting war-trophies. The Isinays are quiet, timid, and are being imposed upon and gradually killed off by the stronger tribes.

From the Pulish Pass I descended on the north side into Bontoc province among beautiful pines—an absolute change of scenery and vegetation from what we had on the other side of the range. There was hardly any undergrowth at all, except very short grass and a few miniature ferns. We came in for the usual afternoon torrential storm, my Igor-otes, with their *kalupis* (shoulder-baskets and rain-coats of vegetable bristles combined), being in a terrible state of mind, as they said the Bontoc Igorotes were their deadly enemies and would surely kill all of us.

We descended for some two hours, when at last, down below, we began to discern signs of cultivation, coming up to quite high above the river-level. Lower down were large paddy-fields upon one high terrace, which however was not to be compared in beauty with the Banaue works.

My attention was drawn to piercing shrieks and the excited beating of drums in the village far down below, the yells increasing as we continued to advance down the mountain-side. As I looked with glasses there were folks running about to and fro in the village, and their bright spear-heads shone in the light. They had taken to their shields and they were hurrying up on the upper side of the trail, where they hid among the grass. In the village, meanwhile, shrieks and yells continued, the women with bundles of their property taking to flight in the opposite direction from that in which the men were likely to encounter us.

My carriers, who had so far bravely walked—run, rather, they walked so fast—in front, now carefully took up a position in the rear. When we were getting closer to the village two or three dozen men ran up and down the trail in a great state of excitement, brandishing their spears and shields—evidently challenging us to come on, while some 200 folks were ambushed just above the grass, waiting for us to be led into the trap and be pounced upon.

A TRIBE OF DWARFS

Seeing that no attention was paid to their tactics, they tried another way—in order to induce us to rush the place and form a target for the spears of those hidden above the trail. The challenging warriors pretended fright and bolted, so that we might rush after them. Well, we did not, and we walked along until within speaking distance, when we warned the enemy to “keep off the grass,” and pretty quick, or we would make short work of the whole lot of them. To the chief, who stood ahead of all and defiantly brandished his spear, we suggested that he had better not make a fool of himself. We were in no immediate hurry to fight them.

Their chief—somewhat taken aback—harangued his hidden men, who, in groups, meekly popped up their heads above the grass—lots of them—only a few yards from where we were. They nearly all eventually stood up with their spears and shields ready for action, but their warlike attitude was replaced by grins from ear to ear. They said they thought we were their enemies from Banaue who had come for heads. They were sorry that they had made a mistake. But how could they help it? They had never seen white men come unexpectedly that way. They all joined in the procession and led us to their village, while my bold Banaue fellows—of guilty conscience—were trembling all over with fright and kept well behind, in the meekest of fashions.

Now, these Bayo fellows—a particularly nasty village—were a picturesque sight, as they walked along with hardly any more clothing than little skull-caps shaped just like those of Tommy Atkins before he became Germanized—only these Igorrote caps are prettily made of basket-work and beads or of half a cocoa-nut, and are worn jauntily at the back of the head instead of on the side.

Even more strongly marked than in the case of Banaue folks were the Papuan characteristics of this tribe—the features very coarse and brutal, but much smaller in every way except for the extreme breadth of the nose. These people were dwarfs, the majority being well under four feet in height. Filthy beyond words, they wore the hair long and uncared for, instead of nicely trimmed, as is the habit of the other Igorrotes. They had long, flat, metal earrings,

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and upon the right ear was carried, when not in use, a small pipe; a pipe scoop and pick was also worn by way of earring. All the clothing they wore consisted of a sash with a pendant in front.

Although these people are classified as Igorrotes they are really Ilongotes, pure and simple, and the undiluted Ilongote language is the only one they can speak. Their houses are quite different from those of the Igorrotes proper, and rest upon the ground, on terraces of hard stone with rustic stone steps. Seldom were the huts taller than six or seven feet, with grass roofs, and with pigsties underneath. The pigsty communicates by a short channel with an adjoining pit of filth, walled up all round with stones, and each house possesses, either in front or behind, one of these dirt-pits, round or oval or square in shape. The extraordinary part of this was that, notwithstanding the dozens of these pits in the village—in fact, in walking about one had to be most careful so as not to slip into them—no smell whatever arose from them. Why this was I never could explain, but it was a fact.

Only one house at Bayo—the one under which I slept—was raised on pillars five feet high, but the living quarters above were so small and the roof so heavy and big that I really had not detected that there were living quarters at all concealed under the roof above my head, until the next morning, when I heard some child squeal inside the sleeping-box.

During the evening the natives were very polite and brought presents of eggs, while others came for medicine, many suffering from fever. A fight had taken place a few days before between this tribe and some neighbors, and one fellow came hopping about to inquire whether I could mend his leg, as one of the enemy had run a bamboo spear right through the muscle of his thigh from one side to the other. It was quite a nasty wound, but as it had been left unattended and untampered with, it was healing nicely.

These dwarfs were well formed, but seemed much less intelligent than other tribes upon those mountains. They had evidently learned all they knew from their contact with

DWARFS' TATTOOING DESIGNS

the Igorrotes. Their skull measurements were small, as can be seen by the table in the previous chapter, and the cheekbones not so prominent as compared with the bigonial breadth. Their eyes were small and wide apart; the upper lip and nose very short, and the hands quite small but not particularly well formed. They were tattooed in a primitive way on the chest, large concentric semicircles in sets of two or three lines—generally three—extending from the breast to the biceps. Now, curves are seldom, if ever, noticeable in purely Igorrote tattooing. Tattooed bracelets of angles were common, and this design was also displayed upon the forehead, while there are crosses upon each cheek. A double-barbed arrow with two semicircular lines at the butt was generally tattooed upon the forehead and nose, while the outline of the jaw was followed by a line with a succession of hooks.

There was a howling wind blowing when I was at this place, and the altitude being considerable it was very cold during the night. With three local carriers, and without weapons of any kind, I continued my journey through this country—considered the most dangerous in northern Luzon—following the lower trail in the valley between grassy mountains of steep slopes, which occasionally became high ravines. I then crossed the stream over a high and somewhat shaky bridge—there were a couple more of these structures lower down the stream, as well as marvellous wooden aqueducts of great height to convey irrigation water from one field eighty feet above the river to another slightly lower on the opposite side of the stream. I passed one or two small villages before arriving at the large settlement of Talubin, with low, dirty huts, not unlike but dirtier than those of Bayo, and with additional rows of pyramidal storehouses.

The trail, well beaten, was here quite good, and from Talubin leaves the river and proceeds over a high pass, leaving behind the settlement of Kanyo. There were high mountains all along, quite grassy, and either free from trees or with some few, splendid pines upon them. The trail was on slippery, red clay soil, and mostly followed the ridge

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

of the range, until at last I perceived, in a most beautiful valley, the town of Bontoc. By following a number of short cuts the descent into the valley was quickly accomplished, and after crossing a stream I went along between ridges of terraces and beautifully cultivated and irrigated fields, most symmetrically tidy. Upon the trail I had met hundreds of armed Igorrotes, with spears and *aliwa* or *pinang* (head-axe) and war-shields.

The Bontoc people were again taller and more of the Igorrote type. They cut their hair straight across into a fringe, but left it long and loose behind. Some had elaborate shell ornaments, and a large piece of mother-of-pearl fastened to the loin-string, to hide the umbilicus. Nearly all men wore the basket-work skull-caps, decorated with beads, shells, brass and silver ornamentations.

After skirting on my left the large settlement of Sunoki, just in front of Bontoc, across the river, there now came the difficult job of crossing the wide stream, much swollen by the heavy rains. The Igorrotes who were with me would not hear of my removing my clothes and wading, and one fellow declared he would carry me dry to the other side; but, unfortunately, when we got into mid-stream, the water was well up to his nose, and in his frantic efforts to get where the water was shallower he was carried away by the strong current and I had to finish the crossing swimming.

In Bontoc, one of the largest Igorrote settlements, there was a great ado, as the Governor of the province had arrived and had summoned all the leading chiefs to appear before him. The Igorrotes of the province had answered the invitation in great force. I never shall forget the surprise of the Governor and two or three other American gentlemen with him when I arrived in their midst, alone, unattended, and unarmed.

"Do you know," exclaimed the Governor, "that you have just crossed the most dangerous head-hunting districts in Luzon? It is a miracle you got through alive. I heartily congratulate you on arriving with your head upon your shoulders."

"Well, sir, I never arrive anywhere without it!"

CHAPTER LV

THE NATIVES OF BONTOC—THE COURT OF JUSTICE—THE
IGORROTE AS A SOLDIER—ON A SUBTERRANEAN RIVER—
FROM BONTOC TO LEPANTO

GOVERNOR DINWIDDIE and all were extremely civil and hospitable, and laid themselves out to make me comfortable, and in the afternoon we much enjoyed seeing the weird Igorrote dancing, some of the dancers carrying gongs on which they tap at intervals, while their leader makes contortions, wheeling his head-axe about in a very graceful but most dangerous fashion, and striking fighting attitudes. The musicians hop about lightly describing loops and circles, all stooping low and then gradually straightening themselves up with a jerk, keeping time meanwhile with the tune. Two spearmen begin, then more join in, and all lightly hop about in a circle from one foot to the other, imitating their war-drill.

The native city of Bontoc was very extensive, the houses mostly of Igorrote architecture, enormous roofs hiding the family sleeping-boxes, the whole on four supports. From a distance Igorrote houses have the appearance of huge mushrooms. The lower portion, however, instead of being open, as with the Quiangan and Banaue Igorrotes, was enclosed by a wooden wall four feet high, and the roof spread out so low as almost to screen the top of the wall. This lower floor is frequently divided into two sections, one a sort of sitting-room, the other the kitchen. Large spherical earthen pots, a wooden double mortar for rice, a few baskets, a spoon or two, and a family drinking-bowl, are about all the utensils one sees about their houses, the jewelry and weapons being hidden in the well-smoked sleeping-box above. The poorer huts, however, have only the ground

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floor, and stand not more than five feet high. Each house here, too, possesses a single or double stone-walled pigs' pit, four to six feet deep, and full of refuse, communicating with the house; but here, too, although there were hundreds of these pits in the village filled with putrid matter, not the slightest odor could be detected. Drinking-troughs, scooped out of a large stone, are to be seen in these pits.

Bontoc was divided into several sections, each under a sort of chief, and each district had its "court of justice," a sort of oval or circular terrace with a stone wall made of large slabs of porphyry two to three feet high, or of some hard, black stone—polished smooth by frequent use and by the oily skins of the sitters. Upright poles, supporting a *carabao* skull, were placed around the wall, and here the oldest and most revered men congregated to discuss public affairs or settle private disputes.

On the hill-side above the town was the "sacred grove," where the medicine-men went to offer sacrifices to the spirits of the mountains. These Igorrotes of Bontoc are nothing if not practical. Each house possesses, ready for any emergency, a coffin roughly carved from a large trunk of a tree and with a heavy lid upon it. These coffins are either kept outside the dwelling or near the store-house, and when anybody dies, this particular tribe bury the body directly under the house. They are very provident while alive, and in their storehouses they accumulate sufficient provisions to last them over one year—or at any rate over one crop—in case of famine. I found them of a joyful and friendly disposition, always ready for a lark.

There is, I think, a splendid opening to employ these people for military purposes; they would, I believe, make most excellent scouts, especially for service in mountainous regions. I was glad to see that an Igorrote constabulary force was being established and doing excellent work. They took great pride in their uniforms, which while on the march they generally carried in a neat bundle slung to the neck so as not to spoil them. They kept their rifles in splendid condition, and could do quite good shooting with them. From their earliest youth the Igorrotes are taught

REMARKABLE CHILDREN

to fight, and the play of the children consists mostly of war-like games such as the stone fights. Regular bamboo shields are provided for these games, and battles of some fierceness are indulged in, in which babies even four or five years old join. A few broken skulls and bruised limbs are generally the result.

But children of all these tribes bear pain remarkably well. They seldom cry even when considerably injured. I remember seeing a boy of the Calagan tribe (Mindanao), about ten years old, being brought into Davao with a *bolo* wound inflicted by another boy. The best portion of his left temple and cheek were sliced off, and were hanging down his neck. Some thirty stitches were put in to repair the damage done, while this little chap, without chloroform or cocaine, sat on a stone step twirling his thumbs around or examining the surgical case from which the various instruments were produced. The operation lasted some half-hour, and this plucky little fellow never budged or cried or said a word while it was going on. He looked quite unconcerned, and when he was told it was all finished he made a bow and ran off to play with other children.

In the company of Governor Dinwiddie I left Bontoc for Cervantes, the capital of the Lepanto province. We went along the line of the stream, but high above it, among most beautiful mountain scenery, as fine as anything I have seen in Switzerland or the Rocky Mountains. There were two trails—the upper, which we followed, and the lower, close to the river-bed on the opposite side of the stream. The mountain-sides were clear of trees up to a great height, and beautiful white lilies, wild roses, and other flowers increased the poetry of this charming landscape.

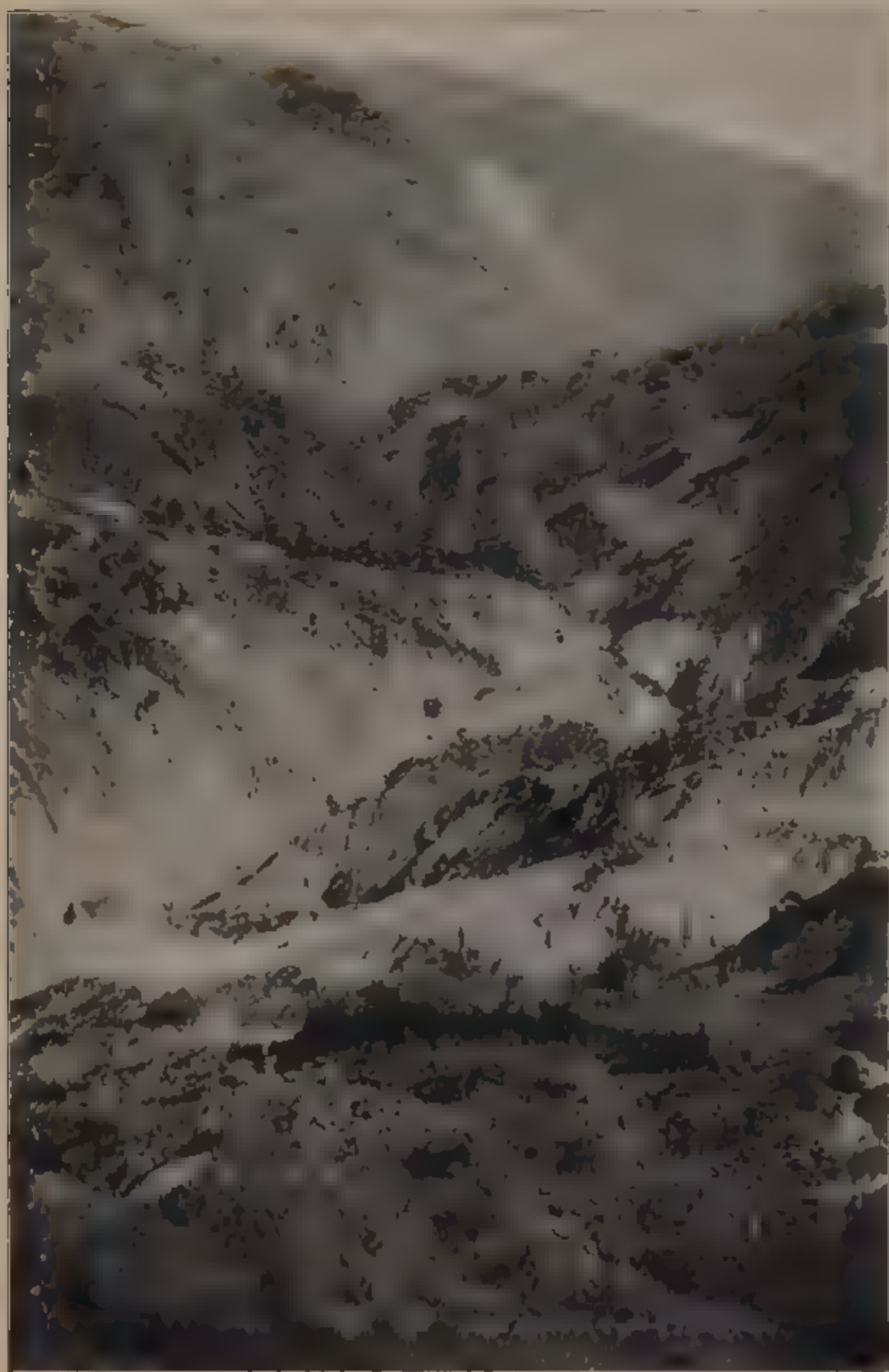
Another thing upon which Governor Dinwiddie of the Bontoc-Lepanto provinces may be highly complimented was the excellent condition in which the trails were kept, the bridges being in good repair. Governor Dinwiddie seems to have grasped the idea thoroughly that, in order to develop a new country, it is necessary, before everything else, to establish good ways of communication, and to open fresh ones; to this work, therefore, he devotes much of his

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

attention. I only wish more governors in the Philippines would see things the same way.

We went up and down till we reached an altitude of some 6200 feet from the Bontoc Valley, when we came to a spot where the river makes a huge *détour*, and here the trail crossed over a high pass onto another valley northwest to southeast. Here again we saw immense irrigation works, the entire valley being beautifully terraced up. High up on the mountain-side were Igorrote settlements. On reaching the highest point of the ridge I was confronted with a most fantastic bit of scenery, huge pyramids of lava and molten rock or pillars of volcanic formation standing upright, scattered upon the basin which was found on the mountain-top. Some had large hollows, others were fluted. One could observe three distinct and extinct craters of great proportions, and several minor ones, the central part of which was now filled up by curious mud mounds, as was also the case in one large crater about 300 yards in diameter. On the west and northwest sides of this crater were huge, gray rocks, vertical or hollowed out in the strangest of forms, but all suggesting terrific heat and commotions of the earth.

Some hundreds of feet down below we went to explore an underground river which disappeared into the mountain. The only way to get at this place was to walk in the swift stream itself, and we got into a large natural archway of great height leading into a big cave where stalactites, shawls, or screens, were in course of formation, and where the crystalline deposits shone like diamonds in the dim light which penetrated so far. Once inside the grotto, which formed a sort of cupola, we scrambled over enormous boulders, in the shape of crescents or pyramids, and so terribly sharp and slippery that we preferred again to walk in the water. This place appeared to have been a caldron of the volcano above, and the surface-rock of the dome and walls was of gray and brown tints of most delicate tones. A shaft or funnel was visible overhead, but now was blocked up at some point above. The gurgling river turned to the south-south-west inside the mountain and disappeared through a low



THE GOLD AND COPPER MINES OF SIYAK

EFFIGIES OF HUMAN FIGURES

aperture, where we could get no farther. We returned to the trail above.

Some grand explosion must have taken place here at some period or other, similar rocks to the ones on the basin, where the craters are, being found scattered over the landscape at great distances where they did not naturally belong.

The settlement of Sagada lies in the volcanic basin. Farther off, at Balungan, we met along the trail effigies of human figures, coarsely made of reeds and leaves and representing men with two spears in a fighting attitude, others standing on guard, but the most common was a symbolic reed tied into a peculiar knot, or else crossed with another reed. Occasionally these puppets are also made of tree-bark with black-line ornamentations upon them; and also regular fences, with ghastly masks carved in wood, are to be seen about in the Igorrote country, these being supposed to scare away evil spirits as well as sickness and trouble. These images are placed along trails or roads, streams or passages, the evil spirits never entering, they say, a village except by some of these passages, cut either by man or nature. A cross with mandibles of hogs is occasionally seen in the landscape for similar purposes.

At every turn we came upon more astounding views, and passed a magnificent valley on an inclined plane from northeast-east to southwest-west—all in terraces, just before coming to Balungan.

Astride of our next pass we came to Bagnen village, a district of some 4000 souls, where we again entered a region of abundant clothing and dubious manners.

No sooner had we crossed the pass than another magnificent panorama spread out before us—this time a great, big, undulating valley in terraces surrounded by forest-capped mountains. Along a capital trail among beautiful pines, then between patches of cultivation with lots of Igorotes working upon the road to keep it in order, which they did with a sort of flattened instrument that answered the double purpose of a pick and spade.

Here we were among practically civilized tribes of Igorotes, who were quite different in many ways from the

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

others, and I was astounded by the extraordinary resemblance of these particular people to the hairy Ainu of north Japan. The women wore the hair long, but trimmed round with a crown of red and yellow beads, and the men used a small kerchief, generally red, occasionally blue, tied into a turban, or more commonly with the two ends left hanging behind. Their eyes were straight, the skin fair when properly washed, the bridge of the nose comparatively high. The men grew luxuriant beards, of which they were very proud, but some have adopted the fashion of pulling out the hairs with their finger-nails. Men and women keep their pipes, with the accessories tied to a chain, stuck in the turban or in the crown of beads, and always on the left side of the head.

Their woven fabrics greatly resembled in design those of the Ainu—picturesque white cloths with two double sets of blue stripes, with two white lines on each and two similar stripes on the edges. Like the Ainu, they were extremely fond of blue, and just like the Ainu women—and unlike most other tribes of the archipelago, who carry their young upon the hips—these natives carried children slung on the back.

Tattooed patterns of lozenges, squares, and series of angles, of a similar character but often more elaborate than those of Ainu women, were noticeable on the ladies' arms of this region. Unlike the Ainu, these folks squatted down on their heels instead of sitting cross-legged.

They were, of course, not quite so hairy on the body, which was undoubtedly due to the different climate in which they lived, and the formation of the skull was decidedly more intelligent than with the aborigines of north Japan, who were probably but a degenerate tribe of the same stock. It is well known that the Ainu at one time inhabited all the Japanese islands, and possibly even Formosa, and it is not unlikely that, this being merely a continuation of that same string of islands, these hairy folks, when a powerful race, may have extended as far as north Luzon. Personally, being well acquainted with both races, I have no doubt whatever in my mind that they are closely related, so many are the points they have in common.

A PICTURESQUE TRAIL

The trail was everywhere picturesque, portions cut through soft, greenish rock, which presently became a deep warm green, here and there through white lime and sticky clay, and as one went on and wound round one mountain and then another, the scenery constantly changed and became more and more fascinating. A small dome of light yellow earth with large patches of a violet color would point to the presence of some mineral down below—possibly copper—and upon the slippery, red-clay soil beautiful ferns of various species seemed to thrive.

By a steep zigzag we eventually got down to the Bontoc River, which we had to wade, and by another zigzag on the other side we ascended to Sabangan, at which place we struck what is called "the lower trail," quite wide and most excellent, along the left bank of the stream. Near the tiny and quaint village of Shupao, where two white flags were flying to scare evil spirits away, a most beautiful waterfall descended in graceful cascades from near the summit of the mountain. Another smaller cascade was almost facing it on the opposite side of the river.

After a little time one more quaint village stood against a prominent hill, and from this spot a gradual ascent began, and we left the river, which described a long *détour*. An hour or so later a most astounding sight was before us, a long, flat-topped mountain, from the very summit of which—some 7000 feet high—descended picturesque waterfalls, the overflow of a lake which is to be found upon that high place. Lots of globular clouds played low down in the valley, and presently they formed so rapidly as to obscure the entire scene.

A violent shower of rain was the next event, as we were gayly proceeding along the fine road, with wild roses on either side, and ferns and wild flowers of all kinds. Down to the river by a most slippery incline, then up by a bit of road, so muddy that it was all we could do to get on and pull our ponies, and we halted for the night at Banco, a village in a district of some 2800 souls.

At Banco I had occasion to examine a great many so-called Igorrotes, and I became further convinced of their

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

relationship to the Ainu. Their features here, too, were almost identical. They have a picturesque way of burying their dead, either in natural caves or in artificial grottos about seven feet high. The ends of the huge coffin are bolted with wooden rivets. Ivy and other creepers hang gracefully upon the walls and the aperture of the grotto. Barring the odor, these are quite ideal burial spots.

On leaving Banco early the next morning, when the air was clear, we again obtained a superb view of Mount Datta, to our south, with its waterfalls and with Ibanao village and other more distant settlements on its slopes. On its northeast side, at the foot, rises in the valley a solitary, rocky hill with a cutting edge, and forms a sort of spur to its giant, flat-topped neighbor, fairly wooded on the east side but with grassy slopes in long, sweeping lines on the north-northwest side. To the west of us stood the great Malaya range. From a high point on the Cayan trail we suddenly came upon a charming spot overlooking a vast basin.

Balaua village, with its pointed gabled roofs, was down below, and high up was perched Caddiyan, half hidden in a cluster of dark trees. Farther on, to the south of Caddiyan, was the elongated settlement of Cayan, the former capital of the province. The higher trail, which was about 1000 feet above us to the northwest, eventually meets the lower trail at Caddiyan. Plenty of banana palms and bamboos covered the hill-side, and nearer the villages were coffee plantations.

And so we went on, mile after mile, now encountering itinerant natives leading a fat pig, then groups of women of mature age and modesty who always turned their backs to us as we passed and gazed at whatever scenery stood in front of them. Up above, or down below, men with nothing more on than their bronzed skins, splashed all over with mud, were busy, knee-deep in water and slush, damming up their elevated paddy-fields.

Between Cayan and Cervantes the trail was splendid, among green, grassy hills overlooking fine valleys on either side. On approaching the capital, Cervantes, by the steep, winding road, one obtains a fine bird's-eye view of the

THE RIVER ABRA

place, one corrugated iron roof standing out prominent among the humbler roofs of native houses. The town is situated on a flat plateau some 100 feet above the level of the river Abra, which crosses this valley from northeast to southwest. We had come from the north. The river was too deep to ford, so we crossed over on a raft, the ponies swimming behind.

CHAPTER LVI

THE MANCAYAN AND SUYAK COPPER AND GOLD MINES— SUPERSTITIONS OF THE NATIVES

CERVANTES is quite a model little place, which, under the sensible guidance of Governor Dinwiddie, seems to have a good future before it. Much attention is devoted to road-making and to encouraging the natives in agricultural pursuits, by improved methods. The Governor himself is now starting a coffee plantation on quite an extensive scale, and it is to be hoped that his example may be followed by others. For excellent coffee, all these central provinces of northern Luzon cannot be beaten.

The Lepanto province is known as one of the great mining districts—both gold and copper being found in the Mancayan and Suyak districts; and to get a better idea of what was going on, I paid a visit to that mining region.

With Captain Nathorst of the constabulary, who kindly furnished me with horses, I went up—on quite a fair trail—between the rugged Malaya range and the rounded, grassy hills to the east of the Abra River, the valley of which we followed until we entered a most beautiful valley of great fertility, several hundred acres in extent, easily irrigable, and now going to absolute waste in the hands of a white man. We crossed it, travelling southward, and came to a spur of hills, which split the end portion of the valley in two, we following the wedge-shaped southern section for a mile or so.

A second low, rocky spur, on the top of which is perched a picturesque Igorrote village, in its turn divides this wedge-shaped valley in two. Here were a few paddy-fields, with curious crow-scaring contrivances, either pulled by hand from a distant shed, where a patient native sits all day, or

INDISPUTABLE CIVILIZATION

else worked mechanically by water. The latter consists of a log of wood balanced under a water-fall, the force of which causes it to be swung backward and forward, a string attached to the log pulling a bamboo rattle.

After passing a fine gorge we obtained, as we ascended, the west view of Mount Datta, not nearly so imposing and picturesque from this side, but easier to climb. On the first hill-tops were a few coffee plantations, belonging to Chinamen, then farther a larger but half-abandoned one, owned by a Spaniard. The coffee-trees were planted too close together, and not cared for as they should be, coffee-trees requiring a good deal of care and attention as well as sufficient space.

At this point we entered the copper region. It was in 1863 that the Cantabro-Filipina Society began to exploit the mines of Mancayan, and whatever complaints may be brought against them, they most certainly developed that part of the country quite appreciably. That copper exists is beyond doubt, but whether it will ever pay to work those mines on a large scale is a different matter, and from a superficial visit it would be difficult to express an opinion. The same observation applies to the many gold-mines in the neighborhood of Mancayan and Suyak. Gold certainly exists there, too, but although the shafts and tunnels were many, they were mostly fenced off and at rest.

With copper and gold mining the Christianization of the local Igorrotes began in 1874, when the success of the Mancayan mines had reached its apex, and priests were stationed to look after the souls of the baptized Igorrotes. That these particular Igorrotes became quite civilized there is indisputable proof. They employ much of their time and energy in manufacturing counterfeit money from local copper, and, what is more, they can pass it—at a discount, true enough, but it passes—as good coinage. When I travelled up these mountains the fires for their smelting-pots were visible all over the mountain-sides.

As we rose higher, a stone grave—a pyramid—on the highest point of Suyak marked the resting-place of a chief, and, farther on, a grotto, ten feet by six feet, contained two

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

massive wooden coffins, with effigies of *carabao* and pigs' skulls carved upon the lid. The coffins, carved out of solid blocks of wood, were three feet in diameter, and rested on stone supports, while ferns and moss had grown prettily around.

A great many superstitions are to be found among these people in connection with their burials. For instance, an old woman—dead, and duly wrapped up in a blanket—was being carried in a sitting posture by some relative, while moaning sons and friends followed behind. The procession went on, each person tapping on two sticks “tap-tap, tap-tap-tap, tap-tap.” A hog crossed in front of the funeral party, which then and there turned back to sacrifice cattle and hogs. A second attempt to convey the inanimate lady to her place of rest was disturbed by the flight of a crow. More sacrifices of hogs. A third time, as they were just about to start, no sooner was the dead thing lifted upon their shoulders than by a strange coincidence a landslide occurred close by in the mining district. The corpse was immediately brought back and more expensive sacrifices offered. At last, on the fourth attempt, the burial took place.

The coffins are always placed either on the tops of mountains, in hollows in the mountain-side, or in artificial grottos, two or three or more relations or friends—when dead—occupying the same burial-place. Coffins are frequently carved in the shape of *iguano*s, large lizards, but more common are those I have described above.

Everything with these tribes is decided by means of a *canya*, or feast; or, at any rate, almost everything leads to these wasteful luxuries, when a family with its friends will sit down and eat its entire fortune in one meal. Their marriages are arranged when very young at one of these feasts, and in killing hogs or *carabaos* an even number is always sacrificed—odd numbers, they say, being unlucky.

In killing a hog—which they do by tying the four legs and laying it down always on the right side—a man stands by each hog to be sacrificed and slowly forces a pointed stick towards the heart of the poor animal, while frantic



THE AMERICAN MILITARY POST SAN FERNANDO DE UNION



DWARVES OF NORTHERN LUZON

EXTRAVAGANT FEASTS

beating of drums goes on all round. Dogs are most cherished of all in the way of food. Lean dogs are preferred to fat ones, and they are beaten to death until they are swollen from the blows. While dissecting, certain parts of the gut are removed for examination and to foresee the future.

When a person is ill they generally have a *canya*, for they maintain—and quite right, too—that on being cheered the patient often recovers.

Disastrous as these lavish feasts are to those who possess much, they are in a way excellent institutions for those who possess nothing, for poor and rich take part in these frequent and filling meals. Very little gratitude, if any at all, is ever shown by these Igorrotes, and they are unscrupulous thieves—a quality, I think, to a great extent acquired.

The Igorrotes of Suyak lived almost entirely by mining up to 1896. Their fathers and forefathers all worked these mines—in fact, all these mines are called after names of individual Igorrotes. For instance, the great landslide is the “Palidan,” the other slide to the left “Padangan,” etc.—where or near which gold is principally found; and these having been known to the natives, their claims should, I think, in all fairness not be altogether ignored. The natives generally turned the gold extracted into ornaments, and some still possess heirlooms of that precious metal two or three hundred years old. I saw some heavy, circular gold earrings and beautifully designed charms of pure gold, as well as small, gold “lucky *carabaos*” with coil, wave, and “fish-bone” ornamentations upon their sides and backs.

The tattooing to be observed in this tribe occurred mostly on the arms of women, and consisted of sets of circles, or quadrangles one inside the other, with angles to fill vacant spaces, inside a larger quadrangle—on the hands, for instance. Zigzag lines decorated the sides of the arm, and the elbow was encircled by an elaborate design of lozenges as well as the angle pattern. Zigzag rings and a six-pointed star with a chevron adorn the fingers.

The mineral zone extends practically from north to south, but in a volcanic country of this kind interruptions and

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deviations are bound to occur owing to commotions. The great landslide of Palidan extends from east to west in this mineral zone, and it is near that spot that most of the American gold claims are located. I met some of the miners—most good-hearted and hospitable—nearly all having with them Igorrote ladies of dubious beauty. At Mancayan a village of some 100 souls exists.

Igorrotes are employed in the mines, a woman called Mammaya being quite an expert in the district. When mining on their own account the Igorrotes do most of their work by slushing, until they come to the actual rock, when all work is suspended. If they foresee that in a few hours gold will be struck they proceed to their homes and have three days' feasting. Then they return to work. While mining, the Igorrotes abstain from eating beef, but chickens and pigs are consumed. Again, while actually working gold, husbands and wives remain separated, nor will they work at all in mines after having been to a *canya* and drunk *tapuy* (white, milky wine fermented from rice).

Captain Nathorst was telling me that one day, on going down to his shaft, he met all his employés leaving work. On asking for an explanation they pointed to a rainbow and said it was a warning that if work were continued somebody would be killed. Whistling and throwing stones into a tunnel are also supposed to bring bad luck.

Men do but little mining except the actual digging in the rock and timbering of tunnels. The women and children carry out all the rock, which is sorted in the sunlight and examined by a process of licking all over to detect the existence of mineral. The assistance of a little child whose keen eyesight greatly helps the search is generally employed. Then all the rock selected goes through the usual process of crushing and washing.

Until the American occupation it was possible to buy pure gold cheap from these natives, but now they have discovered that by making it into a poor alloy with silver and copper and twisting it into rudimentary ornaments they can obtain inflated prices, so that they devote all their efforts to that line.

MEDICINAL SPRINGS

In smelting, the Igorrotes improvise crucibles of white clay which bake at the same time that the gold inside melts. Under the crucible they place a large earthenware vessel for safety. They make a hole in the ground, with charcoal in it, which, when lighted, covers crucible and all, the fire being fanned at first, then a blow-pipe being used to obtain greater combustion and a higher temperature.

From Suyak at sunset, a storm having just cleared the air, a most stupendous view was obtained of mountain range after range to the west, lighted up by a brilliant yellow glow behind, with lots of globular clouds tinted in vermillion playing above. Within those mountains lie the Amburayan country—a sub-province of Lepanto. The dark-green trees of the Malaya range in the foreground gradually changed to a blackish violet color as the last rays of the sun illuminated the scene, and from the valley below now rose masses of yellowish mist which left nothing in sight except the red-lighted summits of the range. To the north stretched the grand valley of the Abra, with Cervantes town in the distance, the corrugated iron roof of its church just visible.

A trail continues from Suyak into the Benguet province *via* Loo, and another trail also exists *via* Lipatan and Asin to Sapao in the Cordillera. By a different trail I returned to Cervantes on my way to the coast. Medicinal springs are found in Cervantes, Comillas, and Angaqui.

CHAPTER LVII

OVER THE KALID PASS—THE JOURNEY TO THE WEST COAST—
THE TINGUIANES—THE PROVINCE OF UNION—ILOCANO
SUPERSTITIONS

THE valley of Cervantes consists of three separate spurs forming a plateau above a lower plain in paddy-fields. Mount Balig, southeast of Cervantes, is a prominent point in the Malaya range. On leaving Cervantes I proceeded in a northeast direction by what is called the Angaqui road *via* the Kalid Pass. Along the wide and excellent road were quinine-trees, the bark of which is dried in the sun and chewed by the natives, in cases of fever, or else the leaves are boiled and made into a decoction.

From our high point we obtained another stupendous view of the great valley of the Abra. The Kalid Pass led over a very precipitous rocky mountain by its side, and the large Angaqui village stood on a prominence above the valley below, which was partly cultivated in rice-fields and partly overgrown with grass. Ginger-plants, with their large leaves, lined the road. The steep ascent begins after leaving Angaqui, going due west. The road bifurcates at Angaqui, going on one side to Tila on the coast, some twenty-six and a half kilometres, on the other to Tobalina—about thirty-two kilometres to the coast. The highest portion of the trail over the pass was steep and stony, the pass itself being cut into the mountain. Beyond it were gullies on either side, with much scrub vegetation and some patches of grass or forest. Ahead to the north lay an immense stretch of humpy, but well-rounded, undulating highlands, with two well-defined natural table-lands, one some 800 feet, the other about 1400 feet above the lowest point of the valley. Northwest was a double-humped peak of considerable height.

CLOUDS OF LOCUSTS

After going the entire day we reached San Emilio—where the *cuartel* was occupied by a constabulary detachment and the church had been turned into a stable for cattle. Tiagan was the real name of the district before the American occupation.

From San Emilio we started before sunrise, the trail still very good, descending most of the time among high reeds, tufts of bamboo, and a lot of untidy vegetation. The trail chiefly followed the crest of the lower ridge, with a fertile valley extending from south to north on our left, cultivated in paddy-fields, and with the villages of Baan and Paltog. On descending into the valley the trail went mostly along the stony river-bed, constantly crossing and recrossing the stream. Such villages as Lubig, perched on a hill, and Lidledao, were pretty, but of no particular interest.

At Nasinit we came to regular clouds of locusts which had absolutely destroyed the fields of Indian-corn. Deep trenches had been cut everywhere to capture these brutes, in a similar mode to that followed by the Malanaos, as described, but the trenches were full already and could hold no more.

At Vita, mango-trees, fan-palms in abundance, bananas, *magai*, and fields of Indian-corn were to be seen, but on leaving the river and getting higher on a table-land there were more paddy-fields on either side of the trail.

We had now entered the province of Ilocos Sur, and at Santa Maria a most picturesque church is to be found, reached by an imposing flight of steps. An enormous convent stands by the side of the church, upon a terrace some eighty feet above the plaza. There were a number of brick buildings, school-houses, and offices, which must have been very handsome, but are now tumbling down, the streets being in absolute possession of sheep, goats, and hogs. A great expanse of level land—formerly a bay or lagoon—was now well cultivated into paddy-fields, and across it is a beautiful road fifteen feet wide, well metalled and with a sandy surface. *Barrios* and houses were scattered all around the plain, forming almost a circle three miles in diameter.

From Santa Maria I went southwest-west. Stooping women with quaint hats, and skirts tucked in above the

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knee, were busy planting rice in their paddies, one straw at a time being inserted in the slush with wonderful quickness and regularity. *Carabaos* were dragging primitive ploughs to and fro.

We were now on the splendid Spanish road which follows the entire west coast of north Luzon, and at San Esteban I again struck the sea. At San Esteban there was some excitement at the time of my visit, the constabulary being busy trying to unearth treasure buried by some American filibusters. When I left they were still digging for it. The façade of the church had tumbled down in an earthquake. A quaint and picturesque block-house guarded a prominent point of the bay.

From this point southward along the coast a great many old Spanish towns are to be found, all more or less resembling one another, and all more or less in a demolished condition. At Santiago I was amazed to find some itinerant Armenian jewellers, who told me they travelled the entire length of the coast selling cheap ornaments to the natives.

Some short distance inland at this port are to be found interesting tribes of Tinguianes, of strongly Malayan type, with slanting eyes, flat faces, prominent foreheads, and whatever there is of the nose rather turned up and, as compared with other tribes and considering its size, with quite a developed bridge. The lips are kept tightly closed. The Tinguianes are most industrious, peaceful, and orderly people, amenable to reason and easily led, but they wish to be left alone and do not quite see the advantage of getting over-civilized. They have an utter distrust of medicine, which shows good sense on their part. They are great cultivators of their land in fields of rice and Indian-corn. Their houses, on low piles, are like those of their neighbors, the walls of bamboo tied together vertically, and their store-houses of the Ilocano type.

I came across the first Tinguianes at Rubio, near which two or three smaller settlements, generally on hill-tops, are to be found. Each house possesses a family well, where women, who are very modest, go bathing at sunset. One peculiarity of these people was that the men were smaller than the wom-

TINGUIANES WOMEN

en. The latter were most graceful, and some quite nice looking, with their hair tied into an artistic knot low down behind and intertwined with a string of beads which further encircled the crown of the head—a most attractive way of hair-dressing. Their clothing somewhat resembled that of the more civilized Igorrotes, a sort of gown, made of locally woven material striped in parallel lines, being wound round the waist. Their looms, which were most primitive, were generally kept under the houses.

The women—very bright and jolly—are possibly the most heavily laden with ornaments in the entire archipelago. They have bead bracelets covering the arm from the wrist up to three inches above the elbow, leaving just enough space to bend the arm, and worn so tight—from childhood these bracelets are never removed—that the hands and arm where not covered are much swollen. Green, yellow, and dark-blue bracelets are much the fashion, but for neck and head wear yellow beads are preferred.

TINGUIANES		
	Men. Metre.	Women. Metre.
Standing height	1.438	1.540
Span	1.465	1.495
ARM		
Hand	0.172	0.180
Maximum length of fingers	0.095	0.098
Thumb	0.110	0.110
HEAD		
Vertical maximum length of head	0.219	0.222
Horizontal maximum length of cranium (from forehead to back of head)	0.196	0.170
Width of forehead at temples	0.128	0.120
Height of forehead	0.065	0.060
Bizygomatic breadth	0.124	0.116
Maximum breadth of lower jaw	0.108	0.105
Nasal height	0.056	0.058
Nasal breadth (at nostrils)	0.040	0.038
Orbital horizontal breadth	0.035	0.035
Width between the eyes	0.037	0.030
Length of upper lip (from mouth aperture to base of nose)	0.023	0.024
Lower lip and chin (from mouth aperture to under chin)	0.045	0.040
Length of ear	0.056	0.050

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Tattooing is frequently seen on the left hand of Tinguianes women but never on the right. The patterns consist chiefly of parallel lines with series of dots and of intersecting parallel lines forming checks.

I was much surprised at the faintness of the pulse in Tinguianes women and men, although the average beat was 100 pulsations a minute in women, sixty-six in men. Women carry their children on the hips. The men have adopted Filipino clothes to a great extent.

Candon, with its numerous masonry buildings which line the main road and plaza, was perhaps the best preserved of the less mutilated coast towns that I saw on continuing my journey. Civilization is rampant here—oh, how uncomfortable! Drinking-shops everywhere—Spanish, American, Chinese, Filipino—all selling nothing but drinks: beer, that is to say, a bottled yellow fluid of glycerine and salicylic acid—terrible stuff! whiskey, they call it, alcohol of the rankest kind; some sort of vitriol labelled gin, and other equally corrosive solutions labelled rum, cognac, benedictine, etc. This place is famous for its *vino* distilleries, some of them having an improved American plant—a perfected way of killing off the brave soldiers who conquered the country. *Vino* affects American soldiers in a disastrous way—so much so that they are now forbidden to drink it, many having died from its effects.

The heat was intense when I was at this place, and when I proceeded on my journey I had a great misfortune. In riding along my saddle-bags—much worn—broke, and I unfortunately lost my favorite camera, one which had been with me on many journeys. It was like losing an old friend. Unfortunately, with it I also lost eighteen plates of the Tinguianes tribe.

From Candon to Santa Lucia was flat land highly cultivated in rice-fields and Indian-corn; along the sea, coconut groves. There were houses almost all the way along, and little *barrios* just off the road. Swarms of locusts made travelling quite uncomfortable, as they leave behind a most pungent odor, besides the force with which they occasionally dash into one's face.

DISTRESSED NATIVES

Beyond Santa Cruz sugar-cane is to be seen besides Indian-corn, and at Tagudin I was much gratified by finding that both Presidente and other officials were extremely intelligent and civil, two qualities not very general among such officials of the more civilized places. They all spoke English fairly well, and displayed much love for the Americans and their ways. They seemed honestly anxious really to learn more. The result of this was that the American school which had been established had been promptly suppressed!

Owing to the death of all horses in the district I had some difficulty in obtaining transportation, but eventually obtained a springless bull-cart on which I set off on a shocking road. To cross the large and swift river Amburayan we had to take the cart to pieces and convey it across in sections on a canoe, and three more large rivers did I have to cross that day on more or less shaky rafts.

I was now in the province of Union. At Bangar I met with indolent, impudent native officials, who made a great contrast to those of Tagudin, so that I proceeded that night to Namagpakan, now on quite a good road again. There were hundreds of distressed natives upon the road cutting trenches to destroy locusts. In a terrible heat, and traveling another whole day by a rickety bull-cart, with three more rivers to cross on rafts—between uninteresting scenery on both sides—I eventually arrived at San Fernando, the capital of Union Province.

The Governor of this province, Señor Joaquin Ortega—a Spanish-Filipino—was a man of sensible ideas and much enterprise. As well became the name of this province, peace and tranquillity reigned supreme all over it, although agriculture had suffered enormous losses, owing to rinderpest, which had killed off all animals. One of the principal crops cultivated in the province is tobacco, large quantities of good quality being produced yearly. In 1902 the province produced some 80,000 hundredweight.

At the instance of the Governor the inhabitants have rendered one another much mutual help in order to obviate the want of food by supplying land or labor to those who

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had none and sharing the crops. Some of the richer owners had ceded land without any remuneration, and others gave land already planted to the needy.

The provincial government seemed well regulated on a thoroughly business basis, the municipal police being re-organized, roads rebuilt and kept in good repair, while some of the large bridges, such as the Ortega bridge over the River Baroro, 6433 feet long, are now in good condition. Vaccination is carried on wholesale, and the welfare of the people looked after properly, the natives being ready to pay taxes without complaint in return for the many benefits received.

The inhabitants of Union are known for their industry and gratitude, and are nice, healthy people, moral, docile, and timid, and only driven to crime in extreme cases when revenge seems the only appropriate punishment for the offender.

They have two curious superstitions. The "Al-aliá" is the apparition of the ghost of a deceased relative—apparitions which take place within nine days of the death, and particularly three nights after the burial has taken place. The second superstition, the "Pugot," is also an apparition of evil spirits that assume a human form of gigantic proportions, or else the shape of a dog, a pig, or other animal, and appear in secluded spots or uninhabited houses.

Although the crops principally cultivated in the province consist of tobacco, rice, and sugar-cane, the land along the coast is capable of producing cocoa-nuts and *maguey*—or *magai*—the fibre of which is excellent. A good deal of attention has been given of late to the cultivation of this fibre in Union, and maybe the industry will develop into a large one. Upon the mountainous part of the province hill-rice, maize, cacao, and excellent coffee are grown.

When I visited the province a very bad example had been given to the natives by three American officials who had to be arrested on charges of embezzlement. This was greatly to be regretted, but with the American way of doing things that then existed, it was not unexpected. These treasurers and other officials in very responsible positions

DISHONEST OFFICIALS

are not always drawn from the better type of American in the Philippines, and while large sums of money pass through the hands of these officials, their pay seems quite inadequate to make them withstand temptation. Add to this a dull life in a distant province, a certain aptitude for liquor, gambling, etc., and trouble is bound to arise sooner or later. The want of a better class of men, better paid, in such responsible positions is, I think, very much felt in the Philippines.

CHAPTER LVIII

FROM SAN FERNANDO TO DAGUPAN ALONG THE COAST— BACK TO MANILA

THE anchorage of San Fernando is probably one of the best in north Luzon, the two bays being protected both from the northeast and southwest. A peninsula and sand-bank stretch out, forming a protection from the southwest, and the northern bay is deemed the best anchorage, with eighty-four to fifty fathoms of water in the centre and above twenty-five quite close to the coast-line. The southern bay, being somewhat rocky and exposed to the southwest monsoon, is not considered quite so safe.

The Americans have established a military post on a prominent point of the peninsula, the finest site for a camp that I saw in the Philippines, as it possesses every requisite to make it an ideal spot for the welfare of soldiers. It is just far enough from the city—a lot of degrading drinking saloons—it is high up upon picturesque cliffs where the air is pure, the waves of the China Sea washing down below at the foot of the rocks. Camp Wallace—that is the name of it—seemed sensibly planned, and under the direction of the indefatigable Colonel Thomas the work of construction was speedily progressing.

The large Carlatan Lagoon, with an exit into which the Oaig Creek flows, just north of San Fernando town, has been spanned by a bridge 241 feet long.

On August 20th, thanks to the kindness of the commanding officers at San Fernando and Dagupan, who sent relay teams upon the road, I was able to accomplish the journey from San Fernando to Dagupan, forty-five miles overland, in one day. The journey offered no great difficulty except the crossing of rivers such as the sandy Na-

ABANDONED, BATTERED PLACE

guilian stream, in the midst of which we stuck for some considerable time, the horses with water up to their necks. Another stream, the bed of which was some 200 yards broad, was south of Aringay.

Here, again, we entered a zone where *carabao* skulls, and the pelvis-bone too, are stuck upon gates for luck. The traffic upon the road was extremely small, a few men strolling along in their strawberry-colored *camisas*—the latest fashion in *camisas*—and each woman one saw carrying a child astride of her hips. Large acacias lined the road near the many farm-houses, about which bananas and *buyo* palms were also plentiful. The houses were raised only from two to three feet above the ground, and were built of bamboo and timber with *cogon* roofs. The usual contingent of collared hogs and goats and squealing sucking-pigs ran about the road.

Agoo town, which we reached next, was more picturesque than most, its church in ruins, and the road actually passing inside its central nave. The new church, made entirely of corrugated iron, was not beautiful.

Half hidden in groves of cocoa-nuts to the west were little hamlets, and to the east were mountains, while there were innumerable paddy-fields all along. The large, circular or fancy-shaped hats of the passers-by, very finely plaited and expensively ornamented, formed a diversion in the monotony of the scenery.

At San Tomas, half-way, I changed wagon and team. Lord, what a desolate, abandoned, battered place! There were remains of a stone church and of a palatial convent, then the foundations of other buildings, but all were wrecked.

The tide being out, I drove for greater comfort upon the beach, passing several interesting little fishing villages on the way. These fishermen construct themselves nice little bamboo rafts with a comfortable sort of an arm-chair upon them, on which they spend entire days and nights fishing.

Eventually we had to return to the road, very hard and uneven, but otherwise pretty fair, and we went over two

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long and rambling bridges of bamboo matting, so rotten and springy that it was indeed a feat of the driver to get his team and heavy wagon over.

At San Sebian we had to get across a deep stream 250 yards wide. A raft was waiting to take us over. I went first with three horses, but the load was too heavy in the middle, and when we got in mid-stream it gave way in the centre and I found myself in water up to the waist. The horses got very restless, but the men tugged away at the festooned *bejuco* rope stretched upon poles across the stream, and eventually we got to the other side. A second journey brought up the wagon, driver, and fourth horse. In Spanish days a massive bridge of cocoa-nut wood existed here.

Several quaint fishing-boats, very narrow and deep, with exaggerated outriggers, lay at rest upon the beach, with their needle-like bows and stern roofed over. The *bejuco* rigging stretched to the bars of the outrigger. Although the length of these boats was from thirty to thirty-five feet, their breadth was only two and a half feet, their depth six feet, the outriggers projecting on each side for a length of from fifteen to twenty feet.

From San Sebian to Dagupan the road was excellent, the bridges good, a string of houses with well-cultivated fields lining the road almost all along. Dozens of bull-carts were proceeding towards the terminus station of the railway, and the scene was quite lively with men, women, and children carrying big loads upon their heads. On approaching Dagupan town one crosses the river upon a solid bridge. A picturesque building with two towers among a lot of trees is reflected in the placid waters of the stream. How pretty! What is it? Only a *vino* factory! Looks are often deceptive. On reaching this monument to civilizing influence we have practically arrived at Dagupan, and soon after we speed along through the main street of the town—a row of Chinese shops, all lighted up exactly alike, all selling exactly the same articles, and with their owners squatting on the doorway to enjoy the cool of the evening.

There are a couple of American hotels at Dagupan, but unfortunate is the person who puts up in them. One con-



MOUNT MAION

CHAPTER LIX

IN SOUTHERN LUZON—HEMP—THE SAN BERNARDINO STRAIT
—THE “POMPEII” OF LUZON—LEPERS—ACROSS LUZON
FROM EAST TO WEST

THERE now remains to visit the provinces of southern Luzon—quite civilized, and therefore not so interesting to us. Batangas town, in the bay of the same name, was formerly an important place, and still has some fine buildings and a beautiful graveyard upon the summit of a hill, where the dead are stowed away in pigeon-holes in the wall. The Americans have established a military post here. Somehow or other this seemed a great place for “American undesirables” to drift to from Manila, and there were many in the streets looking for jobs and drinks. The intense, muggy heat may to a certain extent be responsible for the abnormal amount of drunkenness one saw about.

On coming down the coast one passed Verde Island in the centre of the channel between Mindoro and Luzon. It had a high terrace some 150 feet above sea-level, with precipitous, whitish cliffs beneath on the east side, but with two long spurs gradually descending into the sea both north and south.

We then passed the Tres Reyes, three rocky islets eighty to 200 feet high, the middle one with a curious crack in the centre, possibly caused by an earthquake. A continuation of the same crack can also be traced in the western island of this group. Then came the big island of Marinduque, highly cultivated near the water-level and up to a good height on the mountain-side. It has high mountains upon it, such as the Tapan Peak and Mount San Antonio. The high mountains at the two points of Saban and Marlanga (south) descend in majestic and sweeping lines into

BEAUTIFUL VOLCANO

the sea, after forming high table-lands. Elephant Island, just off the Saban Point, looks exactly like an enlarged elephant's head and back sticking out of the water.

In a marshy, swampy lowland lies Donsol (Luzon), a place chiefly notable for its cultivation of hemp. But what an untidy place! A great many wretched dwellings raised some two feet above the ground, and rising from five to seven feet inside, a bamboo church—and that was all.

I next landed farther down at Pilar, where the transport which had conveyed me had to anchor some five miles off the town. I here obtained a most enchanting view of Mayon volcano (north), smoke rising in big puffs from the crater of this most graceful mountain. It formed a delightful background to the brick fort and the ruined church. An example of the power of the Spanish priests over the people was visible here. One of the greatest difficulties the Americans are contending with all over the archipelago is to obtain labor even at ridiculously high remuneration. Here was a *padre* who, for no remuneration whatever, had dozens of men working hard for some months at demolishing and levelling a high hill so as to form a platform on which to erect a church. On a height close by was a picturesque, tumbled-down convent with trenches for defensive purposes.

Hemp in great quantities was spread to dry upon supports all along the streets, but its quality was poor. The fibre, of a dirty brown color, was coarse, badly separated, and lacked length, the longest I saw being about six to seven feet.

Four hours' run took us into the Sorsogon Bay, which we entered by a narrow channel half blocked in the centre by the island of Bugatao. We still had a lovely view of Mayon volcano, now to the northwest, and to the south we could see the Bulusan volcano in two high peaks (5100 feet). It presented a beautiful picture—a cone of deep blue with a white line of clouds crossing it and the base down below lost in mist. On the north side of the eastern portion of the bay were graceful and thickly wooded mountains rising in a big sweep from west to east to heights of 2470 feet, 3160 feet, and 2297 feet.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

Sorsogon was formerly a place of great importance and possesses a very fine convent, church, and tower of brick, with a walled promenade in the centre of the plaza. Cholera was bad when I visited the place, and curious processions to appease the anger of God took place nightly. Preceded by a huge cross and some square boxes with images of Christ and saints, women and children with candles and paper lanterns paraded the streets, moaning and praying. The second portion of the procession carried a stucco Virgin elaborately ornamented with paper. The mercy of the Almighty was implored in doleful singing to the accompaniment of guitars. In the church these afflicted people kneeling in fervent prayer, the many colored lights and the soft and quite good music, made up a most pathetic and touching scene.

The country around Sorsogon is capable of great agricultural development, particularly in the matter of hemp. Port Sorsogon is a fairly good harbor, but has no great depth.

A mud-shoal extends as much as two miles on the south side of the bay east of Sablayan Island (where the bay opens up), and in the eastern pocket shoals are even more extensive (four and a half miles); one shoal of fine sand being found in the south part of this pocket and one of mud in the north. There is a soft mud bottom all over the central portion of the bay, a lot of black mud being stirred up wherever you anchor. Nineteen to twenty-nine feet of water are the average soundings all over the bay. The deepest part lies between Sablayan and Alimpapayo Point, where thirty-three to fifty-six feet are registered. The harbor, I believe, is fast filling, mostly from the east, and now forms some five submerged terraces enclosing the northeast entrance of the channel. To the north, terraces of mud are also forming, but to a much less extent. This is due to a great number of rivulets on the south and east coasts, draining through a soft and slushy country from the Bulusan volcano and minor mountains. Sorsogon town itself is placed in the northeast end of the bay, and within half a mile of it no more than six feet of water are to be found.

A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH

The channel into the bay is quite picturesque, the islets to the north being very rocky and rugged. There are two passages, the northern one deep enough for large steamers, the southern one only passable for small launches.

The country between Point Magellanes and Point Bulan is undulating, and spreads gradually into a beautiful and fertile valley extending to the foot of the Bulusan volcano. The town of Bulan has no attraction whatever, but it is a great market for hemp—large warehouses standing prominent in the scenery.

I could not help being amused at the sanitary regulations in these cholera-afflicted ports. At nearly each place much fuss was made before we could land or depart, and everybody had to be examined. Here at Bulan, where cholera had reaped some forty victims in the last eight days, we were allowed to land and leave with a clean bill of health. True, the "clean" bill of health which had been given to us in Manila was quaint enough. "The health of the capital," it said, "was excellent, the only prevalent diseases being malarial fever, enteric, dysentery, cholera, bubonic plague, small-pox, typhoid, and 202 cases of leprosy!" This entitled us to a clean bill of health and no quarantine anywhere.

On going farther south we had Tikao Island on the west, its northern part consisting of a flat-topped hill-range, the central and southern portions with low depressions. Beyond was Masbate, a large island of crescent shape, inhabited by Bicolis and Visayans, and mostly notable for its excellent grazing. Cattle, horses, and hogs are abundant on the island, and they form important objects of trade with Manila.

By moonlight we went through the strait of San Bernardino between south Luzon and Samar, three and a half miles across. This is on the great steamer track direct from the United States to Manila. There is a strong current of from four to eight knots in a southwest direction at flood tide, and in a northeast direction at ebb. A branch of this current travels due west at flood on the Luzon coasts and due east at ebb, and forms such strong eddies and whirl-

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

pools as make accurate steering difficult even for large boats. Steamers of even 1000 tons have been known to swing right round in these whirlpools, especially during the northeast monsoon, when the current is extremely swift at the new and full moon. Due west and south of Calantes Rock in the centre of the channel and south of Juac Island the eddies are particularly treacherous. The Naranjos Islands in the south of the channel are low and unattractive.

On Capul Island a light-house has been erected, the white flash of which is visible for a radius of eighteen miles.

Legaspi, on the east coast, was my next stopping-place—a most unattractive spot, consisting of miserable huts, whose monotony was somewhat relieved by red-tiled roofs, quite a pleasant change to the everlasting corrugated iron.

Mayon, the magnificent, is now to the northeast of us, rising in most symmetrical lines to 8275 feet. It is the most beautiful mountain I have ever seen, the world-renowned Fuji-yama of Japan sinking into perfect insignificance by comparison. The crater of Mayon ends up in two sharp points with a brown lava deposit between. Up to about half the height of the mountain are green, grassy slopes and forest, but above that deep grooves radiate from the summit down its cone of rich brown. For graceful lines I do not know of any mountain which could equal Mayon, and, rising as it does close to the sea, it looks most imposing.

I drove to Daraga, some two and a half miles in the interior, passing en route the masonry bridge of San Raphael, a spot from whence a delicious view of Mayon reflected in the placid stream can be obtained. Then along *nipa* swamps I arrived at Albay, the capital of the province, whose chief attractions and notable buildings are to be found around the plaza, much adorned with flower-pots and a pyramid monument.

Daraga, about one and a half miles farther, is now in ruins, but it must have been of considerable beauty, the remains of large and elaborate buildings being yet to be seen. Most interesting of all, on a high hill several hundred feet above the town, is the church reached by stone



IGORROTE SAKRITHAI SLAB
(Also used for sleeping on)

THE "POMPEII" OF LUZON

steps and by an inclined paved path. A magnificent view of the surrounding scenery is obtained from the large, open terrace in front of the ancient church. The stone façade is most elaborately ornate. High columns with sprays of flowers and leaves, statues of saints, mouldings in abundance, have been accumulated upon it, regardless of trouble and expense. A stone crucifix of great size stands in the centre of the terrace.

A mile and a half or nearly two miles beyond Daraga is to be found the "Pompeii" of Luzon. Some few hundred yards off the road, among boulders of lava, are to be seen the steeple and upper part of an old church, buried during a volcanic eruption of Mayon. Both church and steeple are now prettily covered with creepers. There was once a city here, which was entirely destroyed by a large flow of lava from the volcano.

Between Daraga and Albay—on a flat stretch of land, oppressively hot and low—a reservation had been selected on which to build an American military post for four companies. Personally, this seemed to me rather an unhealthy and unsuitable spot, but a good spring of water was declared to exist close by.

The Spanish road connecting all these interior towns is well metalled and has good masonry bridges. It continues to Nueva Caceres.

We had entered Albay Bay by the south channel, but we came out through the north or Rapu-Rapu Strait, very picturesque but very narrow and full of reefs. Rapu-Rapu Island, with high peaks from 1020 to 2500 feet high, was much cultivated—principally hemp. Coal is said to exist on Batang Island, at Batan, north of the Rapu-Rapu Strait. The water in the channel was so clear that we could distinctly see the bottom even at a considerable depth.

We next went through the straits of Magueda, with the island of Catanduanes to the east of us. What appeared to be the broader channel was not the best; the western one, between rocky, broken-up islands, is the deeper of the two and generally preferred by captains of vessels. The

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

formation of these islands in the strait is most peculiar, the original vertical volcanic strata having been shattered and crumbled by some later terrestrial commotion. They formed a picturesque sight, these weird rocks, which, when the sky was clearing from a heavy shower, became encircled in a most perfect rainbow.

Early in the morning we went alongside a wharf at Mercedes—at the mouth of Daet River, leading to Daet town. A bastion for ordnance to defend the river entrance, some hemp warehouses along the river-front, a few miserable huts, a modest church, and you had seen everything at Mercedes. From here we went into San Miguel Bay, which had some rocky, picturesque islands at its entrance. To the west were high, volcanic, sugar-loaf mountains, and east-southeast in the distance the ever-beautiful Mayon.

We had to wait some four hours for the tide, so as to be able to cross the bar and enter the river Bicol. We drew five and a half feet of water, and there were only four feet on the bar at low tide. Eventually, with a wonderful Filipino pilot, we wound our way among a regular maze of fish *carals*, our twin screws occasionally scraping the bottom and stirring up a lot of mud. On the west side of the mouth of the river were poor-looking villages, from which an interesting procession on a large, overcrowded raft and several canoes, decked with festoons and carrying sacred images, was proceeding across the river. The wash of our steamer caused great alarm among the male and female occupants.

On the east and west sides extensive stretches of flat, grassy land were to be seen, with numbers of cocoa-nuts along the river-line. The river was very wide at first, but on getting farther towards Nueva Caceres it got very narrow in places, the width varying from thirty to one hundred yards. The navigation of this river required considerable skill, as some of the turns were so sharp and sudden that the stern of the transport actually tore a lot of vegetation from the banks.

Nueva Caceres was, and is, an important city—possibly

LEPERS

better preserved than most towns in south Luzon. It possesses an immense seminary and monastery next to the graceful church, a bishop's palace and a convent for nuns. A mile or so outside the town, by way of an avenue of bananas and hemp, is the graveyard, with tiers of receptacles in the wall wherein to store the dead.

There is a leper asylum four miles out of the city, in charge of a native doctor, Julio Tuason—a man of a most kindly nature. The Palestina Hospital, as it is called, is a large building with two side-wings—one for men, one for women. At the time of my visit there were some twenty-nine inmates, the majority afflicted with leprosy of the anæsthetic, the others with that of the tubercular, type. In the first instance the skin of the patients had become of a sullen, deadly, yellow color, and the nasal bone had been completely eaten up. The toes and fingers were rotting away at the joints, but in many cases had healed. When they had not dropped off altogether, concentric circular brown sores were frequently noticeable under the fingers and on the finger-tips, with discoloration of the entire finger so affected, and swelling as well as distortion at the joint. The skin was spotty all over the body, and the spots developed into sores on the back and chest as well as on the elbows and wrist, especially where bones are nearest to the skin. When the loss of fingers had occurred the thumb always had dropped off last. One curious fact with these lepers was the extraordinary growth of hair on the scalp, perfectly healthy, strong, and thick.

There were some interesting cases of tubercular leprosy, which is, to my mind, the more repulsive of the two, the entire body and head having become lumpy and misshapen, the tongue discolored to almost white and undergoing a process of shrinking or desiccation. The eyes had widely distended pupils, even in a brilliant light. Ulcers and large sores were most common in these types, principally on the outer side of the legs, above the ankle.

Women seemed affected by tubercular leprosy in a more violent form than men, and broke out into buboes, very numerous upon the face and plentiful enough on the body.

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

The hands and feet in all cases of tubercular leprosy were much swollen. Another extraordinary point about these lepers of both types was the excellent preservation of their teeth. No tartar seemed to form upon them, and although the ivory had assumed a slightly yellow tint the teeth were in splendid condition. The eyeballs were yellowish in color and the vision of the eye somewhat diminished from the normal, the iris being much discolored in the upper and lower portion. In cases of tubercular leprosy I generally found that the intellect had been considerably dulled, but in other cases not so much as one would expect.

Another military post was to be established at Nueva Caceres, a place of difficult access, unhealthy, low, and damp—possibly one of the hottest in the Philippines as far as the climate goes; but I believe that the scheme is to be abandoned after all—a very good thing.

The quickest outlet from Nueva Caceres is really not by the way we had come, but by river and trail across to Pasacao (on the west coast), a distance of only fourteen miles, whereas from the mouth of the Bicol River it is twenty-five miles to Nueva Caceres. Here we were in the country of Vicolos, or Bicolos, people who possess long, arched noses, much expanded at the nostrils, dark brown, almost blackish, skin, prominent cheek-bones far projecting forward, and eyes sunk in. The lips are the most prominent point of the facial angle.

They appeared to be a mixture of Tagalos and Visayans with the Negrito aborigines. They had a little hair on the upper lip and chin and a comparatively small and undeveloped under jaw. Nice, pleasant faces they seemed to have; some were quite good-looking for their type, with bright, intelligent, soft eyes—quite straight and not slanting—of a deep brown, with a peculiar lustre in them, as with the Indonesian tribes of Mindanao. They are, nevertheless, of an impure Malay origin, with some strong Negrito influence in them, probably through intermarriage with the Aetas aborigines. The eyelids were full, the white of the eyes of an abnormally dark tone, and their teeth most powerful and healthy, large and pointed. Finely shaped,

THE BICOLS

firm lips were tightly closed, quite unlike the pure Tagalos, who possess ever-open mouths, drooping under lips, and curled-up upper lips. Again, while the bigonial breadth of the Tagalos is great near the ears, tapering evenly down to the chin, the Bicol jaw is massive, with a much broader angle of chin, giving a squarer appearance to the full face. The Bicol possess remarkably supple hands and very long toes, almost as pliable as fingers.

On leaving Nueva Caceres I went farther north along the Luzon east coast into Lamon Bay, and then into Antimonan. In the main channel a flat and dangerous rock is to be found. The American transport *Sumner* struck on it and had to be beached. We followed the south channel, which is quite deep.

At Antimonan I left the ship, intending to cross to Manila overland. Antimonan was a large place, dead and depressing—the principal street leading to the graveyard, most appropriately for so dull a place.

Copra was the principal product of the country, extensive groves existing everywhere on the coast. I chartered a native canoe to proceed to Mauban, fifteen or sixteen miles farther up the coast, from where a trail existed across the island. With a crew of one Bicol and two Tagalos I set off in a very choppy sea, and saw on that occasion one thing I had never seen before—one of my Tagalos rowing mechanically while fast asleep.

A hill range extended all along the coast, and dozens of fishermen's boats were scattered tossing on the sea. On nearing Mauban, after some hours' hard work, a valley opened to the west, beyond great numbers of cocoa-nuts. In Mauban Bay were a great many native schooners loading and unloading, Mauban being, after Legaspi, one of the oldest and most important ports on the east coast of Luzon. It is a most unevenly constructed town of 13,350 people, with streets running anyhow, but quite tidy and clean, with a streamlet spanned over by elaborate masonry bridges at every street it crosses, a long and tumbling-down sea-wall and a protecting tower, a large convent with a fortified hill behind, and a corrugated iron

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

church built beside the picturesque ruins of the ancient house of worship, whose tower is now smothered in creepers.

A very interesting personality at Mauban was the Presidente, Hugo Mendieta, a man of affable nature, a Latin scholar, a distinguished poet, musician, and father of a large and affectionate family, and with all that quite a sensible, practical man, who looked after his municipality properly. *Abaca*, *copra*, and rice were the principal products, and the trade was a good deal in the hands of many Chinese and some Spanish merchants. The *abaca* was of the second quality, very long, but badly separated and unclean in color. Labor is paid on the "half-product" system, except *copra*, when only the third part of the profit is paid. There are eight different kinds of *abaca* and fifteen different kinds of bananas, the two plants resembling each other so closely that it takes some little practice before one can identify which is which.

The country which I wanted to traverse was much infested, they told me, by *ladrones*, and it was only possible to go through upon one day a week, when all those who wished to proceed to the Laguna travelled in a body with an escort of police for protection.

Well, I could not wait, and Mendieta procured me two ponies, one for my baggage and one for me to ride, and I started across by myself, with a boy to bring the ponies back. At the Rio del Barrio de Santol, very wide and swift, I had to swim the ponies and take them in tow of a canoe. Having crossed the stream, I went on, now among *nipa* swamps, then between rows of acacias, upon a trail either rocky or so muddy that riding was impossible, as one sank knee-deep. For mile after mile one did not meet a soul. When it came on to rain in sheets the steep trail became a regular mountain torrent. Occasionally I came to some half-dead *barrio*, like Bilugao or Sampaloc, and on getting higher travelled through undulating country, with a good deal of hemp and cocoa-nuts actually growing on hill-tops and looking most healthy and strong. Struggling in the mud and slush, the ponies were so tired that I had to lead them—in fact, drag them along—and by night I had



ATI OR NEGRITO



LAURE

THREE LITTLE MAIDS
(One smoking a large cigar)

UNEASY CONSCIENCE

only reached Luciana, the rain still coming down in torrents; but on I went, past Cervite, another big town, each house displaying a lighted lantern outside. There was a concert going on in a house, American music being practised, but the discords were such—on a piano innocent of tuning—that I preferred to brave the storm and go on. I was soaked to the marrow of my bones.

Once outside the town—I having had nothing to eat since 9 A.M., and this was 10 P.M., and having travelled continuously since ten in the morning—I thought I would unpack one load, and the Bicol boy and I had a satisfying feed of sliced beef, plum-pudding, chocolate, and biscuits, while for drink, all we had to do was to leave a cup standing for a minute or so and it was filled with rain-water.

Half an hour later we were again on the move, this time the ponies, which we held by the tail, leading us, for it was so dark we could not see our way. The walking was unpleasant in the deep mud and riding absolutely impossible. At 2 A.M. I eventually arrived at Pagsangan, where the scared Presidente, mistaking me evidently for a *ladrone*, escaped from his house and took refuge in the police barracks. This man was anyhow a worthless and conceited fool, a man who could not speak the truth if he tried, and who possibly had a very uneasy conscience. No doubt many of the *ladrones* said to infest the district really exist, but they are not always to be found at large in the forests—you can take my word for it.

All these pueblos and towns near the Laguna are troublesome, the people dishonorable, shifty, and treacherous.

I continued my journey to Santa Cruz that night, and caught in the morning the Spanish launch *Madali* across the Laguna de Bay and down the Pasig River to Manila. Two high peaks, one almost conical, the other long and flattened at the summit with precipitous sides, lie behind Santa Cruz, and form part of a chain extending in a south-west direction, and meeting another range that gradually ascends to a great height.

The Laguna is very beautiful, with towns and villages along its coast, at some of which we stopped. Fruit-sell-

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

ers—women chiefly—jumped on board from boats, selling mangoes, bananas, etc., while on board we were crammed together with no distinction of class or sex or anything—*carabaos*, horses, pigs, fowls, women, and babies of all ages, from a little, skinny brat ten days old onward.

There were elaborate fish *carals* at the outlet of the lake into the Pasig River, here about eighty yards wide. The country was swampy and flat, but was now so dried up that a lot of fish-traps were to be seen high and dry on the banks. Although the rain had been torrential on the mountains I had crossed, here it had hardly rained at all.

We ran aground several times in the shallow stream, and as we went down-stream there were huts with fishing-nets to dry, boats floating or else bottom upward upon the banks or upon racks specially erected for them. *Abaca*, bamboos, and bananas grew all along, and here and there was a grassy space.

As we near Manila corrugated iron buildings follow one another, and the disgusting sight of drunkenness stares you in the face in front of the many drinking saloons which line the banks. Piles of American timber for building come next, canoes laden with large, black, earthen jars, steam-launches. Typical are the big, flat-bottomed lighters, gaudily decorated at the sides, with outer platforms slightly above the water-line, on which the men who punt walk up and down.

Travelling from Santa Cruz, *via* Bataan, Laguna, Rizal, Zambales, and Cavité, I reached Manila at noon, having crossed central Luzon from east to west—a distance of over ninety miles—in twenty-six hours, forty miles of the distance on foot.

CHAPTER LX

CRIME IN THE PHILIPPINES—UNCALLED-FOR ACCUSATIONS AGAINST AMERICANS—EDUCATION—MISFORTUNES PAST AND TO COME—THE DISTANCE TRAVELLED

A GOOD deal is said about the infamy of the natives, but, barring political crimes, there is really very little crime at all in the Philippine Islands. There are fourteen judicial districts outside of Manila, with a trial judge in each district and three trial judges in Manila itself; also four reserve judges. Of these judges fourteen are Americans and seven natives, and the law is administered with great equity under American rule. Although the district judges preside over immense districts, I never heard of one who complained of being overworked.

I am greatly indebted to the Hon. A. W. Fergusson, the executive secretary, and to Mr. Fisher, the clerk of the Supreme Court, for going to much trouble in drawing up criminal statistics for me from the year 1901 to 1903. The annexed table, furnished me by Mr. Fisher, gives an accurate and classified idea of the amount of proved crime in the various provinces. It may be noticed that the more civilized the province the greater the amount of crime, Manila leading by a long way; then Batangas, Pangasinan, Bulacan coming next, Marinduque Island holding the best record for good conduct with only one theft.

Now, on the other side, one hears a lot against the Americans in the Philippines, and terrible accusations are brought both against the military and the civil government, but all this should be taken with a good deal of salt. Wars, it must be remembered, are always terrible, and no one who has never been in one can ever conceive the horrors of them; but, much as I abhor unnecessary cruelty, I think

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

that it is greatly to be regretted that the names of many brave American officers have been dragged wholesale in the mud by the usual puerile, hysterical, self-advertising folks in the States—we have lots of them like that in England, too—who are ever ready to pounce on any countryman who does anything they themselves have not the pluck to do.

In the education of the natives, as I have already hinted, the Americans are somewhat overstepping the mark—or, in other words, they are beginning from the wrong end. Trade, industrial, and agricultural schools will be a benefit to the country. On a curriculum of literature, history, higher mathematics, and American songs, I fear, those boys who do not receive government employment will eventually be led to starvation or crime. Undoubtedly, the very practical new chief of the educational department, Dr. David Barrows, knows this perfectly well, and under him, I firmly believe, matters in the educational line will take a different turn altogether and very much for the better.

Factories of all kinds are badly needed in the islands, and, if properly conducted, should thrive—but most important of all are the agricultural resources of those magnificent islands, where everything can be raised plentifully and with no difficulty. Perhaps the protective tariff against all goods, including the American, carried to the ridiculous extent it is—I have known of American officers being charged duty on their swords—is hardly calculated to open up these islands, and until the wages of native labor have been brought down to their normal level the Americans will experience some difficulty in obtaining native labor at all. If less reckless methods of pay were used I believe the much threatened importation of Chinese labor might be delayed.

It is a pity that some of the money thrown away in importing hundreds upon hundreds of American teachers—or, rather, Americans as teachers—is not spent instead in opening new roads and trails and repairing old ones, and in establishing some sort of regular postal and telegraph services, as well as in encouraging communication from one island to the other.

T FROM ITS ORGANIZATION

[illegible]

F. A. FISHER,

Clerk of the Supreme Court

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

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It is a pity that some of the money thrown away in importing hundreds upon hundreds of American teachers—or, rather, Americans as teachers—is not spent instead in opening new roads and trails and repairing old ones, and in establishing some sort of regular postal and telegraph services, as well as in encouraging communication from one island to the other.

T FROM ITS ORGANIZATION

Crimes against property.						GENERAL RESUME.								
Robbery	Theft	Cheats and frauds.	Arson	Entry by force	Malicious mischief	Crimes against the interior security of the State and against public order.	Crimes of falsification.	Crimes of public officers in connection with their duties	Crimes against the person.	Crimes against chastity.	Crimes against honor	Crimes against personal liberty and security.	Crimes against property	TOTAL.
4	1								11					11
2		1							11					22
3									11					22
4									11					22
2									11					22
2									11					22
1									11					22
1									11					22
3	3	11	2				7		18	5	3	1	10	50
6	1								11					22
4									11					22
3									11					22
4									11					22
1	2	2	1						11					22
1	3								11					22
3									11					22
1									11					22
51	24	22	6	1	1	12	13	4	150	19	4	13	103	320

F. A. FISHER,
Clerk of the Supreme Court

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

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					Crimes against property						
					TOTALS.						

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1	1													4
2	2													4
2	2													4
2	2													4
4														4
1														1
1														1
2														2
1														1
1	1													2
2	2													4
	2													4
	2													4
6														6
4	1													5
3														3
4														4
1	2													3
1	3													4
2														2
3														3
1														1
51	24	22	6	1	1	12	13	4	150	10	4	13	105	320

F. A. FISHER,
Clerk of the Supreme Court

SCOUTS AND THE CONSTABULARY

It is to be hoped that the new insular currency will remove the evil of a legal double currency by which, no matter which way you changed your money, you always lost from five to thirty or more per cent. according to the conscience of whoever changed it for you. As for getting any small change back for any transaction—except in big towns—it was in my days out of the question, as the small change had all left the islands.

But all this the Americans will gradually smooth down. In many conversations with the highest officials I found that they seemed to understand as well as anybody the necessity of importing a better class of officials, and giving better pay for the more responsible positions.

One of the most successful American institutions was the formation of regiments of native scouts. These fellows have turned out splendidly and do remarkable work. The constabulary force, too, under General Allen and able officers, was most efficient, but will be greatly improved when rations are supplied to the soldiers by the insular government. In my time the poor fellows—each of whom had a large family dependent upon him—had to feed themselves, with the result that they often did not; and it must be remembered that if men are to endure hardships and long marches the principal point is not to let them start on ill-filled stomachs.

These islands have of late endured misfortune after misfortune—war, insurrections, *ladrones*, cholera, plague, rinderpest, locusts; but one more pest, the worst of all, may yet come—missionaries. Until the natives give up chopping people about, these ultra-Christian spirits will probably confine their converting efforts to the towns only—where the natives can, indeed, not be made worse than they are; but it is truly to be hoped that this last evil will be spared to these islands—at least until the islands have absolutely quieted down and settled to reconstitute the country on a solid basis.

The journey across Luzon, without counting minor trips, practically ended my tour in the Philippine and Sulu archipelagoes, which occupied 250 days' continual travelling, on

THE GEMS OF THE EAST

foot, horseback, by canoe, rafts, and steamers. The distance covered in the archipelagoes was altogether over 16,000 miles.

To those who abuse the climate and the people of the Philippines it may be well to state that during that entire journey, barring accidents and a snake-bite, I never contracted even a cold. With one or two exceptions, I met with the most unbounded civility from Americans and natives alike, and never deemed it necessary to carry weapons upon me, although the most remote and dangerous regions were visited and the close acquaintance made of the wildest tribes.

By way of China, Japan, and America I returned to England.

In conclusion I may say that in some eighteen years' travelling I have never enjoyed and been interested more than I was in the journey over these most enchanting islands—really and truly, to any one with an unbiased mind, “the gems of the East.”

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